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THE PURSUIT OF REASON

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THE PURSUIT OF REASON

BY

CHARLES FRANCIS KEARY, M.A.

Cambridge:
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'Itaque jam de spe dicendum est; praesertim cum nos promissores non simus, nec vim aut insidias hominum judiciis faciamus aut struamus, sed homines manu et sponte ducamus.'—Bacon, *Nov. Org.* Aph. 92.

'I am now therefore to speak touching Hope; especially as I am not a dealer in promises, and wish neither to force nor to ensnare men's judgments, but to lead them by the hand with their good will.'—*Trans.* by Spedding and Ellis.

PREFACE

AT a famous trial, Whistler the painter proclaimed that a picture must be reckoned as the outcome, not of so many days' labour, but of 'the education of a lifetime.' In the same order of ideas I may call this Treatise on Reason the labour of a lifetime: for I cannot easily remember the time when I was not interested in one or other of the questions with which it is concerned. This is said only for the sake of anyone who may know work of the author in other fields.

I believe that the second and third chapters of my First Book constitute something like a 'system.' And it will be found upon reflection that most of the chapters that follow and almost all the practical conclusions of the Second Book do in fact rest upon those two chapters as their logical basis. Nevertheless this 'Pursuit of Reason' is not offered as a system; but first of all as a pure exercise of the faculty of reasoning. As I have said again elsewhere, it is addressed first of all to those (though few) to whom the act of reasoning appears both as a pleasure and a duty. And by reasoning I understand something different from mere controversial argument.

In its present form this treatise was written in the winter of 1908—9. Except in one instance (where the late King is referred to), I have not endeavoured by the addition of a phrase or a note here and there to bring it up to date, nor to cite works which have appeared or that I have read since the

time I speak of. Such changes might have given a false impression. Following the analogy of mathematics, but departing somewhat from Kant's use, I have described Book I. as devoted to 'pure' reason, the employment of reason in and by itself. But Book II. is given up to reason 'applied' to controverted questions of the day.

My thanks are due to four friends, Mr J. Ellis McTaggart, Mr Stanley Lane-Poole, Mr E. R. Bevan and Mr John Buchan, who have read this volume in 'copy' or in proof and have helped the author by various suggestions and criticisms, but of whom none is in any way responsible for the volume's content.

C. F. K.

September 1910.

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BOOK I.

PURE REASON.

CHAPTER I.

REASON.

§ 1.

I WILL not begin this book by any rhetorical praise of Reason, nor even by urging the advantages of its pursuit, as a man might do, pointing out how he who follows reason shutting out passion must often find himself able to hold the scales between two heated opponents, and thus play the part of a lesser Zeus here on earth. On one account I will not try to do this, because almost every one now-a-days professes to be reasonable and to be ready to hear reason and use it. The time when men could glory in the paradox, *Est impossibile? Certum est* has gone by. But on another account I will not do it, because in reality the pursuit of reason is by no means an affair of the intellect alone; the conscience has a good deal to do with it also. Among all our intellectual possessions reason is nearest allied to the love of justice. The capacity for following a line of argument is not alone enough for the pursuit of reason. That is indeed its first condition; and we may say that those who are born without that power are born not alone without the sense of reason but without a natural sense of justice, though they may be otherwise morally and intellectually endowed. Yet to be good at an argument is not to love reason. You will find plenty of folk—among barristers for instance and those who, whatever their profession, are born advocates—who have this natural faculty of pursuing an argument pretty well developed: only they cannot use it except for advocacy. When there is no question of pleading upon some particular side their intellects go to sleep. Advocacy has become a part of their nature. Give them a subject which is free of all incitement to passion and their minds will merely

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not act. We have in our wisdom decided that the practice of pleading—what is commonly called special pleading—is the best means to the acquirement of a judicial mind upon the bench. In law it may be so; but it is not so in everyday life: on the contrary, a very little practice in this habit of always taking sides may be enough to prevent a man all his life long from really cherishing right reason.

Upon the other hand what seems the opposite of this habit of advocacy is not all-sufficient either—I mean that a man should be engaged the most part of his time upon investigations in which heat or passion is scarcely possible, such as scientific ones. Scientific pursuits, though among the best of preparations towards acquiring a reasonable mind, even they do not themselves give it. For no exactness with scales or with the microscope will endow us with the moral element in reason, the sense of justice: and for him who is without it, it may happen that, through mere repression, whenever an opportunity for advocacy does present itself, he will show a more heated partisan than the one whose profession is advocacy.

Moreover, as we shall come to see hereafter, there are some special disabilities besides its many advantages, which attend the scientific training, face to face with the following of reason. We shall see in a future chapter that there are some processes of reason which can only be carried on by the aid of the imagination—nay, of a special order of imagination—which the training of science does not foster. Thus, though the man of science is in a better posture for judging things reasonably than is the advocate, the journalist, the pamphleteer, the hustings speaker, he is not by his training alone ensured against error.

We may conclude then, that no patent system exists, no royal road for becoming reasonable, a votary of right reason; and that the most people who are this have the seeds of it born in them. Such folk compose the only sort I have any hope of interesting throughout the length and breadth of this treatise. The rest will, I doubt, look on ahead, skipping the First Book, till in the Second they come to more polemical questions. If they find the author agreeing with them (in the main) upon these, they will pay attention just to those arguments of his which will tend to enforce the opinions they have determined

to hold. And if (alas!) the author seems in any way heretical to these fixed and received opinions of theirs, they will most likely hardly wait to see what he has to say for his own. But the small remainder of folk, naturally lovers of reason, will for us and our purposes constitute a fit audience though few.

Reason would not of course be an affair of ethics if it were not nine times out of ten passion and self-interest which turned men away from the pursuit of it. It need not be so—in the nature of things. Men might simply say *deteriora sequor*, and go their own way. But they do in fact always persuade themselves that the course they are determined to pursue, the opinions they are fixed to hold, are the right ones. This seems imposed upon us by our very nature; but the process of self-deception is besides very convenient to our objects. We could hardly get our way unless we persuaded a good many other folks to think as we do: but the first step toward persuading other people is to be ourselves convinced that we are in the right.

Yet despite all influences tending another way, the essential wonder of human nature is not its lapses into advocacy, but the degree to which man is at bottom a reasoning animal, how very early the power of reasoning, of drawing conclusions by reflection, manifests itself in him not crudely, but in almost a perfect form. I am myself almost sure—though I know anthropologists are apt to maintain the contrary—that quite small children reason and even reason profoundly. We have at all events evidence of childrens' capabilities in reasoning so soon as they begin upon Euclid, upon Geometry: and that I imagine in the better sort of schools is usually at eleven or twelve. For there is no reasoning more abstract and more perfect as such than the geometrician's. For evidence (convincing only to himself) each one is obliged to draw on individual experience, and to speak in a manner egoistically. Speaking in this way, I can in my own case fix to the age of not more than twelve the time when I got most pleasure and a very decided pleasure from Euclid: and I take the individual instance because it is of a mind having no mathematical bias, no natural facility in thinking in figures or numbers, which the born mathematician

possesses. I am sure too that among my own class-fellows those who could not follow the reasoning of the geometrician were in a decided minority; I know this, because I know that the one or two such were sought out and discovered and punished; very unjustly punished for an invincible natural incapacity. Among grown-up men and women you will find a certain number, clever enough in other ways, who are merely incapable of abstract reasoning: such will be represented in any class or form. But both among boys and grown-up folk they are in a visible minority. That it is difficult to fix boys' attention upon something which seems so unpractical as Euclid: that is natural enough. Have they not a hundred more important things to occupy their minds—their sports and games, their internal policies, their hero-worships, their friendships and enmities, battles and comradeships? But if you can once concentrate the attention of a boy upon this abstract and exact reasoning, I am sure he not only understands the bent of it but takes a pleasure in understanding. One childhood proof of this in my own case I will here set down, for the effect of it is very clear in memory. 'Tis known that children personify almost everything, and take individual likes and dislikes for certain rooms, certain chairs or forms, nay, for certain numerals even or letters of the Greek alphabet. Well, in my mind there still lingers this sort of personal resentment against the fourth proposition of the first book of Euclid. The very figure with the bulging base to one of the triangles displeased me and by recollection displeases me still. This was certainly because in that proposition the reasoning must seem to almost any mind less complete and satisfying (as a boy would express it less 'fair') than in any proposition which precedes and in most that follow. This proposition *seems*—at least—to arrive at its result rather by individual experiment than by general reasoning. The eighth proposition does much the same: but no doubt the vials of my wrath had been expended on the fourth, so that the same sense of resentment does not remain in my mind touching the later theorem.

This is a difference which I am sure anyone would notice who had a mind at all naturally attuned to the following of reason: and I guess that most boys who 'do' their Euclid for

the first time feel much the same; though the feeling may not personify itself as much as with me it did, and they may not afterwards remember it so well. Yet this sentiment is important evidence of the capacity for abstract reason in children—in the actual case mentioned a child in fact not twelve, probably not more than eleven; seeing that the distinction between (say) the reasoning in Euclid's third and fourth proposition is in effect the distinction twixt 'reason' and 'experiment,' in other words it is the distinction twixt 'Reason' (Vernunft) and 'Understanding' (Verstand) which we thank Kant for having made manifest to the world. This difference then that hath made clear the First among those that reason, even a child is capable of ignorantly recognising. This is enough to show that all the germs of right reason exist already in a childish mind. 'Tis rather power of expression than the essence of the thing which is lacking. As much as the act of learning (acquiring knowledge), I am sure that the act of reasoning gives a natural pleasure to all—'not only to philosophers,' as Aristotle says of learning.

This is something upon which we can build, can build at least many hopes, and which it is wise to keep in our thoughts—that is for him whosoever he be who in his maturity takes delight in reasoning for its own sake, and holds the exercise of this faculty both a pleasure and a duty: the fact that evidently the capacity therefor is very natural to man, very early implanted in the minds even of children. Maybe (as Wordsworth sings) 'to perish never,'

> 'Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour
> Can utterly abolish or destroy.'

Although (for this alas! is certain also) very soon come in a variety of forces—'listlessness and mad endeavour' and many another, which seem bent on destroying or abolishing our faculty of reason.

There comes in first of all utility or utilitarianism: that begins to work even in childhood. Very early now-a-days boys are set to cramming for examinations: and for success in examinations memory is of the mental faculties the most important, reason—all things considered—perhaps the least useful: which is indeed most unlucky, seeing that memory is

certainly the lowest and reason the highest (or of the highest) among the powers of the mind[1]. Then again—closely allied to this first influence—there is throughout the world just at this moment an inherited suspicion of the faculty of pure reason, which is supposed to be first cousin to scholastics and so not far remote from obscurantism. It seems a curious contradiction in things that reason, which of all the faculties of the mind one would reckon the most unfriendly to obscurantism, should have got—as it were—tarred with the brush of obscurantism; and that the very folk who profess to be the devoted servants of enlightenment and who willingly assume the name of rationalists, lovers of reason, should many of them at bottom entertain a certain suspicion of reason. But life is full of paradoxes of this sort; and there is a historical if not a logical justification for the sentiment. For popular belief, the merit of science consists not alone in that it is a training for thought: but that (as George Eliot's Mr Brooke would say) it does not carry 'that sort of thing' too far. Metaphysics, for the general, falls under the same ban as scholasticism: it is either a means of obscurantism or reckoned a mere waste of time, at best an esoteric pleasure comparable to chess-playing, a fellow of no mark or likelihood. A great part of this is I know mere popular prejudice, if with any justification with an historical one only, and supported by ignorance—ignorance for example that mathematics should more rightly be reckoned a branch of metaphysics than of 'science.' Yet a residuum of truth remains. By the very means and on account of the prejudice against 'philosophy,' metaphysics have been too much forced into a cave which is something like a scholastic cell. It is not reasonable to be always reasoning on the foundations of knowledge, or to be sharpening the wits perpetually on the grindstone of some one

[1] It will be said against me that mathematics does as a fact take an important place in most examinations. But I submit—though I speak in this matter neither as a mathematician nor an educationalist—that the kind of mathematical gifts which make for success in examinations are not the most reasoning kind: that they depend on a certain capability of 'thinking in numbers' which is more allied to memory than it is to the logical faculty. And secondly, I urge that the extent to which (since Descartes' day) algebra has ousted geometry from the field of mathematics has much lessened the value of the higher mathematics as a training for the reason.

among the paradoxes of life. The fact that philosophy, as men prefer to call it to-day, is a kind of academic pursuit, hedged round with an immense technical vocabulary; this is both a cause and a result of popular suspicion of 'reason' as a companion for everyday life.

But of all the influences which make for a certain decay in the reasoning faculties as men advance from childhood to maturity, the strongest without question is polemics—theological polemics first, political next ensuing. Boys understand polemics in a more simple fashion. They are Tories or Liberals, even Socialists maybe to-day. But they settle their disputes with fists and pillow-cases: and that method leaves their capacities for abstract reasoning untouched. Grown men so very early take delight in advocacy, so very early they limit their reading to the journals, books, reviews of their own party, that it would ask almost a miraculous intervention if their minds were to retain a discrimination for unbiased reason. The best that can happen to them is what we hope for those who have accustomed themselves to unwholesome diet, that their stomachs may revolt at last. And surely if there should ever come a craving after something simpler than our latter-day polemics, the time for it is now.

I will ask no better proof of how far we are almost all of us gone from the ensuit of reason than this—that I am sure the utmost point the average justly-inclined man would go to in the direction of impartiality, would be to speak after this fashion. 'I hold,' he would say, 'such and such opinions. Now, as I am a just man and fear Reason, I will give you who think the opposite a patient hearing; and if you can prove to me, demonstrate to me that I am in error, I will change to your views.' Not many, not any but a very few go in practice so far as this: none but a very few do in fact read anything or any serious amount of what is to be said in contradiction of their views—let alone giving it a patient hearing. And yet a love of right reason will require us to go much further than even our supposed just man will go. 'Proof,' 'demonstration'—these are very difficult things. In the ordinary, the indifferent affairs of life we content ourselves with much less than demonstration. We content ourselves and have to be content with the balance

of probabilities: and then we act reasonably, because in the ordinary affairs of life no passion distorts our judgment. In controverted matters also, if we reckoned right reason among the necessities of life, we should be content not alone with demonstration, but failing that, with the balance of probabilities likewise. The balance of probabilities, in short, is the truth. For who has endowed us with knowledge of any further truth? The balance of probabilities whether there be or be not ghosts; whether Tariff Reform will produce this or that result predicted; whether the Virgin Birth of Jesus be a fact or a legend: this balance would determine our decision in any case. The passion which a question excites in us cannot alter the facts about that question. It is as much certain that there must either be or not be ghosts, either be or not be the Supernatural taken as a whole if you prefer that instance, as it is certain that a given egg must be new-laid or not new-laid. A love of reason demands of us that we should always be ready to conform to the balance of probabilities so far as we have time to learn them: that we should so far as is practicable keep our minds open to fresh information that may change the balance. And to do this is much more possible than the average man supposes. Not indeed if we begin with the notion that the exercise of reason and the choice between two opinions is a disagreeable process, to be avoided as much as possible, to be got over once maybe and then abandoned. Then indeed this alert and attentive posture of the mind would be impracticable. But this book is written upon an opposite theory.

I do not know any way in which a man may be better prepared to follow reason, to judge of life reasonably, than by reminding himself constantly, with painful iteration if need be, that every proposition—every single proposition—must be either true or false: that if a thing is not true it is false, and if it is not false it is true. This at any rate is true of all those questions about which men wax hot in controversy; to settle them folk do not need to enter those transcendental regions in which every statement is shown to be true *and* false. Such a single proposition would be 'There are no ghosts,' provided there were no ambiguity in the term. 'The supernatural

exists,' that too would be a single proposition on the same conditions: but here ambiguity of terms would certainly enter. This of course is not saying that in any single proposition—those two or any other—we possess the necessary data to come to a final conclusion. And though we recognise that there must exist thousands of simple propositions which for want of data we cannot decide, it is at least something to remind ourselves that there is a true and a false in relation to each of these. And then again to each individual thinker applies the rule which we gave above about the balance of probabilities. Each *one* must decide for himself according to that balance—giving of course due weight to authority whenever it is a technical matter. The probability is (in the case of authority) that the specialist, if he *be* a specialist and have no temptation to distort the truth, is to be trusted.

Whoso is a lover of knowledge ought to understand this. Nothing can alter the balance of probabilities on any question, not bluff, nor advocacy, nor quibbling with words, nor verbal triumphs, nor wit, nor the making one's opposer look like a fool. No effect is produced by any of these things upon the balance of probability, which lies in the scales of Zeus. In what way can it change the balance of probability to say that every schoolboy knows this or that, when you know that every schoolboy does not know it? Or that every sane man has come to such and such an opinion, when you know that there are plenty not holding that opinion who are not insane? If this is so or was so then you can show it, or at least put your reader on the track of finding it out: and in that case what every schoolboy knows or does not know is without consequence. And if even many sane men think with you upon such a matter, there must be argument therefor expressible in few words. But on the other hand, to keep our judgment in suspense merely because we do not choose to think and on the plea that 'we shall never know,' this is a mere indolence. 'We shall never know' maybe what is the true constitution of matter: but anyone who chooses to think clearly knows what matter signifies to him in the common affairs of life: and if he be a man of science he knows what matter signifies in 'the common affairs' of science. To say that we shall never know the true constitution of matter

means in reality that we shall never know the ultimate cause of that impression upon us which we call matter. This is really quite a different question from the enquiry what matter *is*: for matter is that which experientially or scientifically we know it to be, or even what the balance of probabilities gained from science and experience tells us that it is. And when you shall hear a person say 'I make no distinction between matter and mind,' you may know him not for a profound metaphysician, only for a man who has lost the faculty of clear thought.

Next after the need for continually reminding ourselves that every (single) proposition must be either true or false, should come, I doubt, for such as would think clearly and so follow reason, the habit of separating what we may call 'questions' into the various propositions of which the 'questions' are composed. This will be of special use to us when we are in the department of 'applied reason.' For 'pure reason,' it has less significance. It is precisely this that in polemics we never do nor try to do: so that in these polemics we really do continually run round and round like squirrels in a cage or a puppy pursuing his own tail. Each party in every controverted question delivers telling blows against what to their opposers is an irrelevant side issue, and the combatants hardly ever close upon one essential theorem. Yet science has existed in vain if it has not taught us this ground principle, that one way at least whereby a thing may be tried by reason is by separating it into its elements: when a vague motion is resolved into a series of movements in different directions, partly nullifying each other, and each under the impulse of a separate force; when complex bodies have been resolved into their chemical constituents; by these means a comparison of and a classification of the bodies in the universe have become possible. So ought we to proceed in argument, in dealing with all complicated 'questions,' more especially with such as provoke polemics: we ought so to act whenever possible. And it is to be hoped that the course of this treatise, that is in the Second Book, will show how often such a method is possible. I make no promise of large results; for the questions which give rise to polemics are mostly not only complicated in their nature, but have been complicated infinitely more by controversy. But if

we should settle one or two by this means; nay, if we but come within sight of the possibility of their being settled, that will be something; that will be a real good, a thousand times more worth than the everlasting din, the eternal hammer and tongs of advocacy and polemic.

Nor shall we in the end increase our labour, though at the first blush it might seem that we should do so, by dividing 'questions' up into their constituent single propositions. Reckoning backwards and seeing how our forebears increase in geometrical progression, we might conceive it impossible that at the same time we were approximating to a primal pair. The difficulty in the present case is not less deceptive. If what seems a single proposition splits through our process into many, yet these many recur again and again in questions which seem diverse. At first blush it might seem simpler to take the motion of (say) the moon as we find it, instead of dividing that motion into constituent parts due to initial velocity, to the attractions of the earth and of the sun. At first blush it would undoubtedly seem simpler to study bodies as they are, and that we only doubled our labour by analysing them into salts, metals, or what not. But for a certain kind of reasoning about bodies this has proved the better way. And in those compound problems that are all polemical ones it is the same; about half the questions over which we dispute for ever and spend ourselves in vain are but different combinations of much more simple ones. Into this fact we shall at least get some insight before we have done.

Another reader, however, will say, 'There is nothing new in this: all these principles of right reason have I followed from my youth up.' I shall be glad to think and often flatter my hopes by thinking that there are many such: that the form which all polemic questions take in books of controversy, in the press and so on, is a condition much more crude than, and a great way behind, the form they take in many individual minds; that the better sort of reasonable folk have maybe settled them for themselves and settled them in an unbiased, unimpassioned way; but they give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of it.

This, however, is certain, that it is a characteristic of the

greater number of people cast in this reasonable mould, of such as do not take their opinions ready made nor esteem it a waste of time to keep their reasoning faculties in use, that upon the whole they prefer to shut themselves within the four walls of what is strictly called philosophy. They do not, I suspect, trust themselves to reason so calmly upon polemic subjects as over metaphysical ones. A man who will see all that can be said on both sides of the question, whether or no we can imagine matter infinitely divisible, will not be so reasonable when the subject is of the existence of the Supernatural, the existence of God. And the evil of reserving all really calm, unimpassioned argument for the rare atmosphere of metaphysics lies not so much (as the general think) in the fact that these questions are unpractical; but it lies in the tendency it fosters to treat reason much as the Protestant—he especially —treats religion; that is, as a Sunday matter and not to be carried about for everyday use.

We cannot do away with the paradoxes of life: and the greater part of pure metaphysic or academic philosophy resolves itself into an attempt to do this. It is among the paradoxes of life—an unkind stroke which seems to come straight from the gods themselves—that while man has been created essentially a reasoning animal, his reason followed conscientiously always brings him at the last face to face with a blank wall. He is for ever through his metaphysics trying to climb the wall, for ever falling back just as he thinks he has touched the summit. That these things should be is, I say, itself a paradox: and each of the blank walls our reason reaches is another among the paradoxes of life, before which the wise man can only bow his head. It is because of them that the vulgar make a mock of Reason and profane the name of the goddess; and it is no wonder that her votaries should in the past have used almost superhuman efforts to overtop the impassable barriers, in order that Reason might be justified of her children. They have shown at least that there is no better exercise for the mind than the speculations they have given themselves up to. But that is not enough to satisfy the public, who demand positive results. And it

may be said for certain that no book on pure philosophy has *directly* done much to make men reasonable, to attract the world at large to the ways of clear thinking. Those whom the metaphysicians have convinced of the value of metaphysic were convinced already. Of late years 'philosophy' has become more and more a cabinet affair, a matter of Byzantine learning: in despair of attracting it now repels the *vulgus*, repels it (as has already been said) by an immense technical vocabulary. Science too shrouds itself in a technical vocabulary and has its inner mysteries, which it wishes to preserve untouched. But then science can always perform visible miracles outside the temple; that is amply enough to keep alive the faith of the people. Metaphysics can do no such thing: it can only show a front of wisdom or deal in oracular sayings; for these the public has no credence left.

I hold it, then, better for my present purpose merely to recognise the existence of these paradoxes of life; not trying to minimise them, but not staying for ever in one more attempt to explain and do away with them. The contradictions of things are indeed very numerous and meet us at every turn. They are expressed in proverbs. *Corruptio optimi pessima*—what could be more paradoxical than that? 'Tis a paradox that the sun should seem to travel round the earth, a paradox which has deceived countless generations of men. Our *selves* are an eternal paradox to ourselves, *i.e.* that knowledge should be at once both inside of ourselves and outside of ourselves. The beginning of all metaphysic is this paradox. Some paradoxes are explicable, some may become so. But there are a number against which human thought has beaten and broken itself since man began to philosophise. I will choose out of these paradoxes of life one only. But I will take the first and greatest of all—the paradox of paradoxes, the antinomy of antinomies, the dispute betwixt Determinism and the doctrine of Free Will. You can prove the position of Determinism by unanswerable arguments—that we cannot even imagine an action uncaused, an effect without a cause: and cause in this case means efficient cause (it always does in fact); so that every action and every thought must be determined by some previous actions and thoughts, efficiently and

completely determined, and Free Will can be but an illusion of the mind. You can reason thus: you can prove your position thus. But in the very act of so reasoning and so proving your position you have already assumed Free Will, you have assumed that 'choice' is not an appearance but a reality: that the mind was free to choose between two alternatives, for only on such an assumption can Reason have any meaning. And just as impossible as it is for us logically to conceive of an undetermined action, even so is it impossible for us actually to conceive of all our thoughts and actions predetermined and all choice or alternative ruled out of existence. There, I believe, we stand and shall stand upon this question of Free Will and Determinism, with arguments exactly balanced and mutually destructive. To most folk according to their education or habits of thought one set of arguments, one course of reasoning on this matter, will seem to have substance, the other to be shadowy, endowed with the appearance of logic not the reality. But this choice will be a personal idiosyncrasy not inherent in either course of reason. Nor, so it seems to me, could he who was the most thoughtful of mankind in two long treatises ever get effectively beyond this dilemma. Though Kant propounded three problems for solution at the outset of his *Kritik*—God, Free Will, Immortality—the middle one is so much the hardest that the essential success or failure of the Criticism depended on the solution which Kank found for that. He found no solution; and the *Kritik der praktischen Vernunft* came in to supply the other side of the argument which 'pure reason,' mere Logic, must leave unsettled or must decide for Determinism. The outcome of Kant's second *Kritik* is not (as some mistakenly interpret it) that we are practically bound to ignore what our reason has yet determined in one sense; but that our practical, or as some would say our dynamic, reason points to one conclusion, while our so-called pure or static reason points to a different conclusion. This brings us out at the same point that has been stated above: either decision for or against Free Will is a gift—a *datum*—of reason; but reason itself can answer the same question in two opposite senses.

I confess that such an unanswered paradox as this and as

fifty others of like kind with which metaphysics is concerned —*how* knowledge is possible; *how* we can have an idea of infinity: *how* we can know the existence of the unknown—all such give occasion for blasphemy to the enemies of Reason. Why (say they) serve a goddess who rewards service so ill? For the votary of reason there remains little else but to bow his head in silence.

I know that in turning our backs upon pure metaphysic —pure philosophy—we must give up therewith the attempt or the pretence to solve all the riddles of existence. Such a task is undertaken lightly by practical men who have (say) just heard of evolution, or by men hitherto immersed in science who take a sudden fancy for speculation. They are protected by their ignorance. Whosoever has broken his head, as one may say, and almost his heart in reasoning about the Absolute, about Reality, about those regions of pure thought in which a proposition and its contrary may both be in a manner true, or both in a manner false, he at least is saved from such presumption by sad experience. He has seen the greatest (at least among the moderns) among those who reason, like another Penelope, undoing with one book half the skein which was woven in an earlier book. He has beheld the first among those that *see* brought (seemingly) to deny the most elementary law of right reason—the Principle of Contradiction, as it is called. He is obliged, as I have said, to resign himself to behold these things.

But for a treatise which sets forth with the purpose of pursuing reason, but not all the paradoxes of life, the way is clearer, the rule of the road more simple. For every force there is a medium in which it reaches its highest power, and that medium lies between extremes. The fish that could not swim in mud, could not swim in air neither, even if he could live in air; nor could a bird fly in water nor in a too rarefied atmosphere. And, though up to a certain point if you diminish the section of your wire, the electric current gains in power, there is a limit to that likewise. Now transcendental metaphysics is, I hold, a current of reason which men try and force along too fine a wire. For the wire is human speech. We shall in the following chapter give attention to this matter,

the limitations of thought and its expression through speech, though not in such wise as to touch the higher metaphysics. Lack of enough words is a kind of physical disability which, as I think, the metaphysicians never allowed for. If many of our English metaphysicians but took account as individuals of the fact that they really *think* in German rather than in English, they would understand how the current of their thoughts cannot pass surely from their minds to any others.

In any case, these matters lie outside the purpose of this treatise, even of our first part. That is not a philosophy of life, but rather a philosophy of reason. One that it is hoped may justify itself in the second portion, should we find how much simpler than we suppose is the solution of many controverted questions.

§ 2.

I am sure that at this moment of time, as compared to the last generation or the last two, we are in a state of decline in reasonableness, in our use of reason. We have learned a certain tolerance and *modus vivendi*; and that might be urged in contradiction to what has just been said. But that would only be by a use of 'reasonableness' in quite a different sense from my use of it here. This kind of reasonableness is consistent with complete non-intellectuality. It argues no exercise of the brain to decide that one's opinions are not worth quarrelling about. Non-intellectuality is, as most people will agree, a note of our time; a thing very visible in the books and plays and pictures that are popular. Though it is only fair to remember that a vast deal of brute matter has been incorporated into what pass for the educated classes; and we may hope that intellectuality is somewhere at work leavening the mass. For the moment in all visible ways reason has suffered with our disintellectualizing, in like fashion and degree with the deterioration of our taste.

Our fathers and grandfathers of the despised mid-Victorian era were rather specially reasonable, fond of discussion and even with a leaning towards metaphysics. This last, as with the general is always the case, came in at the heels of theology.

The theological questions which were just then upon the *tapis* were well within the apprehension of plain men. Carlyle had shaken his world out of a moral and intellectual torpor. The Broad Church party (Maurice, Kingsley, Robertson) arose, created as it were out of one of Carlyle's ribs while he slept; Tennyson was an associated member of it. Browning—no one needs to be reminded how full he is of theology and of metaphysic. His voice, while it remained, was the last echo of that age. Tractarianism itself, though in essentials the party of authority, being then new and upon its trial, had to justify itself by argument; and in Newman it produced the one theologian of modern days who has made a real contribution to philosophy. Macaulay, at heart a rhetorician, yet took delight in argument of which the advocacy, the 'special pleading,' is at any rate skilfully disguised. I know that in some respects and in other intellectual fields that age suffered by its reasonableness; it had a defect not necessary but often inherent in that good quality. It is possible, but it is not very easy to be at the same time reasonable, free-minded, elastic, unpriggish. Unpriggish our fathers were not always, even in their higher moments. Tennyson's poetry, for all its wide Virgilian flights which are not rare, is yet throughout terribly self-conscious, terribly concerned to justify itself, and fearing the charge of extravagance with an unmanly fear. Browning, though he is of a greater nature, too great to be a prig, he too thinks too much and feels too little.

An earlier poet, who had a mind capable of all things, and who, if his character and his will had consented, might have been an English Goethe—I mean Coleridge—stood along with Carlyle behind the Victorian movement toward reasonableness: and behind them both stood the great intellectual renaissance in Germany. Through Coleridge the Critical Philosophy filtered into English Victorian minds. But behind Kant in his turn had stood Newton and his *Principia*. It was before all things the new astronomy, the wideness and exactitude of thought in the greatest geometrician the world has known, that fascinated the mind of Kant. Hume may have awakened him from his dogmatic slumber; but it was Newton who infused into Kant the breath of life and reason. Geometry may

be reckoned a branch of metaphysics; but it is the part which attains the most perfect *form* and serves as a model to the rest. This chain of influence, passing from the writing of the *Principia* to the growth of the Broad Church party in Victorian days, is now spent; the very recital of those two names shows it as a diminishing power.

But the Victorian age has in science produced a new world-shaking discovery which has superseded the influence on men's minds of the new astronomy from Copernicus to Newton. This is of course Darwinism and Evolution.

Darwin's discovery has, even by men of science themselves, been compared to that of Newton's. A moment's consideration should show the vast difference between the two. The law of gravitation is a perfectly rigid one, capable of a rigid demonstration. Darwin's principle is not a law at all in that sense; it is an hypothesis, a brilliant suggestion. As an aid therefore and an incentive to Pure Reason, Darwinism can never fill the place which Newtonism once held. The demonstrations of geometry are more than the demonstrations of experiment; they appeal to pure reason and nothing else. Darwinism is in part natural history, and so far forth not even a branch of experimental science; while experimental science itself evokes less often pure reason (*Vernunft*) than simple understanding (*Verstand*). In so far as Darwinism is history it is outside of all the region of science, which must always imply 'demonstration.' To talk of history in any possible form as a science, as some of our historical professors do, is mere confusion of words and of thought; for the *post hoc* of the one can never be identified with the *propter hoc*, which is the essence of the other. I am not forgetting that Darwin did demonstrate portions of his hypothesis in the most rigid way that was possible by experiment. Nor do I mean but that embryology when in no way historic is an exact science, But the essential of the theorem remains hypothetic. Only a portion of Darwin's thesis is demonstrable: what remains is a speculation and a suggestion of immense value, of a very high degree of plausibility, but which could never be satisfying to the reason in the sense that the *Principia* is so. Therefore to substitute the influence of Evolution for that of Newtonian Astronomy (though

it might stimulate other faculties of the mind) must in any case have been unfavourable to reason.

Unfortunately whatever evil (from the point of view of pure reason) lay in this substitution, has been increased fourfold by the actual history of the doctrine of 'Evolution,' that is to say by the quasi-accidental circumstance that it touched or was thought to touch on the ground of controversial theology. Theology, official theology rose in arms. Almost from the outset 'Darwinism' was both attacked and defended (defended as well as attacked) in the spirit of polemics.

The famous field-day betwixt Bishop Wilberforce and Huxley, which may be reckoned the first fixed engagement between Darwinism and dogmatism, is recounted in Mr Leonard Huxley's admirable *Life of Huxley*. But I question whether this was such a victory for science as it seemed. What after all had science, what had Huxley to do *dans cette galère?* It lies outside the purpose of this treatise to apportion praise or blame on such a matter: for in this first book at least we are concerned with the choice which reason makes between truths of fact, not with the choice which the moral sense makes between truths of feeling. But for those who are inclined to weigh the delinquencies of both parties in equal scales, it is but right to point out that while to orthodoxy falls the reproach of 'you began,' the orthodox were not acting so much in violation of their principles as were the defenders of Darwinism, who defended in a polemic spirit what they should have judged only in the spirit of science. No orthodox Christian would assert or pretend that the search for truth formed the *first* article of his faith: though he would say that no article of his faith was inconsistent with truth. But for the man of science the first and the last of his faith should be *Magna est Veritas et praevalebit. Veritas* is the cardinal point of the scientist's creed: the Christian has other poles of faith. In any case, wherever we place the blame (and that is a matter of ancient history now), the effect of the false orientation of Darwinism at the outset was disastrous as time passed on.

Huxley who was a philosopher not in the technical sense only, and who wrote that he did not wish his own children to accept anything on his authority merely, probably placed no

high value on that victory in the Art Schools. But when he made himself the champion of Darwinism he reckoned without the foolishness of his disciples or the distorting influence of theological polemics (or anti-theological: there is no difference); in fact he did not escape that himself. What has been the result? Darwinism has the world over been taken out of the region of science, of cold demonstration: it has become a faith, a propaganda, a new Islam. For hundreds, who have really small touch of the scientific spirit, it has become a creed, an article of faith, a religion. Under the shadow of Evolution (first of all), and of the immense impressiveness of experimental science in her thousand achievements for a second cause, there has grown up in the course of a generation a sort of new confession, standing face to face with the old confessions of Protestantism (or Evangelicism) and Catholicism: rivalling with these or surpassing them in zeal, hardly if at all behind them in intolerance. Hordes have gone forth under the battle cry *La Darwina illa Darwin*: *Huxley rasoul Darwin* (There is no Darwin but Darwin: Huxley is the prophet of Darwin), hordes, who had no touch of science in the whole composition of their minds, have rushed over the lands grasping the 'Synthetic Philosophy' as their Koran. The new confession has gone forth conquering and to conquer, face to face with the Orthodox Church of religion.

Both confessions, the Church of Science and the Church of Orthodoxy, really rest upon authority. Listen to the talk of the average 'joined member' of the scientific church, if you doubt what I say; or read the letters which even some of its higher functionaries write to the *Times* when some question of a quasi-theological character comes to the fore. Do these high ecclesiastics of the scientific church tread the humble road of demonstration? That is not my experience. There took place some years ago a quasi-theological discussion in the *Times* (of all places) provoked by Lord Kelvin's assertion that all nature except the geological part of it (to put the theory in a nutshell) postulated a God. That is really a metaphysical question and outside the domain of science altogether: even from the greatest of physicists, Lord Kelvin's observation could only come as an *obiter dictum*. So with all the other scientists who wrote on

the matter. Of course none of them was debarred from arguing the question on its merits. Though the notion of doing so in the columns of the *Times* lacked not a touch of quaintness. Is that the course they took? Look back at the correspondence and see. Or again, try the effect of introducing the question of spiritism, even the milder telepathy, among the average members of the Church of Science. Do you once find any indication of a desire to tread the path of demonstration? I have never met it.

How may Truth, how may Right Reason, hold their own in this war of the churches? This is something quite different from the calm philosophy begot of mathematics which came to the bedside of Kant when he awoke from his dogmatic slumber.

This I account the shadow of Darwinism. And I maintain that the whole of human reason has in some measure withered beneath it. People are not perhaps less temperate than they were thirty years ago or so—about the time say that 'Essays and Reviews' disturbed men's thoughts. They have had (it has been said) in practice to learn the lesson of live and let live. But I am sure they are less reasonable, and that they are turned more away from anything remotely resembling metaphysical enquiry, from the pursuit of pure reason in fine: and that the very standard of science has undergone a change for the worse. It has become more utilitarian, and more *applied*. People are impatient and suspicious of what appeals merely to the intellect, such as pure mathematics—of logic still more so. The fanatics of the Scientific Church confound these with metaphysics, and metaphysics they identify with theology, which is for them the Accursed Thing.

Had there been none of the polemic which has arisen over 'Darwinism,' even then the doctrine of Evolution would have been not easily assimilable by the human mind: even then it would have presented many pitfalls for the human reason. In the present chapter we will speak only of these. Later in the course of our studies we shall deal with the matters of polemic: then will be the proper time to speak of the polemic use of Darwinism: now-a-days Darwinism has been put to quasi-polemic uses by all the churches, orthodox and agnostic alike

Then will be the proper place to speak of the injuries Right Reason has received from all sides, as of a sudden she looked up from her books of science, surprised to find herself in the midst of contending factions. Here is the place to speak of the confusion which without *mala fides* the idea of evolution might well bring, and has certainly brought into men's thoughts.

The first of these has been the confusion betwixt a 'thing' and its origins. Evolution seems to reduce the whole world, all things knowable, to a condition of continual flux and change. The *πάντα ῥεῖ* of Heracleitus becomes—tends to become—the reality of realities: or as Marcus Aurelius writes:

'Some things are hurrying into existence and some are hurrying out of it; and of that which is coming into existence, part is already extinguished. Motions and changes are continually renewing the world, just as the uninterrupted course of time is always renewing the infinite duration of ages.'

This seems the primary truth. And in a kind of desperate wish to get hold of something solid, folk have been ready to fix upon some sort of primal term in the long sequence of change, some supposed germ or origin, as the essence of the thing they are dealing with. In all manner of subjects this tendency has been made manifest. We know how much in political and economical disputes there has been a return to antiquarianism. We remember (for example) the importance which Freeman attached to the fact that among our Saxon fathers, kingship was half-elective: and that the Witenagemôt was something quite different from our House of Lords. In disputes about land-laws, questions regarding land-tenure among the Aryans or the early Teutons, theories concerning the *mir* and the manor have assumed capital importance. So it has been with theories of the origins of our courts of law—what represented the King's Court, what the Court Baron, and so on. In the region of etymology the importance of origins has been accounted even greater: the etymological significance of a word being often reckoned to decide a controversy. In vain has Dr Tylor written with an ironic commonsense, 'Our understanding of the meaning of a word is not always assisted by the knowledge that at some previous date it meant something

different.' All these aberrations of reason were natural to men when they first absorbed the idea of evolution. But almost all have been heightened by the spirit of polemic. On the most controversial of all questions—theology or religion—the uses made of this sort of germ-theory have been at times still more fantastic: but on these I will spare to dwell in this place. We can only reflect with satisfaction that the tendency to confuse things with their origins or germs has not yet invaded the region of practical affairs. I at least have never met the man who when he had eaten a chestnut thought he had swallowed a chestnut-tree.

Another among the paralogisms, the confusions of thought which have grown out of the doctrine of Evolution, reaches down much farther. To deal with it adequately would ask a treatise to itself. Moreover it would carry us deep into the cave of metaphysics: and it is the purpose of this treatise never to go farther than the mouth of that dark antre. It is part of our faith that a man may walk side by side with reason even while decided to walk always in the upper air of such 'questions' as the general can understand: that is if he first acknowledge to his readers and to himself that there be some riddles—what we have called the paradoxes of life—which he was compelled to leave unanswered. He cannot forget the paradoxes of life altogether. Even in the upper air and in his daily walks the sphinx will from time to time rise and confront him. Then he has to confess that Reason seems to have deserted him—the gods have sent this terror upon earth. He has to pass on in silence: but anon Reason comes to his side once more. Something like this will happen in the present case: for it will be seen that the shadow of Determinism falls across our path.

It was to be expected that an idea so new as Evolution and so fascinating to the imagination should in its years of novelty stretch beyond its legitimate place, should not so much be received into the reasonable world, as create a new world in which reason had to beg for a place, or to content herself like another Cinderella with whatever corner of the hearth was left for her. This image from old fairy tales is in truth a very apt

one. The history of Reason has always been very like that of the modest youngest sister or despised third son of folk lore. Each new and fascinating scheme of things—Theological Intuition, Baconian Experiment, Darwinian Evolution—each of these in turn has dressed herself for the ball of life, as if she were the elder daughter of all knowledge, and was almost 'reality' and true knowledge personified. People are always trying to find some golden way to certainty which is not Reason: if on no other account than this that Reason quite often professes to give men not certainty, only the first among a balance of probabilities. None is more humble than she. She is no dogmatist: she tells of what she knows; and of what she knows not she is silent[1].

Thus it has fallen about that for the moment Evolution—a vague sense of evolution—has in most men's thoughts quite taken the *pas* of sober reason: and those who boast it is to be *dans le mouvement* talk of their methods which have supplanted reason as being 'scientific'; they also on occasion recommend them to their customers—much as drapers do their wares—as being the 'latest thing out.' And then if you try and cross-question them a little and show that if their theories or their methods were followed out logically the world must fall into chaos, it is very easy for them to brush the objection aside by calling it 'metaphysics,' and by explaining to the general that we have outlived all that—*nous avons changé tout cela*, as Molière says.

The fashions in which by means of the idea of evolution men seek to do away with or to supersede reason may be expressed in various formulas, all tending essentially to the same end. To make them as clear as I can do (in the space at our disposal) I will state them in more than one shape. For be it remembered they have not been reduced to a system or endowed with logical consistency: they constitute not a philosophy, but a tendency or a point of view.

The central idea is to substitute some other certainty (some greater certainty if you will) for the amount of certainty which is given us in a reasoned world: it has already been said that

[1] 'None is more humble than he [Buddha]. He tells of what he knows; on what he knows not he is silent.' Fielding Hall.

that is not absolute. Thousands have already thought they found that greater certainty in Determinism, though as we have shown Determinism can only be adhered to by staying the criticism of reason. Evolution presents us with necessity or determinism in a new form—the shaping of everything by its environment, the idea that everything is what it is through adaptability. Adaptability to What? Environment. And environment is what? An infinite and unknown world. Environment in its purely vague significance seems only another word for the unknown. But of course there is also the environment of experience, the soil, the air, the light which are necessary to the growth of a plant, and which vary in some degree in the case of every plant. It is very easy, and to the imagination very tempting, to generalise this thing we know into an unknown something whose existence we are conscious of but whose laws we cannot ascertain. Thus reason, it will be said by those who confuse theirs in this wise, has grown to what it is in virtue of its environment (whatever that environment may have been); and therefore reason is not the first guide to truth, but a conditional, a contingent guide. And the corollary is easily made that we may if we choose reject the guidance of reason herself.

It is really in this corollary (silently made) that the pith of the new doctrine lies. As we are not concerned with such metaphysical ideas as the Absolute, and as we decline once again to enter the hopeless territory of dispute between reason and determinism, the only matter which touches us practically is the question—Is there then something beside reason on which we can rely? In *practice* this new theory believes itself to have as it were a second string to its bow. What it cannot justify by reason it attempts to justify by the idea of the environment or (embodying the same conception in a shape more 'questionable') by the idea of heredity.

To the raw thinker the man of plain commonsense there is not much difficulty in assimilating this idea—I say advisedly 'assimilating'; because he could not, nobody could work it out to a logical issue. The assimilation is the easier (to him) in that he sees no difficulty in supposing all knowledge to come from without, to be made up of impressions received from

external objects, impressions working upon each other, changed by some process which he is not called on to define. But except for the plainest of plain-dealers such a theory of knowledge is impossible to-day. What might be when Locke wrote his *Essay on the Human Understanding* may not be to-day, at least for whoever has absorbed only so much of the teaching of philosophy as is in the air. The man in the omnibus is more than half aware that all we can say initially of our sensational knowledge (that which comes as we deem from without) is that 'tis made up of impressions that constantly recur and in a fixed order, and that we have every reason to believe (though 'every reason to believe' is not a strictly logical phrase) that those impressions occur in the same order to our fellow men.

This much of knowledge reason makes, and must ever make, the beginning of all knowledge. Now the evolutionary idea tries to get an earlier beginning still (as we have seen) by invoking environment—a nebulous environment, and adaptability thereto by heredity and in other ways. But see what must be the logical outcome of this: into what chaos it must lead us so soon as this notion tries to square itself not with vague assimilation but with clear thought. For this influence of the environment can only refer to the past. And it is as logical to assume that because *rouge* has turned up twenty times upon the card or head upon the halfpenny, that the next toss and the next deal will give 'head' and *rouge*, as it is to assume that adaptability to what has been in the past is any guarantee of suitability to what will be in the near future or even to what is in the actual present. What possible guarantee then or even suggestion of knowledge or of 'veracity' can this theory of heredity give us? Reasonably, if supposed adaptability is our assurance of truth, it is as likely as not that at this moment of time neither sun, moon, nor earth, neither hansom cabs nor my morning's breakfast exists here and now: for it is just as likely as not that the 'idea' I have of these things is the result of heredity and nothing more: all my fellow men, having had the same environment and the same heredity, would naturally be subject to precisely the same illusion that I am subject to.

If *rouge* had constantly turned up (through generations) then *rouge* would come to seem a necessary consequence of destiny. But directly *noir* turned up all the theories founded on this hereditary view of things would be falsified instantaneously: falsified by the facts; but hereditary adaptability would make them seem still true.

And if it be said—'We have no assurance of truth save constant sequence in the same order,' I will acknowledge that it is impossible for one to refute the assertion—at a less price, at any rate, than the retraversing all the ground passed over in the *Critique of Pure Reason*. But what is the use of invoking the idea of 'heredity' to enforce a position long ago established by Hume—a position so far as regards reason of pure nihilism? Heredity does nothing to strengthen that argument: all its power lies in confusing the issue. If things are merely what they are (or seem to be) and we know not why nor how and can never know: a shadowy environment or heredity will not enlarge our ignorance into even the semblance of knowledge.

When we come to the application of this evolutionary doctrine to practical questions, we find that those who use it do in fact play fast and loose with their system. Ideas which they have no mind for they assume to be the effects of heredity only, and to have no real existence: but for ideas which they approve they tacitly assume that these have by adaptability to the past environment been made the most fitting for the present. Thus travelling round a circle of the narrowest diameter they are always constant to their opinions: these are true because they are adapted to their environment, and they are adapted to their environment because they are true[1].

[1] Mr Herbert Spencer will deserve everlasting remembrance as the first to seize and assimilate the full import to philosophy of Evolution, one may say indeed *Hibernice*, and more than the full import. In revenge, he has fallen as deep as anyone into the pitfalls which this notion (Evolution) digs for the unwary, and which it has been the purpose of the foregoing pages to suggest. Never perhaps in the history of philosophy, never certainly since abstract thought freed itself from the trammels of theology, has a more extraordinary passage been written by a thinker than one to be found in the second volume of Spencer's *Principles of Psychology*. Spencer has there been encountered by the very difficulty we speak of, the prime difficulty of the sceptical philosophy, that seemingly (in Hume's phrase) 'Nature by an absolute and uncontrollable necessity has determined us to judge' that to be true which we have no rational grounds for concluding to be true. It is obvious how pat the idea of evolution,

If we step for a moment into more philosophical regions, we may express in another fashion the confusion of thought caused by what I have named the assimilation as distinguished from

with its attendant heredity and so forth, fits in with and seems to justify this conclusion of Hume's. Nevertheless the conclusion means chaos—as we have already shown. Kant had to write the *Kritik* to build up the world again, and restore to Reason her own. With a naïvity which is not without its charm Spencer ignores alike Kant and the gravity of the problem he has set himself to solve; and disposes of the matter in a sentence. All the difficulty *he* finds is how have metaphysicians got themselves into such a muddle?

'The answer to this question is' (our author says) 'that metaphysicians greatly over-value a *particular mode of mental action*. They tacitly assume the supreme authority of certain highest and most recently developed powers, which have been the leaders of immense conquests: and they act as though this supremacy was unconditional. Through Reasoning multitudes of marvellous results have been reached, and Reasoning has come to excite an amount of faith greatly in excess of that which is its due.'

Psychology, Vol. II. p. 313 (stereot. ed.).

This 'reasoning' is of course nothing else but Reason (*die reine Vernunft*) with all her claims. Having dismissed those claims in the manner we see, by a stroke of the pen, Mr Spencer leaves the direct answer to the question before him and passes on to other examples of people being unduly impressed by, to use his words, 'the proximate causes of imposing effects,' as for instance by the authority of print; as when people urge as a proof of their assertion that they 'saw it in print.' Another instance is the exaggerated expectations which some people entertain of the results of book education.

Reason in other words 'butters no parsnips.' But is it not a little strange in a book which bears the title 'A system of Synthetic *Philosophy*' to find reason treated in so cavalier a fashion? One supposed that 'philosophy' meant, rightly speaking, a search for truth, not an enquiry how parsnips came to be buttered, or in a general way how things came about; and reason is concerned with just this matter, truth. Not only is Mr Spencer seemingly unconscious of the vastness of the problem to be solved, but he is unaware how little reason there is in his own manner of solving it. The following sentence (which follows very close on the one just quoted) is very noticeable both as illustrating the degree in which Mr Spencer is evidently satisfied with his previous argument and the methods by which he seeks to build up conviction of its finality in his own mind and in the mind of his reader.

'The remarkable fact is' (our author goes on) 'that this excessive confidence in Reason' [let us note with satisfaction that *Reasoning* has now become, what it ought to have been at the first, Reason] 'as compared with simpler modes of intellectual action, is not seen in those by whom Reason has been employed with such astonishing results. Men of science now, as in all past times, subordinate the deliverances of conscience reached through mediate processes, to the deliverances of conscience reached through immediate processes: or to speak strictly, they subordinate those deliverances reached through long and conscious reasoning, to those deliverances reached through reasoning which has become so nearly automatic as no longer to be called reasoning. The astronomer who has, through the elaborate quantitative reasonings which we call calculations, concluded that a transit of Venus will commence upon a

the reasonable acceptance of Evolution. The head of offence (to reason), the confusion of confusions, consists in this, that the new doctrine takes succession in time for the essential reality. But if the world is reasonable at all it is succession in reason which is the essential reality—the *à priori* of logic not the *à priori* of time. All the history of much-despised philosophy may be summed up as the endeavour to realise that first in reason and first in time are two (*πρότερα δ' ἐστί καὶ γνωμερώτερα διχῶς*, as Aristotle says), to correct the natural impulse induced by practical life to assume the *à priori* of time as the all-in-all. And the simplest form of the process of philosophy (or reason) is the correction of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* of the savage. Hume himself only repeats the error of the savage in a philosophical guise: and the unreasonable philosophy of evolutionism which we are combating is but Hume's theory of knowledge re-written in other words.

The effect of our momentary evolution-on-the-brain then has been to unravel *so far forth* all the skein which reason

certain day, hour and minute, and who, on turning a telescope to the Sun at that time, sees no black spot entering upon its disc, infers an untruth in his calculations, not an untruth in those relatively brief and primitive acts of thought which go to make up his observation.' [There follows another illustration drawn from the action of a chemist in an analogous difficulty, and Mr Spencer concludes] 'So it is with all classes of those men whose joint efforts have brought our knowledge of the Universe to its present comprehensive state. It is rather among the spectators of these vast achievements of Reason that we find this exaggerated estimate of its power.'

Here of course mere experiment and the 'Understanding' (*Verstand*) which is sufficient for experiment is put in the place of Reason. But even as a vindication of Understanding the above example is fallacious. For the argument carries its author much farther (in principle) than he would dream of going. The last-quoted sentence is only a rather pompous way of describing a procedure which may just as well be Hodge's at a conjuring exhibition. If Hodge leaves the performance firmly persuaded that the conjurer really did produce from his inside three hundred yards of tape, a pound of feathers, and a glass bowl of fish, then the mediate process of consciousness which we should call Hodge's Commonsense but which in this case is really Reason, neither more nor less, tells him that the thing was impossible: but the immediate process of consciousness tells him that the thing was done. So, likewise, to everyone from the savage to the astronomer the immediate process of consciousness proclaims that the sun goes round the earth, it is only the mediate process which tells the last that this apparent motion of the sun comes from the rotation of our planet.

In a word, if Mr Spencer after slighting reason, had not given his own a rest for the time being, he could not have failed to see, before he got to this point, in what a quandary he was like to be left.

(and science too) have woven since the beginning of time. It is true that reason in certain moods has already performed this feat unaided: reason does as much unaided when she is caught in one of her paradoxes, as she is caught in the paradox of determinism. It was in fact nothing else but determinism in a new sense that Hume demonstrated when he showed that cause and effect *were* nothing more than a sequence of events—of phenomena. To prove that was in fact to prove by reason that there was no reason: for at the root of all reason lies the idea of cause. But what Hume showed only for the metaphysician, evolution, the hypnotism of evolution, has forced upon the minds of the vulgar—Hume whispered it in the chamber, Neo-Darwinism has proclaimed it from the housetops. For the reasoner—I mean for him who thinks that knowledge begins in reason—time is only a necessary form of thought: but for the evolutionist reason becomes not even a necessary (there is no 'necessary' when reason is dethroned) but an accidental birth of time.

It is not possible here to do more than indicate these tendencies, not possible to follow out the questions they raise. One must leave it *homini bonae voluntatis*, to the man of good will, to trace the links in the chain of logic which united idea to idea. By the 'man of good will' I mean him who loves reason, and desires before all things to come by reason at the truth. But he who is *malue voluntatis* in this matter and hates to exert this faculty of his mind, will perforce remain under the hypnotism of evolution; for that asks no hard thinking, only the pleasant resting under the shadow of a single idea.

The man of good will will easily see how naturally or inevitably this illogical corollary of evolution—the stepping backward in the search for a reasoned world—follows upon the difference which was dwelt on a page or two back between the intellectual value of Newtonism and Darwinism. Darwinism, it was pointed out, is in great part only Natural History: and in history there can be no strict logic; there can never be more than the *post hoc*, never the *propter hoc* of rigid demonstration. It is by elbowing out the idea of the *propter hoc* that Darwinism misapplied can make reason itself only an accident of time.

No scientific discovery, no theory of science can in reality be superior to reason or a substitute therefor: because, in the making of the discovery or of the theory, reason was tacitly assumed as the all-sufficient guide. Both in mental science—theory of reason, and in moral science—theory of morals, the notion of heredity is used to-day as a substitute for reason. In mental science reason is discredited as metaphysics: and a vague hope is entertained and half-expressed that by a collection of facts or of experiments we shall get rid of the necessity of reasoning upon them, that they will assort themselves by some internal crystalline process. So there arises on this side a school which seeks to substitute Psychology for metaphysics. On the moral side the new influence, this tendency of thought (for one cannot call it a system), has hit upon the notion of testing reason not by reason, but by practice: a notion which has received in England and America the name of Pragmatism, and of which we shall speak later and more fully.

To sum up then. Though we have so far been able only to glance at this second produce of Neo-Darwinism and evolution mis-understood—the substitution of the first in time for the first in reason—yet the man of good will to reflect and to guard his mind from being caught by catch-words will I deem see at the root of all these methods the same fundamental error. It is the error of not seeing or forgetting that the validity of reason is first assumed in these theories in order that that validity may be called in question: that that which we call experiment, experience, or what not, has been already selected as such by the reason. Utilitarianism must stand or fall as it is, by its relation to reason as it is; to try and find another sanction for it through heredity: that notion too is but confusion of thought. On these matters I deem the man who loves reflection will satisfy himself by reflection. But for our purpose it is not possible to do more than suggest on what lines his thoughts should run.

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CHAPTER II.

THOUGHT AND SPEECH.

MEN we may guess will never cease from speculation concerning the origin of language. Yet there are some questions connected with it on which their guesses seem destined to be for ever vain. Of such is the debate whether speech was at its outset rather emotional or rather descriptive, that is to say intellectual: whether it began in (say) a series of cries or of imitative sounds. Questions less elemental than these, questions which were once presented to us as settled, are I believe no longer reckoned so; such as the evolution of speech from the monosyllabic to the agglutinative stage, and then to the inflected. That *schema* which Max Müller formerly set forth with so much clearness and fascination, has, unless I am mistaken, gone by the board. On the other hand, there are some facts of the history of language which it seems hardly possible to doubt; they seem to follow from the very nature of human speech, and they are, too, pointed at by all the *a posteriori* circumstances that come within our knowledge, by a chain of reasoning in fact of which the least experienced can appreciate the force. Among such facts of the history of speech one is for the purposes of our enquiry and for the history of human reason of capital importance. It is this: that the words of earliest currency among men must have dealt almost exclusively with external 'ideas' and with impressions from without, leaving the internal 'ideas,' the thoughts and feelings, upon one side.

I say the words of earliest 'currency.' Currency is of the essence of language. It is currency which distinguishes language, properly so called, from those mere utterances which might have been evoked by momentary inward feelings, by pains or by emotions, and which may have constituted not

language but the germ or say the raw material of speech. The true currency of language is of another sort. In a general way, that a word may gain this currency these conditions must be satisfied: it must express something which is in the minds of two people (two at least) at the same time; and at the same moment be known by A to be in the mind of B, and by B to be in the mind of A. Now the chances of this happening in the case of impressions coming from without, is obviously a hundredfold greater than the chance of this happening with thoughts or feelings which spring from within.

Even if the word when first used expressed rather a feeling than an impression, that it should be sudden and simultaneous (the conditions for its gaining currency, coming into use) it must have been caused by some object. And very soon it would become the name of the thing, not of the feeling which the thing first called forth. I take an imaginary illustration. Suppose in some remote ancestral settlement a child is carried off before the eyes of its parents by a cave-hyæna or a cave-bear; and that the horror of the sight evokes from these parents a cry which becomes in time the name given to the creature. In order that the cry may become a 'word' it must be evoked by the sight of a second cave-bear; and the bystanders must perceive the thing which evoked the cry, though they do not share the emotion out of which the cry arose. Even in the case of uttering cries during some common action, analogous to the yo-ho of sailors hauling at a rope (and some people have guessed the origin of speech to lie *there*), this cry when it has become a word will, it is a hundred to one, be used either for that particular action alone, and that means for something external; or—more probably—it will be applied to the thing on which the action has been expended. In either case it will have an outward, or impressional significance, not an inward one of thoughts or feelings.

Such *a priori* considerations would be enough to convince us that language began in impressions. All the facts of language point the same way. In every language a great majority of the words which express the inward parts of man express the outward also: if they stand for thoughts and feelings, they stand for sensations and impressions as well. Our word 'feeling' is

an excellent instance to the point. And when this is the case who can doubt that the physical significance was the earlier? In languages with a history we have another sort of words also; those which in a later condition (in the more modern language) express thoughts or feelings only, but that in the parent tongue have a physical significance. How many of the words we have been using in the foregoing sentences are of this order! 'Express' for example from the Latin *exprimere* to press out or to mark by outward pressure. 'Feeling' we have dealt with. 'Idea' is the thing seen; 'thought,' 'think' are etymologically connected simply with 'thing,' and both 'think' and 'thing' are according to Fick (*Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der Indo-Germanisch. Spr.*) derived from a root *tak* signifying 'to fit.' This is almost identical with the etymological meaning of 'reason' (*ratio*) 'counted thing.'

In all languages 'spirit does but mean the breath'—etymologically. 'Ghost' is connected with the German *gähnen*, to breathe heavily, to yawn. The Greek ψυχή, spirit, has a similar meaning (ψύχω, to breathe) and θυμός is connected with a Sanskrit root *dhuma*, smoke. Our 'grief' is from the Latin *gravis*, 'heavy'—a thing heavy to bear: but 'sorrow' is a Teutonic word, allied to 'sore,' a wound. 'Attention' is from the Latin *tendere*, to stretch—a stretching of the thoughts. Of such again is the Greek μανθάνω, 'to learn,' 'to understand,' which the philologists say is allied to the Sanskrit *mâ*, to measure: and the Latin *ratio* our 'reason' has, we saw, an origin of the same kind. We see the first physical significance of our 'right' and the Latin *rectus* ('straight' as well as right') in *porrectus*, stretched out. For of course 'straight' is but 'stretched,' the stretched string being the straight string. The Greek φρονέω, 'to consider' and φρόνησις, 'judgment,' are from φρήν, which means the region—maybe the muscles or skin—about the heart. For etymologically φρήν is connected with διάφραγμα, diaphragm. Obviously words of this class which have passed from a physical to an intellectual meaning are better evidence of the physical origin of the words even than those which retain to-day a double sense.

I have seen it stated that while the substantives of language (of all languages) point to a physical origin for their meanings,

the verbs do not so. I know not by what evidence this theory can be supported. The instances of *μανθάνω*, of *φρονέω*, and of 'think,' given above are conspicuous ones to the contrary. The Latin *amare* is the source of the substantive *amor* and itself has a purely physical sense, as it is etymologically allied to the Greek *ἁμά* and the German *sammt*, and of course our 'same': only that has lost its earlier meaning. But such a physical origin in the case of *amare* we should expect. 'Hate' is from the same root as 'hunt.' Here however it is difficult to be sure which verb was the earlier. Our 'observe' means to keep before the eyes: 'observe' itself obviously implies a physical act; and 'maintain' is to hold with the hands. To 'ponder' is to weigh, and to 'consider' is to observe the stars.

These *a posteriori* proofs which might be taken from any language and multiplied indefinitely bring us a step farther than our *a priori* argument did; insomuch as they show, not alone that words with a physical meaning preceded in the history of speech those with an internal or as we may say metaphysical meaning, but that the physical words did in fact exhaust (or nearly so) man's vocabulary of sound, fill up the gamut of his word-making faculty. So that as a fact the words for thoughts or feelings have (like the word 'feeling' itself) been transplanted from the sensuous domain to the non-sensuous: almost all have had at one time a double meaning, one directly physical the other *symbolically* metaphysical. Certain words (like our 'grief,' 'sorrow') have dropped the physical meaning: all or almost all must for a longer or a shorter period have 'paltered in a double sense' to the no small confusion of men's thought. What was weighty became also what weighed upon one's spirit: the stretched string became symbolical of the strained attention. As with us 'heart,' 'brain' are now parts of a man's body, and now parts (so to say) of his soul.

This last process of transfer by symbolism though it *has* taken place need not in the eternal nature of things have done so. Obviously men began with but a vague notion of their thoughts and feelings and mixed them up with their sensations. And as a fact the stage in a people's intellectual advance is fairly well indicated by the proportion which their metaphysical

words bear to their physical. But it need not have been in the nature of things that when men grew conscious of their internal ideas, they could not find appropriate sounds to express them. The clarity of our thought would have gained greatly if such had been the case. Man's power of varying sounds, however, falls vastly short of all his varied experiences: one might anticipate that it would do: and the result has been that long before he came to express or express with any amplitude his thoughts and feelings, his vocabulary was exhausted, and he had to speak in the symbolic fashion that we know. This is, I am aware, a crude and too trenchant way of putting the case. The influence of words on thoughts, of speech on thought, is too great and too subtle to be disposed of in a sentence. And it follows that if man expressed his inward world symbolically from his outward world, he thought of the two as blended together. But on the whole we are justified in looking upon the effect, this confusion of thoughts with impressions, rather as a by-result of the history of language than a necessary result in the history of thought.

What from the foregoing enquiry ensues as to the relation of the two orders of 'ideas,' the physical and metaphysical, with us here and now, is as follows. In the first place the primal cause why men began their speech with impressions and not thoughts (with things seen, not things thought) holds equally to-day: the things seen can be known by A to be in the mind of B and by B to be in the mind of A at the same moment. So that every time a word is used which belongs to this category it can be (as it were) corrected—brought back from any deviation to render the exact idea: therefore, apart from all history of language, the words for physical ideas must always be more exact than for metaphysical. But the actual history of words has done much to emphasize this difference. The much longer currency in language which the physical words have had than the metaphysical would add immensely to their clarity and serviceableness. Lastly the fact (quasi-accidental) that the second class of words have for a long period been used only symbolically, this would involve a vast confusion of thought and still farther postpone their power of conveying clear ideas on this class of experiences—the internal.

It will be said that we have undertaken a long demonstration to arrive at a very obvious result; and that no one doubts the greater clearness of our physical as compared to our metaphysical ideas. This (it will be said) is no more than the drawing once again the distinction which Herbert Spencer draws between 'vivid' and 'faint' manifestations; on which distinction rests in effect the whole of his synthetic philosophy. But my subject is very different. I am not discussing the ideas themselves, but the expression of them. In its crudity that distinction of Spencer's between 'vivid' and 'faint' cannot, I hold, be maintained, least of all as a substitute for the old philosophical terms the 'ego' and the 'non-ego.' There must be some of the metaphysical ideas which, because they are always with us, we are really more conscious of than of any 'phenomenal' ideas. And it is in fact these inseparable ones that constitute the 'ego' of philosophy, not the mere current of faint ideas. There is besides the further fact that what we take for individual experiences are nine times in ten rather calls upon the memory than actual sensations. (M. Bergson I think has shown this more clearly than anyone before in his *Matière et Mémoire.*) Therefore any actual distinction of the two categories of ideas—a distinction which applies to all the members of each—must be dismissed. What our demonstration results in is something quite different—no more than the vastly greater facility we have in *expressing,* or in conveying from one to the other, the ideas of sensation. This facility of transfer derives not from something essential in the thoughts themselves, but chiefly from the necessities of speech: and in a philosophical sense this is an accidental cause.

It is not wholly but more through the habit of language than necessity of thought that, when we get to the region of thoughts and feelings, we seem to float among vague and shifting notions in marked contrast with the exactitude of our sensations. For one thing, the sensations themselves are not so uniform as we suppose them. There is probably an immense difference among men in their appreciations of colour in its finer shades. For of course the spectrum runs through an indefinite number of shades; and it is only by the accident of language that a few of these have received names. There is no possibility of testing

appreciation of colour by speech: but we can test it to some extent by the sensitiveness which men have in front of a scene or a picture. In the appreciation of the shades of sound there is a still greater difference between one man and another. There is, I say, no demonstrative fashion of testing these things; because our seeming uniformity of impression springs from the fact that we do not even give names to the impressions themselves, but to the objects which call them forth. Moreover it is to be remembered that the essential difference between one man and another before a picture or in a concert-room is a difference not only in perception of colours and sounds but in the pleasure given by colours and sounds. The real feelings for which in such a case we want names, but have them not, are feelings of pleasure. We are better supplied with names for feelings of pain than for feelings of pleasure. And the former are sometimes independent of the object which causes them. Thus we talk of a wound 'burning,' as we might talk of the touch of hot iron. But, though we are quite conscious of the different kinds of pleasure to the palate which we get from say a pheasant or a strawberry ice, we have no other names for the feelings of pleasure in taste as such, except the vague words sweet and savoury. And when we get to the pleasures of other organs, the eye or the ear, or the nose, we have no sort of names for them, save the names of the objects which cause them. Could dogs have speech, doubt it not, smells would have individual names with them and so become 'things.'

Once again, language makes no allowances for differences between high developments and lower: language is essentially democratic. Its 'currency' obliges it to be this. 'For it is by discourse that men associate, and words are disposed according to the apprehension of the vulgar[1].' So that on the whole the reason why the ideas of sensation are clearer than the ideas of thought and emotion lies much more in the history of language than in the necessities of human nature. There is no reason in itself why people of a certain development and sensibility should not have a common language for ideas which they share, but are not shared by the general: and this in the region of sensation itself. In such a condition of things

[1] *Novum Organum*, tr.

artists (say) would be able to talk their pictures. They might express in words what in fact they say in paint. But the actual history of language in fact forbids this[1].

I have insisted almost at undue length on this point. For the difficulty is not to realise that the peculiar clearness belonging to our language of sensation has a quasi-accidental origin; but to bear the fact in mind. It is lapse of memory which creates the greatest barrier against the understanding of the relations of thought to speech and speech to thought. The moment we cease to be reminded that words and thoughts are not identical, we identify them: and out of this confusion have sprung most of men's errors from the path of right reason. It is not necessary that the utterance should be a verbal one, for this habit of thought, this dependence on the utterance, to arise. The same habit which causes us to think that the named colours of the spectrum are more *real* than the shades (we hardly call them colours) which lie between, will make the violin-player himself consider the tones and semitones given by notation more real than the *nuances* which his strings give in passing from one to another. The musical critic, whose ear perhaps has been less trained than his fluency of speech, will be still more apt to think after this manner. Yet on the well-played string there need be no passage *per saltum*. And this is demonstrated by the fact that the well-trained ear can distinguish shades of vibration from the violin-strings which the strings themselves cannot produce or have not produced[2]. The tendency of the fluent musical critic will be that of the fluent writer and ready speaker everywhere. Words for such an one will always tend to identify themselves with ideas. He will find it more difficult than would another to accept the arguments of the foregoing pages and of those which follow.

Taking it however as established that, owing essentially to the history of language, the names for impressions of the senses and for objects of sense are indefinitely more exact than any other class of words, this corollary immediately follows: That

[1] What is precisely the relation of poetry to ordinary speech is discussed elsewhere (Book II. Ch. XII.).

[2] I have been unable to find again the reference to this fact in Professor James' *Psychology*.

propositions touching these external experiences are more demonstrable, or more easily demonstrable, than propositions concerning things of the mind. In a word, that the whole province of natural science is more demonstrable than the province of what used to be called mental science, that is to say metaphysics and its allied studies. It is hardly worth while to labour this point, seeing that the greater demonstrability of science over metaphysics has been made the theme of continual discourse in works of a professedly philosophical kind, by men of science or trained in scientific thought; and in those semi-philosophical prefaces which men of science often prefix to their scientific treatises; and in lectures, from those at the Royal Institution down to those at what village institute you will. The clarity and the advance of science are for ever contrasted with the static obscurity of metaphysics: and this I say is a theme of universal discourse. So much has it prevailed, that metaphysics itself has grown ashamed and been fain at least to drop its dishonoured name and appear more vaguely as 'philosophy,' or half scientifically as 'the theory of knowledge' (Epistemology).

What, however, it is needful to insist on is that this clarity, this demonstrability of science is the result—as we have seen—partly of accident, and is not necessary to the constitution of the human mind.

It is of yet greater consequence to realise—that which indeed is the foundation of one half of all that is to follow in this treatise of reason—that what the history of language (or of thought so far as that has been moulded by language) has conferred on science has not been more of reasonableness and nearer approach to truth, but more of demonstrability than belongs to studies of mind. It is indeed of capital importance that the distinction between reason and demonstrability should stand clearly in men's thoughts.

Substantially this distinction between reason and demonstration has often been recognised by metaphysicians, as by Aristotle when he writes:

'Science implies demonstration. But things whose principles or causes are variable do not admit of demonstration; for everything which depends on these principles or causes is itself

variable....It follows then that judgment (*φρόνησις*) cannot be either a science or a rule for handicraft. It cannot be a science, because the sphere of action is that which is variable. It cannot be a handicraft (or rule of handicraft) because production is generically different from action[1].'

For this judgment or *φρόνησις* of Aristotle is, as we shall see eventually, in itself indistinguishable from what we shall call 'artistic' or undemonstrable reason. It is of that order of reason but in only one (though the chief) of its manifestations—as the dramatic sense.

But then as the business of a metaphysician as of everyone who writes is with others and he must exist by demonstration or not exist at all (as is our case here), the distinction is as quickly lost sight of, and what is true of reason is often assumed of demonstration: and conversely, still more often, what is true of demonstration is assumed to hold of reason. All the scientific schools of philosophers have made this identification unconsciously; while their opponents (if we are to call them so) the metaphysicians, only make the distinction between reason and demonstration or tend to make the distinction, when they are face to face with the cruder assertions of science. Kant's distinction between Reason and Understanding does not amount to the formulation in so many words of the distinction between Reason and Demonstration: though I believe that in the last resort it would be found to rest on that[2]. And for the school of philosophy which is predominant in our day, the exact antithesis of the Kantian, I mean what we call Positive Philosophy, it would not be difficult to show that its fundamental principles depend on the identification of Demonstration with Reason. Some of its less temperate advocates are never tired of vaunting the 'clear thinking' of science as opposed to the 'obscure thinking' of metaphysics. But the truth is that the only sense

[1] *Nic. Eth.* VI. iv. 3. I follow Mr F. H. Peters' translation, except in not rendering *τέχνη* 'art.' To have done that would have caused confusion with the later uses of 'art,' 'artistic' in this chapter.

[2] Caird says of Reason in Kant's scheme that its purpose is to give unity to the rules of the Understanding, as the Understanding gives rules for unifying perception. But as a fact the Understanding is only concerned with demonstrable reasonings. Reason in its fullest sense is concerned with more than comes into the purview of the Understanding.

in which the best metaphysicians are obscure thinkers is that they cannot prove their results to all and sundry. The essential part of their obscurity lies in the minds of their readers, not in their own minds. Nevertheless the impotence to demonstrate, in the sense in which science demonstrates, is reckoned the worst of vices in their systems of thought[1].

Yet so soon as we look at the matter in itself the confusion between 'reason' and 'demonstration,' between 'demonstrability' and 'truth,' seems an elementary confusion, or would seem so save that the distinction between them has never been clearly announced. So true is it that the fable of Colombus and the egg is for ever repeating itself in the history of mankind.

In reason there is no alternative between true and false; and the most difficult quaternion equation if worked to a solution is not more true than that $2 \times 2 = 4$. Nay, if the first have not been worked to a solution, a solution there must be; and that will be neither truer nor falser than the simplest question in arithmetic: it will only be less demonstrable. This, within the range of the exact sciences themselves. In them as compared with metaphysics the difference is of the same kind. The scientific demonstration can be more easily worked out: more people can be convinced of its truth than in the case of the

[1] So soon as anything of the nature of controversy arises the chances of misunderstanding (in any matter approaching the metaphysical) are of course doubled by the refusal of either side to admit any variation in the meaning of words from the significance that party attaches to them. In fact in controversy the almost invariable method of procedure is as follows. No. 1 (A) employs his words with a certain (necessary) looseness of meaning, yet one not so great but that those who sympathise with him can easily understand what is in his thought. But his opponent's words and phrases the same speaker holds to their most literal significance, even to a significance which he arbitrarily determines is their only possible one. This comes not of design but almost by necessity. For as this A cannot enter into the thoughts of his opponent, B; and, as words alone must always be in some sense equivocal unless one is in some sort of sympathy with another man's thought, it is impossible to arrive at B's meaning through the words alone.

Take for one instance the position of the Hedonist *vis-à-vis* with the Stoic aphorism 'pain is not an evil.' All controversy really turns on the interpretation of the words, 'good,' 'evil.' The Stoic chooses (arbitrarily may be) to limit the use of the word 'good' to moral or ideal 'good,' and with that limitation it becomes true that pain is not an evil. In the more commonplace use of 'good' (=desirable) which is the Hedonist's, it is not true. Even so an American might say he had eaten a beautiful dinner: an Englishman might deny that a dinner could be beautiful. But he would not deny it could be succulent.

metaphysical argument. But neither can result in more than truth, for there is nothing more than truth. And the number of persons who can be convinced of a proposition cannot in any way affect the truth or falsehood of the proposition. With this last element alone is reason concerned. Demonstrability then cannot confer reasonableness. 'That which is in any wise beautiful,' says Marcus Aurelius, 'is beautiful in itself or because of itself: and praise is no part of itself.' In like wise may we say, 'That which is true is true in itself or because of itself: and demonstrability is no part of itself.' The reference of demonstrability is outward to the audience. The reference of reason must be inward to the character of the proposition only. Yet though this distinction seems obvious to reason, our habit of thought as constantly defeats our reason. We must admit that if a picture is beautiful the beauty must lie in the picture and nowhere else, and that the number of people pleased by the picture cannot be *in* the picture; and again that the truth of a proposition must be *in* the proposition and not elsewhere, and that the number of people convinced of the truth cannot be in the proposition. These truths we cannot deny. But from force of habit the reader will find them hard of acceptance.

Take the two following propositions: (1) Shakespeare is a greater poet than Longfellow, (2) water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. In what relation do they stand? By the average man, though he would not deny the first proposition, the second would be accounted the 'truer.' By the average man do I say? Nay, I doubt by the whole school of positivist thinkers. But there is no such word as 'truer,' when we are dealing with a single proposition. If it is not false it is true, and if it is not true it is false. (It is a law as old as Aristotle; yet we forget it every day.) Our average man or our positivist might with more justification say, that the second proposition is the more undoubtedly true. In such case 'undoubtedly' is to be translated 'demonstrably.' That is, in fact, the difference between the two statements: one can be demonstrated, the other cannot. But demonstrability, we have agreed, can be no part of a proposition in itself (for it has reference to the audience only) and therefore no part of the truth of a proposition in itself. Therefore in themselves—in the reality of things—

these two propositions, 'Shakespeare is a greater poet than Longfellow,' 'Water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen,' are both true and consequently are both equally true. They differ only in that the second is demonstrable, the first is not. Only our habit of thought hinders us from accepting that which reason tells us in this matter.

It is habit of thought which is responsible for what is erroneous in the positive philosophy, namely the notion that there is something specially *real* about physical truths, because they are specially demonstrable; so that all phenomena, human emotions as well as physical motions, must submit to the same methods of investigation and be known through this demonstrative reasoning or not known at all. It was habit of thought not reason which set Auguste Comte dreaming of the day when he should establish his 'social physics,' and set all his disciples dreaming the same dream after him.

'Now that the human mind (wrote Comte) has established celestial and terrestrial physics (mechanical and chemical) and organic physics (vegetable and animal), all that remains for men to complete the system of the inductive sciences [*sciences d'observation*, but really demonstrable sciences] is to establish social physics. And that for many reasons is the greatest, most pressing need of the time.'

The obvious answer to which is to ask by what means you are to make other men's ideas subject-matter for positive (*i.e.* demonstrable[1]) induction.

Propositions of this order form the basis of Naturalism or Positivism, which therefore in the eye of pure reason cannot justify itself. It can only do so in the eye of history, as perhaps a useful or a necessary stage for human thought to pass through. Of these historical justifications something will be said in a future chapter. They concern us however but little, seeing that the present treatise (at any rate this part of it) is dealing with pure reason and nothing else—the reason *in* men's ideas not the reason (cause) *of* men's ideas.

[1] You can make them subjects for induction through the dramatic sense. But not in such a fashion as will satisfy the condition of 'positive' knowledge. As for the statistical knowledge which Comte's theories pointed at, the course of this and the ensuing chapter should show its unreality.

We may here however notice that two separate influences have been at work to beget in us the habit of thought which makes so difficult reasoning on the character of demonstration. The first is that which we have spoken of, the great, the often legitimate but sometimes quasi-fanatical admiration which the achievements of science have called forth from our generation and the one which preceded it. The second cause is the spread of democracy, the spread of the democratic feeling in the world, something wider and more powerful than any institution. It betokens doubtless the growth of a more social and sociable spirit: but it has also had the effect of lessening the individual in his own eyes, making people afraid of solitude, either physical or the solitude of thought. A weakness more than a crime and on one side an amiable weakness; but, as we shall see in the second part of this book, very fatal, and the author of more than half the ten thousand ills which afflict the state. Through it a man easily comes to think that that alone can be true which seems true to his neighbours; and then conversely that what his neighbours accept as truth must be such. The extension of this spirit is noticeable even in the territories of most abstract speculation; so that you will find men who should be philosophers choosing arguments *ad captandum vulgus*, representing their views not as the most reasonable, but as the newest-fashioned, those of their opponents as *démodés*.

And if these excuses were not sufficient for the positivist error in confounding demonstration with reason, there is the further fact that (as we have said) no modern philosophy has frankly accepted the distinction, and that which is (without more ado) its strictly logical corollary, that a man can reason correctly where he cannot demonstrate. Notionally the two reasons—exactly, two conditions of reason—have been known, as we have seen, since Aristotle's day. Really the notion has never been acted on—certainly in the history of that metaphysic which has built up recent thought.

On the contrary all modern philosophers assume that their verbal argumentation must make an end of every matter. It is this gap in their appreciation of things which has given a point of support to the intuitionalists. Yet, though the philosophers have never acknowledged the difference twixt reason and

demonstration, they have perforce illustrated it. No process of the higher metaphysics amounts to demonstration. The man of the best will in the world cannot be sure that he understands the terminology of the transcendental metaphysics precisely as Kant, or Fichte, or Hegel understood it: and each of these has used many abstract terms of the higher metaphysics in a sense peculiar to himself: *Verstand* is not the same thing to Hegel that it is to Kant, nor *the Absolute*, nor *God*. People will go on dogmatising till the end of time as to precisely what these words implied in this or the other thinker; but they will never agree. When any hint of polemics intervenes, the discrepancies grow apparent. To one man Hegel is an atheist; to another he is a Christian and a pietist. Of Kant opinions diverge almost to the same degree. It is therefore no wonder to find in many folk who are naturally clear-thinking a complete confusion between the two ideas, reason and demonstration, with the resulting conclusion that scientific proof, because alone completely demonstrable, is the only sort consonant with right reason.

Nor am I ignorant of the obvious objection which may be brought against drawing this distinction between reason and demonstration. It is the same, it will be said, as admitting that there may be wholly undemonstrable processes of reason. What then is to hinder such or such an individual from asserting that though he cannot prove the position in which he stands, he has sufficient reasons for it? In this wise (it will be urged) you open wide the doors once again to Obscurantism. To which the answer is that the acceptance of a truth cannot be made dependent on the consequences of that truth; cannot be so *penes nos* at least; though the Pragmatists would say the contrary. But that, once a truth is made clear to us, we have no choice save to accept it wheresoever it may lead. And then again, I urge that Reason is not what many suppose her, a policeman to compel other people to join our party, or failing that, at least to harry them out of the comfortable homes, or gloomy caves, in which they have ensconced and hidden themselves. But she is a goddess, incomparably wise and gentle, who carries about with her a mirror and shows men therein, though at first darkly, the beautiful image of Truth. And having so persuaded them to trust her guidance, she takes them by the hand and leads them

on: for a while indeed through arid and stony ways; but the farther they go with her, the fairer and more fragrant is the country through which she brings them, while the face in the mirror which she carries grows ever clearer and more lovely. Her votaries therefore are not to be affrighted from following her ways by threats.

Moreover if this truth about reason and demonstration being not one but two does admit of a certain (individual) obscurantism in those who have no love of truth, it is also the case that obscurantism has followed directly upon the opposite error, the confusion of demonstration with reason. It has done this both in former times and now. For (as regards former times) the evil which accompanied one of the greatest of human discoveries, formal logic, was the outcome precisely of this mistake. Aristotle's discovery of the use of logic was one of the greatest discoveries in the history of thought due to a single man, seeing that it was nothing else than this that *all men do really reason in the same way. And this holds true always, for demonstrable and undemonstrable reason alike.* For, as was pointed out above, the defects in language which make some reasoning undemonstrable are not necessities of human nature. But a different thing from that great discovery, that all reasoning is really one, was the hope by the use of words to make for it a framework or machinery which might keep men from error. This false hope arose out of just that imperception of the difference between words and thoughts which with modern positivist thinkers has ended in the exclusive use of demonstrable (scientific) reason. This habit of mind in the modern positivist has produced a new form of scholasticism almost at all points similar to the old.

I do not mean to try and minimise the inconveniences which spring from the admission of the thesis laid down in the present chapter; inconveniences to the writer of it as to every other writer on things appertaining to reason. For individually I have a great dislike to that class of books on 'mental science' (so characteristic of this time) which are called 'suggestive,' and which seem rooted in ignorance or contempt of that law of logic called the law of contradiction—that every proposition must be either true or false. Yet it may be urged—and still more anon,

when it has been shown how completely demonstration breaks down in some departments of knowledge—that if demonstrative reason is thus impossible, these suggestive books are as good as any other.

For now it is necessary to pursue our thesis to still further consequences. As yet we have taken only one example of an undemonstrable truth—'Shakespeare is a greater poet than Longfellow.' If not undemonstrable it has never been demonstrated. No one ever arrived at a positive conclusion thereon by a process which could be expressed syllogistically. Yet it is possible such a method might be followed: that poetry being first demonstrated to consist in certain flexibilities of language, sonorities of diction, images of the imagination, and so on, one might then by numerical calculation show that there were more of these beauties 'to the square foot' in Shakespeare than in the American poet. Be that as it may, this at least is certain, that there is a body of truths concerning which no demonstration is possible. These are the truths of emotion.

Once again this is an affair of language. When just now we were comparing the class of completely demonstrable truths, those of the sensations, with the less completely demonstrable of the thoughts and feelings (emotions), we combined the last two classes to form a single idea. As a fact it is only the thoughts (ideas) which are expressed at all by words. A vast chasm lies between the ideas of the mind however unsensational and the feelings or emotions. All of these last that current speech deals with, all that 'love,' 'hate,' 'fear,' etc. express are the *ideas* of the emotions, in other words the emotions contemplated by the intellect, not the emotions themselves. These last when *uttered*—given outward form—are not expressed by words, but by gestures, by cries or breathings which are anterior to speech: either by cries or sighs (conventionalised in written language as oh! ah! alas!) or by inflexions of the voice, mere tone. That too I surmise is earlier than language, and allied to singing. Thus it is possible by change of tone to vary the meaning of such a sentence as, 'I am sorry you are going away,' through a whole gamut of feeling from polite regret to tragedy. And if Yorick's ghost heard his epitaph repeated 'ten times a

day, but always in plaintive accents,' it was because 'there was such a general pity and esteem for him.' For it would have been possible to repeat the words 'Alas! poor Yorick!' with indifference.

We have then *no* current speech for the emotions. It is consequently impossible to demonstrate any proposition in which the emotions are directly concerned. We can demonstrate or come near demonstrating (as near as is possible with any proposition of the internal world) propositions which include the intellectual contemplation of the emotions, the ideas of the emotions; but such have a subject-matter quite different from the emotions themselves. Yet be it noted the reason of this is the same reason why the truths of the senses (scientific truths) are by far the surest of demonstration, metaphysical truths far less certain of demonstration, namely the disabilities of language, not a defect in our mental constitution. Our reason is capable of recognising truths of emotion, but for want of words it cannot demonstrate them to another. So that reasoning of the emotions is the completest form of undemonstrable reason.

Such reasoning exists. It might at first blush seem as if such were impossible; as if only the ideas of the emotions could be subject to reason, in a word as if emotion stood precisely on the same footing as mere sensation or perception. 'The perceptions,' says Kant, 'cannot lie because they cannot judge.' It might seem to be the same with the emotions. It is not so. And the whole field of *art* (to speak of nothing else) exists to give us examples of reasoning on the emotions. This we shall see anon.

To sum up then. As between words and thoughts, four orders or degrees of relationship can easily be distinguished.

(1) Words which denote external objects of sense are of so constant a significance, and are in a relation to the ideas they would convey so close and unvarying, that no danger of misunderstanding need be thought of in regard to them.

(2) Words which denote abstract but purely intellectual ideas such as, let us say, Aristotle's δύναμις or his ἐνέργεια, his 'potentiality' and his 'realisation' of a thing (*e.g.* of matter) in the form it actually takes, these are words which are difficult to

understand and require concentration of thought[1]. Such words must needs become a quasi-technical language, like the symbols of mathematics, and probably could never obtain such universal consent as mathematical symbols obtain among the technically instructed. Still, they are comprehensible, given the attention necessary. Some propositions of practically universal application and acceptance have been demonstrated (for the technically instructed) in this language.

(3) Next come the *words* for the emotions, 'love,' 'hate,' 'patriotism' and so forth—the *names* of those things. These words do not express the emotions, they only express the 'ideas' of the emotions, that is to say the emotions regarded intellectually and as it were in cold blood. The feelings themselves are never fully present when we deal with them in words. In this field no demonstration is possible over a wide area: because there is no possible test over a wide area what these words really connote in individual minds. But over a narrow area, as with the three 'oath-takers' of Grütli (while in cold blood), or with the children of the same family discussing their relation to their parents, discussion and demonstration concerning them is possible. And of course certain propositions concerning the emotions are generally accepted, if not believed: and such wide argument as is possible on all this class of ideas rests upon the general acceptance of the accepted propositions. An argument of this kind lies in the region of what Newman calls 'notional assent.'

(4) Lastly, we have the emotions, not as *thought of*, but as actually felt, actually existing at any given moment or reproduced by the imagination. For such, it has been shown, there is no current language of words. These are carried from one to another by touch (caresses), by sighs, groans, tears, inflexions of the voice—laughing is one—tones and harmonies of the voice, or again by mimic gestures; so among people present. All which things belong to a language earlier than a language of words. And to wider circles these things can only be carried by some form of art. It would keep us too long to speak of all the

[1] The word 'realisation' again is ambiguous; and as used above almost asks the Greek ἐνέργεια to explain it. For *realisation* has an active and a passive sense. Here it has the former.

means which art chooses whereby to convey (or more strictly to evoke) the emotions among a wide audience. But of course, the most obvious is by tones (in music), and inflexions of the voice, in poetry and rhetoric, which are both derived from singing. No doubt the difference between 'conveying' an emotion from one to another in actual presence, and 'evoking' emotion through art is considerable: yet the two approach pretty closely at certain points.

I have said that it is the last division of our thesis which will be the hardest of acceptance—that there is a region of experience where no demonstration of truth is possible, where therefore, for that necessarily follows, each man must be left to reason out its truths for himself. That does, we have admitted, in some respects open the door to obscurantism. Let me, however add another proviso. Each man must be left to reason out these truths for himself. But it will not be the same whether he reason or does not reason. There is no policeman to force him to agree with us. But Reason, though she is gentle, is inexorable. And it will not be the same to him or to his fellows, whether he retire into his cave of prejudice or fearlessly trust himself to her guidance and her hand.

I will give an imaginary instance of the use of this undemonstrable reason: not the best example possible, but that will serve. A widow, against the advice of her lawyer and of her brother-in-law, pays the debts of an extravagant son. In the eyes of the lawyer and the brother-in-law she is (probably) merely acting against reason. Yet she may be justified by the result, if her generosity bring repentance to the prodigal. For (1) the advice of the two men is probably founded upon considerations of the character of extravagant young men in general; it is what may be called 'notional' reason: whereas (2) the widow may think or may know that her son is not an average extravagant young man. The question whether she is acting according to reason or against reason in this matter depends on the question whether she really has an emotional knowledge of her son's character, or whether she is only indulging her affection by choosing to think him better than the average. How can she know her son to be better than the average? it will be

asked. Why by the same kind of sense—which we may call the artistic sense—by which we know Shakespeare to be a greater poet than Longfellow.

And this act of artistic or undemonstrable reason cannot be expressed syllogistically nor communicated. Suppose the two men gave up their opinion in favour of the widow's, on the ground that she ought to know the young man best. This would not be reasoning on their part, but resigning the function of reason, substituting the *argumentum ad verecundiam* for the *argumentum ad rem.*

Metaphysics hardly less than Positivism will be unwilling to admit the existence of this territory shut off from syllogistic reason. For metaphysicians have written their treatises on Ethics and Morals, and attempted to make these ideas real by looking at them through the intellect only. Yet the wisest of these have in part admitted our undemonstrable reason or as we shall in future often call it 'artistic' reason. Aristotle himself, we have seen, in effect admits this when in the region of ethics he invokes that sense which he calls φρόνησις, or an 'exercise of judgment' which is not strictly logical. But in the very fact that Aristotle separates this faculty from reason he takes away its real basis. And Kant's distinction between reason (*Vernunft*) and understanding (*Verstand*) may be thought to enunciate the same truth. But here again there is a division of faculties, which our thesis does not admit. For us it is the subject-matter which differs. And though I have been obliged often to speak of demonstrative and undemonstrative reason as if they were two processes different in kind, I do not mean that they are so. I admit only that some minds are more capable of using scientific, others artistic reason. But I suspect that in the last resort it is the stimulus not the reasoning faculty which differs in the different cases.

As for other writers on ethics they have mostly either forgotten their own theories so soon as they were out of the lecture-room, or they have lived such recluse lives that they had small opportunity of comparing their reasonings with realities. The positivist school (as a whole) has got over the difficulty by first denying the emotions any claim to be made the subject-matter of reason; then by (practically) denying to

the emotions a right to exist in a reasonable world; and last of all by in effect denying their existence. This at any rate was the method with the more logical forefathers of modern naturalism, from Hume to Bentham. The insufficiency of their method so soon as they enter the region of the emotions—or 'passions' as they were described in Hume's day—is very apparent. Nobody for instance can fail to be struck by the contrast in the two parts of Hume's Essay: the clearness and precision in that section which deals with ideas of the intellect, the inefficiency of all the second part which deals with morals and (in effect) with the emotions; and yet does not deal with them for it sets mere 'precepts' in their place. Modern naturalism has a further sideway out of the difficulty—by an appeal to that blessed word Heredity. It is impossible to discuss at greater length here what was touched on in the foregoing chapter, the illogical uses to which have been put that hard-pressed idea, that maid-of-all-work to contemporary philosophy. But at other times the positivist thesis seeks to establish itself more legitimately by ruling out the emotions as subjects of reason in any way: more legitimately I mean for logic but less so for commonsense. And such success as it or its predecessor, the positivism of Hume or Bentham, has had in ignoring the emotions is more apparent than real. For in England, at all events, any appeal to dispense with the emotions, to abolish 'sentiment,' is sure to meet with a response; it being one of our national fashions (*du chic*, as the French would say) to pretend to exist independently of the emotions. Of this there should now remain no doubt: for since the days of Dickens this trait, in contrast with the reality, has been worked to death for literary purposes. But as the whole thing is an affectation, founded on an impossibility, it cannot afford more than an appearance of support to any philosophic system.

The recognition in opposition to the Positive system that the emotions constitute the real ground of action, has upon the other hand called into existence two schools of thought—if they can be distinguished as two—which are the accepted forms of protest against the conclusions of positivism. It will be my hint to speak of them in a future chapter under the names of 'Assentism' and 'Pragmatism.' The first title is taken from

Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, which I hold to be a real contribution to thought, and which in many respects stands alone. Of Pragmatism something has been already said. It is of a wider and more indefinite range. These systems are in my judgment as unfavourable to reason upon their side, as is positivism upon its own. For instead of recognising the possibility of reasoning on the emotions, the existence in other words of that branch of reason which we call undemonstrative, they ignore or tend to ignore (for the Pragmatists at least are never thorough) the suspense of action which is the essence of reason; and wish, or seem to wish, to make the resultant action the measure of truth. In other words they seek a substitute for reason, something which is more reasonable than reason. Here the two branches bifurcate. For while Newman frankly goes back (historically[1]) to substitute Faith for Reason, and thereby entrenches himself in a very strong position, the Pragmatists (so far as I can understand them) go neither forward nor back, but sometimes seem to incline Newman's way, sometimes to join hands with the positivists in accepting things as they are, the *fait accompli* as reasonable because it is. We hinted in the former chapter at the philosophy of the *fait accompli*, and how it was the child of Darwinism misunderstood. As however we devote a chapter to the Assentists and Pragmatists, it is not necessary to say more at present concerning their system.

I have already once or twice spoken of our undemonstrative reason as 'artistic reason.' Without question the most patent examples of it are given by the arts. The arts involve mental processes which are indistinguishable from the processes of reason; and yet carry on these in a medium which is not the medium of demonstration. Professor Max Müller always maintained that thought and speech were identical. In a brief communication written not long before his death he re-affirmed this view, which would turn all men into the likeness of Daudet's Numa Roumestan, who said *Quand je ne parle pas je ne pense*

[1] It must not be supposed that I wish to raise any prejudice against Newman's thesis by the expression 'go back.' I do not think that truth is a matter of fashion.

pas. This view of the philologist I hold for an absurdity, which could never have entered the mind of one who had frequented the society of painters or composers. A man who had done this must be aware that painters and composers think in the medium of their separate arts, think in paint or in combinations of musical sounds; that they have ideas which, when they try and express them in language, appear often enough a mere gabble of meaningless phrases. Yet an outsider, who understood their work and its aims, might be able to translate their jumble of words into sense or even into a logical syllogism. The artists themselves have not gone through any process of syllogistic reasoning. But plenty of hard thinking has gone to achieve their results, if they were worth achieving. No word therefore could be less appropriate than 'intuition,' as applied to their processes of thought. For if 'intuition' has any meaning it must signify some immediate action of the mind, or some gift like revelation which is immediate. The processes of thought and incubation with the artists are, on the contrary, often much longer than the logician's. It is a mere accident whether this thinking of theirs is or is not translateable into logical language. It has never gone on in their brains by means of words. Yet it is certainly a form of reasoning, reasoning which is not demonstrable. As a fact a portion of the truths which painters and musicians have arrived at through the medium of their thought may be expressed in the universal medium (speech), or in some notation which, apprehensive by all, expresses the results in a logical shape. Such are the laws of perspective in drawing, and one might add of 'values' in painting—though these have never been formulated—and the laws of counterpoint for the composer. But there are many other laws (*i.e.* truths) of these two arts, which cannot be formulated, and which the artists demonstrate by their achievement.

Nor does the art of letters stand in any way apart from the other two. The speech which is used in literature is not logical language: its employment is regulated by other laws than those of logic. In poetry this is conspicuously the case. But of the action or process of poetry, as the most special and the most important of the arts, we shall treat particularly in another place. There we shall see good reason to believe that what

may be called the 'unit of meaning' in poetry is not the word but the phrase. And with poetry may be classed emotional or rhetorical prose. Another large branch of the literary art is the dramatic, the presentment of human character I mean in a drama or a novel. This can only be done effectively by dialogue, the choice of which is regulated by what is commonly called 'instinct' or 'intuition,' and which *is* artistic reason. The justness of the reasoning is justified by the result, when the dialogue is as people say 'convincing.' In every case this method is more likely to be effective (in a novel for instance) than the old-fashioned one of mere description—'Raymond's disposition, though naturally gentle and affectionate, had been warped by the over-indulgence of a too fond mother'—and that sort of thing: albeit that method does more or less walk in the path of the syllogism. In the case of all the arts, when we say a picture or a character is 'convincing,' we do by our instinctive phraseology recognise that a logical process, analogous to an argumentative one, has gone to their construction.

Hereafter I shall more often than not speak of the two sorts of reason, demonstrable and undemonstrable respectively, as 'scientific' and 'artistic' reason. One cannot disregard the effects of the eye upon the mind, and hence upon the reasoning powers; 'demonstrable' and 'undemonstrable' are words too like in form to be quickly distinguished in the thoughts. Reasoning in science gives probably the purest form of demonstrable reason. And of undemonstrable reason in like wise we may say that, if it does not in the arts appear in its highest shape, it does so in its purest. It is as important in my eyes to distinguish between undemonstrable reasoning on the emotions from emotion itself, as from scientific reason. Why it is that reasoning in the arts must take the undemonstrable form does not immediately appear: though it may be guessed that without some element of emotion, the arts would have no existence.

The arts, however, are not the only examples of undemonstrable reason which can be familiarly appealed to[1]. Everyone must have been aware from time to time in the course of a

[1] Reasoning in morals, which is the most immediate form of reasoning on the emotions, is both controversial and difficult of analysis, and therefore it cannot be appealed to familiarly.

discussion of detecting a fallacy in his own or his opponent's thesis, long before he could, as it were, put his finger upon it—*i.e.* explain demonstrably where it lay. But the process of thought which detected the error was the essential reasoning process, not that which found the means of demonstrating the error. And again we are all 'artists' more or less when we deal with human nature; we form conclusions about our neighbours' characters by processes miscalled instinctive or intuitional which are undemonstrable[1]. Two men, let us suppose, are trying to overreach each other. It is only after the third or fourth interview that A detects in B the weakness which can be frightened or cajoled. Will it be said that no process of thought—of reasoning thought—went on in A's mind during the previous interviews; and that in this fourth one by a sudden 'intuition' he learnt what had before escaped him? Or will it be said that, when Napoleon as an artilleryman points a gun against a particular bastion, he is following a course of reason; but that when Napoleon as a general divines the plans, that is to say a part of the character of an adversary, the process then is some quite different one, for which a new name must be found—'intuition'?

The immense difference between the rapidity of thought and of speech should alone upon reflection dissipate the notion that every reasoning process is or could be carried on logically. Almost always with all of us different trains of reflection are going on at the same time: and if we were to bracket together the trains of simultaneous thought of even a slow-witted man they would appear something in this guise:

'I left (Why has he put that hat on?) Euston by the 4 o'clock train [What a pain I've got in my toe! I hope to goodness that doesn't mean gout] and got to Carlisle (Possibly he's going to the Jones's) {I remember, by the way, I left my Bradshaw in the carriage—What a nuisance} at 9.51 [Well, anyway, I'll drink claret to-night] But we had a stoppage at Carlisle {Shall I write to the station-master?}' and so on.

A word or two chosen from each of the different sentences, without and within the different brackets, would objectively

[1] It is precisely here that our 'artistic reason' coincides with the φρόνησις of the *Nicomachean Ethics*.

express a man who was not thinking at all or using words with no meaning. And I have no doubt we often draw such a conclusion falsely—about say a drunken man, who may be carrying on more or less logical processes of thought, but not happen to utter any one of them logically.

The imaginary instance above given is supposed to be that of what we call, speaking comparatively, a slow-witted man. If you took a genius whose brain was in full activity you would get a rapidity of thought which was torrential. Take for example a general changing the disposition of his troops in the middle of a battle. Or take a composer in the moment of composition, and try and translate into words all his simultaneous ideas of tones and harmonies embracing all the instruments of an orchestra.

People have been ready to acknowledge (for that is obvious) that in practice men do not reason out their actions by syllogistic methods. But they have substituted a number of words 'intuition,' 'tact,' 'judgment,' for what should be the right word, undemonstrable reason. And that fault too belongs, as has been hinted, to Aristotle's word *φρόνησις*, by which he evidently does not mean something identical with ordinary reason. *Φρόνησις* may be translated 'judgment': but it means the judgment of individual cases, while *νοῦς* is the word generally used for the reasoning faculty. *Φρόνησις* in other connexions may signify magnanimity. And it is true that a certain moral element belongs to or often enters into the faculty of artistic judgment, artistic reason. It almost necessarily adheres in it when ethics or anything quasi-ethical is on the *tapis*. For this artistic judgment implies also 'real' knowledge[1]. And it is in his ethics that Aristotle invokes the faculty, *phronesis*. On this head we cannot enlarge; because we need first in the ensuing chapter to study the question of real knowledge, or knowledge of reality. The supreme point at present is to get rid of the idea that artistic reason is any special faculty in itself, or that demonstrability is a necessary characteristic of reason.

[1] 'But,' it may be objected, 'artistic reasoning demands "real knowledge" of hate as much as of love.' This is true. It is true, however, that the man who *can* hate is in a higher moral condition than he who can neither love nor hate. Hence Johnson's aphorism.

'*On ne badine pas*,' says Gautier, '*avec l'amour*.' It is no less true that you cannot argue with a habit of mind. And the habit of confounding demonstration with reason is too inveterate to be destroyed in a single chapter. But in the course of this treatise we shall have again and again to make the distinction, and to appeal to the notion of artistic reason. A very large portion of all that follows depends more or less upon this idea, combined with the notion of artistic *knowledge*, to be developed in the ensuing chapter. These two ideas, which seem at the outset diverse, will in the end be reconciled. It is possible therefore that before this volume has been put down altogether, the thesis of the present chapter may gain from the reader a heartier acceptance than it will (I doubt) yet have.

CHAPTER III.

REALITY.

A MAN is out in the fields of a morning in spring. About him is a manifold of sights and sounds. A budding hedge here upon his left, and a little way down it an elm tree draped by a thin veil of green; a copse of beeches, dark still in the mass, upon his right hand; a grass meadow, beginning to put on its spring brightness, dotted with daisies and dandelions, rises before him to meet the opal sky; sheep are bleating upon one side, calling their lambs; and from the ploughed field upon the other a lark has just risen, and ascends by jerks, now just above the hedge, then ten yards higher, till in a no-time he has got into the sky; the cawing of rooks, the crowing of cocks are in the air, and the rumbling of a wain upon an invisible road; now and again the gentle sound of the wind moves over the grass. These things are the reality of the world round our pedestrian; and, except to a philosophy that would persuade us we are such stuff as dreams are made of, in which case there is no reality anywhere, nothing could be more real than this 'manifold.' If, however, we only went on from one such reality, from one such manifold, to another, I know not how we might distinguish ourselves from the scene about us; our world would be a succession of experiences, a succession of such complexities, and it would be no more. But we have not alone the succession of 'manifolds' or 'complexes.' We have the memory of those which have gone by; and we know ourselves in that we know both and know them different.

This is the statement not of a theory but of a fact, an elementary fact, anterior to all theories that would explain it. Yet, so sophisticated have we grown in these days, so incapable of thinking naïvely, and really knowing what we know, that the

fact above stated, even when formally recognised, is almost always intrinsically disregarded by theorists. In place thereof they place a conglomerated idea, made up, half of reality itself, and half of theories touching the origin of that reality. Yet the knowledge here described is the true antecedent of all other knowledge. Its priority has nothing to do with, is in no way affected by, the processes in time through which the 'whole'—the scene, the experience of any given moment—has been reached; nought to do with the ideas which a child may have of the world, nor with the capacities of knowledge which that child may have gained from inheritance.

I say that our sophistication prevents us from appreciating the priority of our whole, our manifold to all other experience. But I might express it otherwise and say, repeating what was said in the first chapter, that modern habits of thought have dulled in us the natural capacity of reasoning men to recognise the true *a priori* of logic, and distinguish between that and the *a priori* of time. Enquiry, we saw, into any matters such as have just been suggested—the process by which a child comes to *know*, and so forth—is only possible on the assumption that we are reasonable beings, or (if we choose to put it otherwise) on the assumption of the validity of that process we call reason. The assumption of the reasoning or logical process is prior to all other assumptions whatsoever; and is only not formally made because it is always implicit. It follows then that the logical 'first' must be taken for granted, before we discuss any 'first' in time. But the opposite theory, that there is something more reasonable than reason, because it is in time anterior to reason, that too is implicit in a vast school of thought, implicit in three-fourths of what has been written on psychology, and has of late (as we have said) in 'Pragmatism' invaded the more intimate regions of philosophy. This is another 'habit of thought' like that habit spoken of in the last chapter, which makes it hard for men to distinguish between reason and demonstration. We have, however, agreed that there is no arguing with habits of thought. 'Of them speak not.' Let us then proceed to examine further into the 'whole'—that experience of the man in the fields—which is the beginning of all reality.

I have called the scene a 'manifold'—using Kant's word.

I have also spoken of scene after scene being brought back by the 'memory.' It belongs, however, to the thesis of this chapter that neither word is the right one.

The very fact that this scene—this whole—is the beginning, the logical beginning, of experience, this in itself disallows the use of the word 'manifold' or 'complex' to describe it. It is, if the logical first, the essential reality—the essential reality of experience, I mean. Whereas the words 'manifold' or 'complex' imply that some earlier experiences have been lumped together to form this one. To put it in another way each so-called 'complex' has not been made up by adding an elm to the ground, a lark to the sky, and so forth till the scene was complete. The scene is there. We never knew an elm growing on no ground, nor a lark flying in no air. We do not get the manifold by composition; we get the elements of it by analysis and abstraction.

This is a matter of capital importance to all our theory of knowledge. Not to accept it is to remain chained for ever to the confusion between the reasonable and the temporal *a priori*, the dominant error of our age. And I do not think that the same theory is adequately presented to the reason by such a phrase as 'we know all things in relation.' So time will not be lost if we spend some little pains in enforcing the matter. It is a point not insisted on by Kant; and it is diametrically opposed to the tenets of the older English philosophical school, the school of Locke and his followers, who amused themselves by discussing how we had constructed our ideas of solidity, of matter, nay, even of space; whether by touch and the muscular movements of the hand chiefly, or by the eye chiefly, and so on. And in his discussion of first principles, Herbert Spencer follows directly the same method. Yet it is evident upon reflection that the parts of each 'manifold' have no real existence as such. No man ever saw a lark *in abstracto* singing in no sky, an elm growing from no special ground. So with all the elements of our scene. One can imagine an Olympian capable of simply but rightly knowing such 'manifolds' one by one, penetrating by direct knowledge (we may call it 'intuition' for the nonce, though what we said in the foregoing chapter may make us doubt that such knowledge is not intuitive) into the nature of the lark

that was singing, the elm that was growing, the wind that was whispering over the grass; and yet knowing them all in their relations as they really were, in manifold after manifold. One can imagine this, because our limitation to the so-called elements of the scene (which for us are so) is essentially a matter of language, not a primary logical necessity.

For—and hereby we best realise the fundamental simplicity of our complex—each so-called element of the scene before our pedestrian, the lark, the elm, the hedge, each sheep, each lamb, this too is a manifold, this too is a *datum* of some mental power which I have not yet sought to specify. This too can be analysed by thought into its elements, as the trunk, the branches, the twigs, the leaves of the elm; and these last again into their chemical constituents, the chlorophyll, the hydrogen, carbonic acid, or what not. Yet no one is ready to maintain that the elm was composed of these elements; that the trunk, the branches, the twigs, the leaves must be first in knowledge before the elm could be known. Nor can anyone pretend that a man might not thoroughly know his horse and yet never have analysed that horse into barrel, shoulders, pasterns, withers, and so forth.

Our way of thinking of the scene as 'composed' of its elements is, I say, rather a matter of language than a logical necessity of thought. And here once again as in the last chapter (*then* in order to correct the tendency to confound Reason and Demonstration) we can appeal from language to another medium of thought, to painting. We can, it was said just now, conceive an Olympian simply yet rightly knowing these 'wholes' one by one—just as we know the lesser complexes, trees, horses. And we can do this the more easily because as a fact impressionist painting does so consider these things: it thinks as one may say in terms of the 'manifold.' Whistler, in his *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, complains of the class of persons whose only interest is to know whether that object at the waterside is a boat or not; this matter settled, they are satisfied. What the boat really *looked like* to them at the moment given, or any moment, they know not and do not care to know. The conventional landscape-painter allows for this curiosity in his public; he paints his objects considered as objects (elements), not the

simplex-manifold as it really is. And the Pre-Raphaelites, misled unconsciously by science and the deceits of language and a false standard of 'veracity,' considered the lesser manifolds as if they too were constructed of elements, and thought, for example, that by painting a multiplicity of twigs and leaves they were painting a tree[1].

The impressionist painter of the more pronounced type moves on from simplex-manifold to simplex-manifold in the same scene as the hours, almost as the minutes, go by. To Claude Monet the same scene is not the same scene at twelve o'clock and at three. I am not arguing in favour of this view of art as against others, but using it as an illustration, as a possible view. For, indeed, it is no small wonder that, in these days of knowledge by analysis and abstraction, impressionist art should have arisen to remind the world that after all each manifold is really a unity.

I have selected one form of plastic art for illustration, because the achievements of the plastic arts are obvious and easily understood. It is true, however, that every branch of art deals with 'manifolds'; 'things in their relations' is not in strictness the phrase we should use, because 'things' are more or less arbitrary abstractions made by language; and language, taken generally, answers to the needs of the common-sense or scientific side of the intellect rather than the imaginative and artistic side. Artistic knowledge, then, is distinguished from scientific knowledge in being knowledge of manifolds as such, the other being knowledge of more or less arbitrary abstractions from the manifolds.

For now suppose our man in the fields had been hurrying to keep an appointment in a neighbouring town, unconscious whether he were treading on grass or the high road. Then the manifold would shrink for him to the likeness of a mathematical line, the shortest distance between two points. Or let him be measuring the surface of the ground, and indifferent, therefore, whether it be grass or barren heath or sand; then the manifold will become a geometrical surface for him, as nearly as may be.

[1] Cf. Arist. *Metaphysics*, Z, 10. This chapter is very illuminating and quite germane to our subject, allowing for a certain confusion of thought which in Greek philosophy often results from a confounding of names with things.

Or let him be a poor man mushroom-gathering; and let the scene shrink for him to the number of white knobs he counts as he puts them in his wallet. Now the scene has become arithmetical, a succession of units. Out of such utilities as these Science has had its rise. Scientific knowledge proceeds by analysis and abstraction. Out of the scene it takes the tree, out of the tree it abstracts the constituent parts, out of the constituent parts it abstracts the chemical elements. But none of the constituent parts has real existence; not the tree *in abstracto*, nor a leaf *in abstracto*, nor hydrogen *in abstracto*. You may, indeed, be shown hydrogen by itself in a flask, as you may be shown a stuffed lark in a museum. But neither the one nor the other is, properly speaking, a reality; each is an abstract idea, made after a certain fashion visible or sensible. In such instances as these, however, we are still dealing with a kind of reality. Very soon, in scientific knowledge, we get quite away from the sphere of reality, as in the case of numbers, of arithmetic. For to arithmetic not only are seven nuts the same as seven apples, but the same as the seven planets themselves. And this instance must be kept in mind to recall to us how far, in scientific or notional knowledge, we may leave the realm of reality behind.

Nothing is more true than that science is organised common-sense. What is not true is that common-sense gives 'knowledge' in the philosophical signification of that word. For common-sense, like science, looks upon things—simplex-complexes of every kind—not as they *are*, but in some aspect: *sub specie utilitatis*, in the case of common-sense; in the case of what we now recognise as science, under the head of a particular kind of reasoning, of which more later. The utilitarian point of view of common-sense would, I believe, be very interestingly illustrated by the history of common nouns, if anyone chose to investigate the matter. For it would be seen in how many cases the etymology of a noun or name shows that the thing designated had been first named altogether from its uses. Take, for example, our word 'tree' or the Greek δρῦς. The former is from the same root as 'tear,' and the latter from its analogue δέρω, 'to flay,' probably because the barks of trees were much used by primitive man for coverings, and perhaps for clothing. Nouns, if we take their etymologies, seem scarcely ever to

describe a thing as it is, or to attempt this. Sometimes a name fixes upon some real—but not probably the most important—characteristic of a thing: more description than that we must not look for. Our 'cow' and our 'beast' (Lat. *bestia*) seem both to derive from the idea of bellowing or roaring. That is enough to show how general is the characteristic chosen in this case. Such really descriptive nouns are not very frequent: I do not think they form the majority. There are again some objects which it is natural to describe after their uses. Such is road whose name obviously means a place to ride on, as street (Lat. *strata*) means a place made smooth for riding or walking. These things exist and were made *ad hoc*. Yet even with these we see upon reflection how very wide the mere name leaves us of the real thing: how indefinite the varieties are of places where we might ride or places that are smooth and even. When we get to the instrument of walking the divergence between utility and reality is greater. Our 'foot' (*pes, ped-is; pous, pod-os*) is from a root *pad*, meaning 'to go.' The single idea then that 'foot' really conveys is that it is concerned with going or coming. It might—for all the name itself tells us—be a horse or a cart: for these two are concerned with going and coming. Our 'beech'—dissociating itself from its class-name 'tree'—expresses something edible, on account no doubt of its mast. The German *Baum* again means building material (*bauen*: cf. the Greek ὕλη). The Latin *ovis* probably, like 'beech,' means food[1]: but our 'sheep' is simply 'gelding.' Much more striking as an example of 'utility' would be the derivation of our 'daughter' (Greek θυγάτηρ, Sanskrit *duhitar*) as the 'milker' the 'milkmaid' if one could convince oneself that it is sound etymology. It is Lassen's, a high authority, and is accepted by most etymologists. The derivation of 'wife' from an Aryan root *vâ*, the German *weben*, as the 'weaver' is more *verisimilis*, but I believe etymologically doubtful. But it is not doubtful that the 'lord and husband' is etymologically the 'bread-winner' and 'house-holder.' Not a

[1] Fick, *Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der Indo-Germ. Spr.*, *s.v.*, though he derives *ovis* from a root signifying *sich sättigen, gern haben*, suggests as explanation that the sheep was a beast friendly to man (*i.e.* easily domesticated). It seems a simpler suggestion that it was good to eat. And the etymology of our *sheep*, taken along with the Italian *castrato*, 'mutton,' chimes in with this interpretation.

trace, therefore, of any more ideal relationship than this utilitarian one! It would seem that our 'shadow,' the Greek *σκιά*, may very well signify a place for refuge and observation (ambush: cf. the Latin *sci-re*). This, however, is not certain. And *à propos* of woman as the 'weaver' we have a very curious series of names for plants or parts of plants derived from the same root and the same utilitarian idea of weaving or wattling, the Latin *vitis* (whence our 'vine'); *vimen*, our 'willow.' While from a different root which has the same significance we get the English 'guts.'

We have only to pass in review the root-ideas 'riding-place,' 'smoothed-place,' 'going-thing,' 'edible-thing,' 'strippable-thing,' 'building-thing,' 'good-eating,' 'gelding,' 'weaver,' 'bread-giver,' 'house-holder,' 'milker,' 'twisted- or twistable-thing' and then to set face to face with these root-meanings the things they described, 'road,' 'street,' 'foot,' 'beech,' 'tree,' 'sheep,' 'wife,' 'lord,' 'husband,' 'daughter,' 'vine,' 'willow,' 'guts,' to see how far man kept in every case from an attempt to represent the realities of life, the simplex-complex in its simplest form: how entirely in his speech he confined himself to presenting the uses of the thing he spoke of.

But of course our forefathers did not imagine when they were stripping a tree that they were flaying an animal, and *vice versâ*. Yet what hindered them? They had chosen to give their tree a name which would serve equally well for an animal, for any animal that is, whose skin they valued above all things. And that name represented their 'notion' of the tree. But behind this 'notion' there still remained the reality, in a word the simplex-complex which made up the tree itself. We commonly say that this idea was kept alive in their minds by memory. But in fact memory could never bring back any whole as a whole; neither the simplex-complex of a total scene, nor any lesser simplex-complex (such as a tree) which made a part of that scene: all that memory could reproduce would be a series of sensations and impressions: it could not reproduce 'things.' The proper name for the faculty which does reproduce things or realities for us, and keeps them in our minds even when our minds seem occupied only by some aspect of the thing, is 'imagination'; and this use of the word corresponds very well

with its etymological meaning, allowing for the fact that we are apt to name our experiences by our *sight*. The *imago* which imagination keeps alive in our minds is in fact the totality, the real thing, including all its appeals to our senses: but for short we speak of it as a sight-image only. Thus it was that when our forefathers were 'flaying' a tree or when they were only thinking of a tree as a thing to be flayed, imagination kept in their minds more or less clearly that thing, that reality, that simplex-complex the tree itself. Otherwise their world would have fallen into chaos.

Otherwise, *i.e.* without imagination, our world too would fall into chaos; things would disappear from out of it: it would become but a hotch-pot of sensations and of 'notions,' or intellectual ideas. Thus it is that imagination, instead of being an exceptional gift, and in the opinion of the general a possession rather for ornament than service, is so universal an endowment that it is used every moment by all of us unrecognised, and such that without this constant use of it our world would fall into chaos. Yet is this universal faculty *ejusdem generis* with the imagination of the poet.

So long as we are concerned with commonplace judgments, everyday imagination is sufficient for the task and may be trusted instinctively to enlarge the limitation of the utilitarian or one may say the common-sense judgment. But when common-sense has been refined into science, then, along with the greater clearness of the latter, its exacter form of demonstrable reasoning, there comes a greater divorce between it and reality. Then we have to appeal to Art to stand by, that is, to a more refined type of imagination to stand by, and bring back reality into human life.

The gift of imagination is so all-pervading that the average man would probably find it impossible to realise what knowledge would be like bereft of this corrective factor. Knowledge which should have as little grasp of the reality as that of primitive man would have had if 'good eating' was the only idea that 'sheep' conveyed, 'strippable-thing' his only idea of 'tree.' For such an one, it is evident, the world would have dissolved into a mere bundle of 'notions.' But it would be the same for us to-day if common-sense reigned alone. The predicates which

we find in objects, they are indeed in the object; together they could never make the object. I said 'together,' but they could never be together, they could only be in succession. 'Black,' 'hard,' 'angular,' 'heavy': these are all in a lump of coal. The succession of these adjectives or their derived substances 'blackness,' 'hardness,' 'angularity,' 'weight,' do not make up a lump of coal—no, not even in measured portions. It is imagination which alone does this: with such adjectives or such derivatives and no more, our world would be a chaos.

This gift of the imagination to knowledge is parallel to the 'gift' of the artistic reason to reason; by strict analogy all wholes should be called 'artistic knowledge.' But that would be extending the word 'artistic' to cover the whole sphere of reality. It would be logical, but it would not be popular. Yet it would really be the best word; for it would indicate in what way these wholes might be the subject of reason. For, even as people have practically always identified reason with demonstration, so have they practically always identified the *subject-matter* of reason with the abstracted qualities of things, not with 'realities' themselves. 'Who thinks, abstracts,' says Hegel. This is true if by abstraction we mean the separation of the thinker, the subject, from the object of thought. It is not true otherwise. An Olympian might, as we have said, know each of the greater manifolds as a whole and the succession of them: and as a fact the impressionist painter, the Claude Monet, does for the purpose of his art so know and reason on them. Kant again is, I conceive, in error when 'generally speaking' he attributes no more than knowledge to the working of the imagination. 'Synthesis in general,' Kant says, 'is a pure operation of what I call the faculty of imagination—a blind but indispensable function of the soul without which we should have no knowledge whatsoever, but of the working of which we are scarcely conscious. But to reduce this synthesis to concepts is a function of the understanding.' Though for the most part this passage squares with what we have been saying, it does not so altogether[1]. I shall have to leave to

[1] It must be said, however, that all the portion of the *Kritik* from which the above sentence is quoted (the *Transcendental Analytic*) is both profound and obscure. I would not be thought to pretend to dispose of it in a word or two.

another place, to a far distant chapter, the question how far this imagination is 'blind' and unconscious. I will only say here that I believe we shall find it acting under the stimulus of emotion and (more or less) by the guidance of reason. If again 'concepts' are such kind of notions that syllogistic (demonstrable) reason can deal with them, that too is true. But in this passage Kant, like almost every philosopher (like Hegel just now), when he is writing generally identifies reason with the syllogistic reason.

G. H. Lewes, in the rough and ready philosophy of his *Problems of Life and Mind*, has his own still more trenchant method of settling the place of conceptions (concepts); and what he says expresses not ineptly the attitude of the Positivist philosophy as a whole.

'It is necessary' (says Lewes) 'to distinguish Conception, or the formation of symbols expressing general ideas, from Perception or the formation of particular ideas by synthesis of sensations. Conceptions are no more *like* real objects than algebraic formulae are like the numbers whose relation they symbolise. Our perception of an animal or a flower is the synthesis of all the sensations we have had of the object in relation to our several senses; and it is always an individual object represented by an individual idea: it is *this* animal, *this* flower. But our conception of an animal or a flower is always a general idea, not only embracing all that is known or thought of the class in all its relations, but abstracted from all its individual characteristics, and is not *this* animal, or *this* flower, but any one of the class, just as *a* and *b* in Algebra are not quantities and magnitudes but their symbols. Perceptions are concerned directly with the *terms* of feelings—Conceptions with the *relations* of these terms. Hence the real nature of the one, the symbolic nature of the other[1].'

This definition does no doubt square with the form of reasoning in science, as we shall see better when we come to speak of that form of reasoning. It would suit with a common thesis that the scientific form of reasoning is the only valid form. It is nevertheless, as here stated, an absurdity. The difficulty for Lewes would be to explain how we get our 'classes' of objects.

[1] *Problems of Life and Mind*, I. pp. 136–7.

I know not quite what Lewes means by the 'relations of these terms.' But taking, let us say, colour and scent as two terms of feeling whereof we have *notions*, what should prevent us from classing a bottle of coloured scent with a flower, and excluding scentless and colourless flowers, thus gaining another symbolical 'conception'? If a conception were no more than an algebraic formula that class would deserve one as well as what we call flowers.

This would be a procedure parallel with, and in itself (*i.e.* if there were a reason for it) as reasonable as that adopted for scientific purposes, where we choose to restrict our word 'flower' to certain generative functions, which have little or nothing to do with the 'terms of feeling' from which the word is derived. In that case of course 'flower' *is* a pure symbol, but one only serviceable within the province of a particular order of knowledge (of which more in Chapter v.). One can understand then how it is that Lewes comes to insist on the purely symbolic character of conceptions. First because having (before writing the work we quote from) accustomed himself to think in terms of science (exact science) he has come to identify scientific reason (of which the terms *are* symbolic) with reason generally; next, as reason generally (demonstrative or quasi-demonstrative reason) is by conceptions, he has, as is natural, identified the conceptions there used with the symbolic conceptions of exact science.

Though as I have said the functions of the creative imagination are dealt with more largely elsewhere, we shall not be able to demonstrate that its workings may follow a process of reason: the undemonstrative reason itself will alone be able to detect the fact. Nor, as I may say here by anticipation, is there in that chapter much that is new. The most part is perhaps not much more than the repetition in a dull and quasi-logical form of what the imagination itself can easily seize on and assimilate out of certain passages in the *Banquet* of Plato. Nevertheless the reader, should he be specially interested in this matter, may if he choose pass on at once to the chapter I speak of (Book II. Chapter xii.).

There results from what we have said in the foregoing pages that 'real' and 'utilitarian' knowledge stand contrasted. We

can apprehend that among primitive men, if there had been a member of the tribe who shirked his part in the tree-stripping and wandered free in the forest, he would be likely to know more of the real entity of the tree than his more industrious comrades. The fact that men are impelled by their very nature to ask of every phenomenon its uses—for this instinct in a higher order becomes the desire for moral purpose—has probably been the chief cause which has shut men's minds against both artistic knowledge and artistic reason. The discrepancies between use and knowledge do in practice tend to right themselves. The forester who had more than a merely utilitarian interest in trees, the groom who had more than a mechanical interest in his horses, would tend to be the better forester and the better groom. But it is not fitting to urge this point. We are enquiring here what reason and knowledge really *are* and whither they lead. The theory being that in the long run we must follow their steps whether we will or no. It is not fitting to obscure the issue by trying to show that it will pay to follow their steps.

At first these two knowledges go side by side, the useful knowledge that knows that the bark of trees can be used as coverings, the real knowledge which simply presents the experience 'tree': it must needs be that they will diverge in time. And while the first remains essentially practical knowledge, the useful knowledge which the man of common-sense finds (or thinks he finds) generally necessary, which in its turn refines into scientific knowledge, the second becomes more and more dependent on the imagination and becomes 'artistic' knowledge. I cannot give a better instance of the two kinds of knowledge (though I choose the instance with some reluctance too, lest it should appeal to prejudice rather than reason) than in the attitude which an employer of labour and a student of human nature might take towards the 'hands' of a manufactory. Let us suppose, to avoid invoking prejudice, that the student, or rather (for he must be this *in posse* or *in esse*) the dramatic artist, is completely heartless, the employer of labour as benevolent as you please. However well-meaning the latter may be, so long as he thinks as a utilitarian not as an artist, his 'hands' will still be essentially hands to him: they

will be units. Whatever clubs, institutes, hospitals, he may erect for them, these will be dedicated, not to the individuals he employs, but to the multiples of some 'unit,' some average man, who has no real existence. Whereas, to the dramatic artist, though he lives, as *ex hypothesi* he is to do, quite outside the lives of these hands either for business or benevolence, he will yet know them as men, as the simplex-complexes which they are. Were he also in the position of a benefactor his benefactions would be of real value.

And though I have chosen this instance rather unwillingly as introducing controversial matters before their proper place in the second book, as they have been introduced, I will go on to point out how much bearing this theory of artistic knowledge obviously has on questions of the day. For it will be our business to argue when the time comes that about three-quarters of the errors in policy and statecraft of which we are guilty spring from lack of this dramatic knowledge of human nature: spring, to put it more simply, from lack of real knowledge of human nature, and from the attempt to make a factitious statistical knowledge take its place.

Another example, though it touches on the most controversial of matters, is itself I believe no longer controversial. Everyone knows in a general way the theories of Voltaire and his school as to the origin of religious systems, which were then (in the first place) thought to be essentially cosmologies; and (in the second) to have been invented by priests and imposed on the credulity of 'the people' for the benefit of priests and kings[1]. I imagine few students of history support such a theory nowadays. Our historical imagination has been strengthened by study, especially by study in this direction, of the origin of religions. But there is no means of proving the Voltairean view to be erroneous. The common way in which a professor would proceed to assert the juster view would be (a most unworthy fashion) by representing it to have the majority on its side, 'No one now holds,' etc.; a mere method of 'bluff'—as if reason could be a matter of fashion. It is far better to leave a truth undefended than to defend it by such means. This is in fact a case of dramatic knowledge and

[1] A theory in its essence long anterior to Voltaire. Cf. Critias, fragm. cited in Diel, *Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker*, p. 571.

of undemonstrable reason. We should expect beforehand that those 'realities' which of all others it was of importance really to know would be human beings: and that conversely the errors which we might commit by substituting bundles of 'concepts' for the simplex-complex, the thing, would be most felt in the region of human nature. We shall I believe see in future chapters that the great benefits which science has conferred upon mankind have been discounted in large measure by the correlative ignorance of human nature which scientific methods tend to produce. This has been a practical evil: it need not have arisen, in the nature of things. It is due not to the positive knowledge which science has gained, but to the negative influence it has had in crowding out other forms of knowledge, viz. artistic knowledge and the use of the imagination. This is what I meant by saying a short while back that everyday imagination was enough to cancel the tendency of common-sense or utilitarianism to forget that things were things and not embodiments of their uses; but that when in science we come to the same principle carried to a higher and more abstract degree, art was needful in just the same manner to set right that erroneous view of life. Nor again is there a real inconsistency between what we have said of artistic knowledge, that its chief province was human nature, and some of the illustrations which we have taken of the functioning of artistic reason. For though we have cited the work of the painters as typical of this sort of reason, and though the subject-matter of painting is essentially material objects (for even a portrait-painter regards his sitter as an 'object'), I imagine that if the painter's mind were occupied merely with the idea of copying what he saw, his reasoning during the process would be quasi-scientific, quasi-syllogistic. It is quite possible that then his process might be put in the shape of a succession of demonstrable propositions. Where artistic reasoning begins is where imaginative knowledge begins, namely, when the painter comes to regard his subject, his landscape or whatever it may be, as a 'whole.' The mere copyist might abstract each portion of his picture or say each shade of colour, and fixing his mind on each in succession regard the reproduction of the object or shade as a scientific process. So soon however as the colours (of the

landscape say) excited emotion in the painter, they would in themselves become a kind of entities, a kind of 'wholes'; and syllogistic reason concerning them would be impossible. With a more imaginative painter still it is the complete picture which is the 'whole,' and that in many cases exists in imagination—or some shadow of it exists—before the picture is painted. In the large pictures of Paolo Veronese for example there is a *something* which unites all the separate figures, a sense of the scene; while there is besides, in this painter's work, another sort of inspiration, another development of the imagination on which we have no space to dwell. In landscape again there is no need to point out how with Turner the vision of the whole precedes the consideration of the parts. In most modern painting it is the enveloping light or enveloping atmosphere which gives a unity to the picture, whether it be officially recognised as 'impressionist' or not.

It is then without doubt an element of emotion which gives us 'wholes,' the proper subjects for artistic reasoning and 'real' knowledge. We must all admit that among all the 'realities' with which the artistic imagination deals 'man' is by far the most interesting and important. But from these two facts we must distinguish a common error of modern criticism that what art gives and should give is essentially the personality of the artist—his 'temperament' as the common expression is. This is a theory really subversive of artistic knowledge altogether, converting things (wholes) into mere stimuli of the artistic sensibilities. Out of this theory springs all that has most tended to decadence in modern art: the almost insane cultivation of personal vanity in writers, painters, and (I suspect too) in composers, which going step by step with the premium of advertisement, the worst gift of democracy, has crushed in a large part of our artists, writers, and so forth and in their public all sentiment of 'reality' whatsoever; and has taken away once more precisely what it was the part of imagination to give. True imagination lies quite at the other end of the scale[1]. It is alert, observant, unegoistic, believing in realities much more indeed than science believes in them (for science, as

[1] This will appear more clearly in Book II. Chapter XII.

we shall see clearly anon and have partly seen already, cannot deal in realities). It is not 'temperament' you see in Shakespeare and Turner, nor in the great Venetians, nor, if I may presume to judge, in Beethoven. I do not mean but that there have been great poets, painters and composers who have been less shrouded and remote than these: that Victor Hugo and Wagner are not also great, though much more egoistic. But the ideal lies with the other type, those who go in secret as Numa went to meet the muse or sibylline nymph. Why this is so, how it is that poetry and imagination give the real realities of life, if we have not seen in this chapter we may contrive to do so before the present work is ended.

CHAPTER IV.

ASSENTISM AND PRAGMATISM.

I HOLD it futile to ask how far the theses of artistic reason and of artistic knowledge set forth in the two foregoing chapters are new as speculative truths or only re-stated[1]. It is enough that they are essential to the subject which in this work we have in hand. For our purpose here is not merely to amuse the intellect; but to serve those to whom the right use of right reason is a vital matter, who are convinced to begin with that there is no compromise between true and false, and who think that the test of true and false must be applied everywhere, in all the affairs of life. When we come to the second book we shall see that this artistic and dramatic reason when applied to human affairs is not a matter of speculation only: but on the contrary the neglect of it has brought, as I have already said, unnumbered ills to the State and to society. And then again, as I am persuaded that just and reasonable thought is a prime necessity, and as it were the life-blood of a people, it is a vital matter that men should not come to right conclusions by haphazard, nor correct one tendency one day by an excess of the opposite tendency another; but that if they come to right conclusions they should do so on reasonable grounds. Wherefore it is for me no satisfaction that a part of modern thought, conscious of the stiffness and formalism of the scientific reason, should have tried to escape from the conclusions of *that*, not by revising the idea of reason and re-examining its methods, but by giving way to a tendency to repudiate reason altogether. I have already said that in my view the systems of Assentism

[1] M. Bergson in his *Matière et Mémoire* has certainly anticipated a good deal of what is said in Chapter III. (see *his* Chapter III.—*La mémoire et l'esprit*).

and Pragmatism do this. I call them systems. Newman's *Grammar of Assent* is almost that. But a system of reasoning against reason is a contradiction in terms. We cannot, properly speaking, call either Assentism or Pragmatism other than a tendency. So viewed, however, they are found to travel by different roads in the same direction, and should perhaps be better described as two parts of the same tendency. Nevertheless I will treat them (on the whole) distinctly.

I believe that both these systems (so to call them for the nonce) take their rise in a *sense* of the difference between reason and demonstration. But instead of formulating that distinction, they have first followed the usual practice of philosophers in (practically) confounding the two; and then, to escape the consequence of being driven to purely scientific reason, they have formulated a new doctrine something in these words, 'Reason is made for man, not man for reason.' I have never come across that phrase in the mouth of a Pragmatist, but I should imagine it to be precisely the one he would accept. It might mean anything or nothing. In the minds of the Assentists and Pragmatists I have no doubt it has a definite significance, and that it lays down a position which, though it is the negation of reason, it is very hard for reason to assault. Only in this case—pressing back these tendencies to their logical fountain-head—what we really find is nothing more than the resuscitation of an antique, an *uralt* controversy, the controversy between Faith and Reason. I do not mean it to be taken that because that controversy is antique it can be ignored. I am not pleading the argument *nous avons changé tout cela*, which the Pragmatists are fond of. I do not think we can ignore altogether the strength of the position in which faith may be placed as against reason, which is much greater than the modern sciolist imagines. Moreover this is not strictly a theological question, as the sciolist thinks. The faith which comes into rivalry with reason logically and argumentatively is not the guarantor of certain dogmas: it is rather the guarantor of a certain sense in us, which we may call the sense of right, the moral sense. Before then we speak of either Assentism or Pragmatism let us deal with this question which as I believe lies at the root of both.

§ 1. *Faith and Reason.*

When the orthodox preacher speaks, as he often does, of a higher and a lower truth and urges that the latter must give way to the former, he is without doubt using words in a wrong significance. Truth is absolute: no idea of higher or lower can enter into it: it has no alternative but error, and it cannot if it exists 'give way.' But the meaning of this phrase in the mind (at the back of the mind) of the preacher is that truth is not so all-important that every other moral consideration should be expected to give place to it: a perfectly reasonable proposition *in se*, and one which was sufficient or generally so for mankind, not in the middle ages only, but down almost to our own doors. It is not in practical life possible to cultivate all the virtues equally. Courage must displace humanity to some extent, and soft-heartedness daring. Parents who loved to face facts (which few do) would be bound to reckon with that one in planning the education of their sons. 'A little bullying does a boy no harm,' they say; and being not lovers of sincerity, they use the phrase always as if it could be understood in the passive voice only. But there is the active sense also, a little bullying of smaller and weaker boys. This fact being then inevitable, that all the virtues cannot be equally cherished, it seems reasonable to sacrifice the merely intellectual virtue, truth, to some more human and more natural virtue. We may leave out of account the *sensus numinis*, or sense of the supernatural in itself. Rightly or wrongly that sense is bound up in orthodox minds, and in many unorthodox minds, with the belief in a rule of conduct, a fixedness in the moral sense, which belief in a rule of conduct or sense of morals is what is meant by 'faith.' And what is called the battle between faith and reason is in reality no more than this, that if truth is found hurtful to the sense of conduct, it ought to give place to faith, the higher virtue.

This proposition was generally, even implicitly accepted not in the middle ages only but till the other day, at least till the end of the eighteenth century. Putting aside the handful of professed 'sceptics,' the Bolingbrokes, the Humes, the Gibbons, the vast majority of the social philosophers and critics of the eighteenth century, men such as Burke or Johnson or Sir Joshua

Reynolds, implicitly accepted this theory that what shocked their fundamental sense of morals and of moral law could not be true, and needed not to be examined. This is still the position —logical enough—of orthodox Christians.

But yet that theory, logical as it seems to be, has been solved, been loosened *ambulando*, by the movement of our planet and the revolving years. By the movement of our planet, I say. It was undermined inevitably, fatally, by the discoveries of Copernicus, the confirmations of Galileo. For consider. No honest person can maintain that the Copernican theory is not hurtful to the Christian doctrine, and therefore to the rule of conduct which goes therewith—hurtful, harmful, I say, not fatal. I am not concerned with reconciliations. I am speaking of a state of thought in which the Copernican astronomy might seem a thing to take or leave. On the other hand no one can pretend that in itself the Copernican theory did appeal to men's moral sense. Here again I am not talking of after-thoughts: I am speaking of the attitude of mankind in the sixteenth century and onwards. So that, if the sense of conduct ought ever to have been preferred to the sense of truth, it ought to have been so in the case of the new astronomy. Men were ordered, as it were, by their moral sense to reject it. Yet they did not: and the most orthodox does not reject it to-day. The conclusion of which is that truth, whether you wish it or not, whether your moral sense approves it or not, and not necessarily the 'higher truth' of some right sentiment, but the mere dull truth of fact, will find out a way, like Love according to the old song—'Howe'er so close ye wall him, do the best that ye may.' So that the position of the orthodox churchman, catholic, or what you will, who pleads his higher truth against the lower truth, that is his sense of morals against mere brutal fact, is a position taken up for raising an empty booth a day after the fair.

Yet I do not pretend that this is a reasonable plea in favour of reason. It partakes much more of pragmatism than of right reason. And the lover of Reason and of Truth has to confess, if he search his conscience, that he too begins with 'an act of faith.' This is indeed but one of the paradoxes of life.

Since Copernicus' day, by the law of action and reaction in

human thoughts, we have more and more swung round to the acceptance of truth and of fact as the all in all; and from thence have passed on to the positivist or naturalist standpoint, which as we have seen goes beyond mere truth and substitutes for reason *demonstration*, a quite different thing. Now this position is in its turn undermined.

§ 2. *Assentism.*

The reaction of human thought in all things, which makes us swing from extreme to extreme, satisfies in a manner one of our intellectual virtues, the love of justice, and seems to sweep mankind along with it, leaving him no time to reason. In the later years of the nineteenth century the positive standpoint, the supremacy of science, that is of physical science and the methods of physical science, the claims of a 'Catholicism plus science' if there was to be any Catholicism at all: all these seemed obvious truths to the *illuminati*. And many statements, which we shall review in the next chapter and show to be more or less absurd, passed unchallenged and were recognised as unchallengeable. Of course the genuinely orthodox of either confession did not accept them: but they ignored them. All save Newman, who, as I have said, in his *Grammar of Assent* does make a real contribution to philosophy. Nevertheless as the final stronghold of Newman's defence is that which we have just examined, the stronghold of Faith *versus* Reason—it is not necessary to spend very much space over Assentism.

Cardinal Newman's *Grammar of Assent*[1] is then interesting as being the only distinct contribution to metaphysic by an ecclesiastic, since the day when in three short Platonic dialogues the Bishop of Cloyne turned the whole current of abstract thought. Such epoch-marking works as that are rare. The most that an original thinker can fairly hope to do is to discover one clear point, add one clear idea to the treasure-house of philosophy in place of what before was dim and but half perceived. This Newman has done by emphasizing the enormous difference between the two sorts of assent, the

[1] Commonly so called. The proper title is *An Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent.*

'notional' which is cold and passive, the 'real' which is vital. The most obvious instances of such a difference are in cases where the emotions come into play. And Newman gives many examples of the two. To choose one let us take the contrast Newman draws between the assent which Horace himself may have given to his line—

'Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori'

with the assent which a Tell (if there were a Tell) or a Wallace would give to its sentiment. This is perhaps a little hard on Horace, who fought (even if he ran away) at Philippi. And running is often an effect of the nerves, which no conviction can control. (But Newman, with indeed most modern writers, holds a brief against the *Literati*.) At least it is fair to suppose that, when Horace actually penned his famous line in middle age and round as a tun, he had no strong personal convictions touching acts of heroism. He still saw but no longer felt that they were heroic.

There are other forms of 'real' assent which are intellectual chiefly; if they have a moral element in them it lies deep down out of the casual view. Such is the assent to the existence of the Transvaal by one who has been there, compared to my assent who only read of it in the papers. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the distinction between notional and real assent. For since Newman wrote it has crept into the language of philosophy; albeit, in that philosophers are almost always 'intellectuals,' they have been on the whole disposed to ignore or minimise the importance of Newman's Essay. This is the more natural because the Essay, though it makes a contribution to philosophy, is in itself hardly philosophic, nor professing to be such. The essential purpose is certainly not to deal with the processes of thought which reach towards reason, rather to make clear and to emphasize the character and importance of an act —assent. All that has not much point for the rationalist, the man, that is, who believes in the ever real reality of truth. Whatever the practical advantages of coming to a decision, these cannot affect the question whether the decision is a right one or no. If a man is hesitating between two roads in a forest, you may tell him with truth that if he hesitates for ever he will

get nowhere: that will not help him in the main proposition how to get to the place he is bound for. And after all every step he takes on the wrong road will take him farther from his goal. This is the answer to all 'practical' men impatient of thought—that if the real effect of their activity is to bring about a result the opposite of that they intended, their energy has not stood them in much stead. And though this is not yet the place for discussing theology, I suppose most of us think that the path along which Newman would lead us makes in the end neither for truth nor morals. The austere cardinal, writing from his pensive rest at the Birmingham Oratory, seems to have come to believe (as I fancy many good Catholics, especially in England, have persuaded themselves) that only for a short period, only during the lapse of the Renaissance, did the 'Visible Church' of Catholicism decline from her high mission to be a light to the world. Those of us who have but a modest knowledge of the priesthood in France (or Spain, or Italy, I imagine) or the type of mind of the *bien-pensant* French Catholic—domestically excellent very likely, but hopelessly estranged from the possibility of *knowledge* or the love of truth—and of the confessors who nourish and play upon their ignorance and unpatriotic unsympathy, must deem otherwise.

The foregoing chapters should help us to see more exactly the philosophical value of the *Grammar of Assent*; and to disentangle some arguments which are there left confused. We have already dealt with the distinction between real and notional assent, though not under those names. For they follow upon the distinction between demonstrable and undemonstrable reason. And we have seen that on the whole they depend on disabilities of speech rather than of thought. We have again marked the distinction between those ideas in which a semi-demonstration is possible—metaphysical ideas—and by semi-demonstration I mean a demonstration to men 'of good will' to try and understand a writer's phraseology—and another order of ideas, the emotional ones, for which in fact demonstrable reason is impossible. So far our argument goes side by side with Newman's. Yet the place of our divergence from Assentism is not less marked. Although no external distinction is possible between a mere following of the emotions and a reasonable

following of the emotions, yet we hold that there is a world of difference between the two. In our instance of the widow, for example[1], whether she paid her son's debts because her emotional insight into his character told her the result would be good, not bad, or whether she did so at the dictate of her feelings solely, would, for our theorem of reason, be by no means the same thing. But from the point of view of mere 'assent' they would be. Because the 'assent' of the widow, whether erroneous or no, would be 'real.' She would in either case (undoubtedly) be acting on a 'higher' and more genuine, more 'real' impulse, than any supplied by the cold reasoning of her advisers; and her assent to her act would therefore satisfy the condition postulated by Newman to make it 'real.' What the issue was lay not with the assent, it depended on the character of her son: and if bad, the fault would lie with him. Such would be the general outcome of Newman's reasoning on the philosophical side. It will be seen that it amounts to no more than the restatement of the case of faith *versus* reason.

In a word the *application* which Newman gives to his theories of assent takes them outside our province, the province of a book devoted to the study of reason. It is only his criticism of man's mental processes that has a value in itself—the distinction of 'real' from 'notional' assent, and the appeal to what he calls the *Illative Sense* (inward, inwardly-enlightened sense) which in essentials is not different from what we have called 'artistic reason,' as indeed both are allied to the φρόνησις of Aristotle's Ethics. But there is nothing to show that Newman in suggesting these distinctions, in introducing his new sense, has followed a ratiocinative process himself, and is not merely suggesting a process to his readers: in a word that he is reasoning not arguing. He does not regard his 'illative sense' —as we do artistic reason—as a form of reason. He has not come to realise it while meditating on or following the processes of reason: but while meditating on the different kinds of assent. Thus this sense (which *is* in reality a form of reason) is with Newman—as indeed under other names it is with the Pragmatist—a means of escaping the results of reason, a means

[1] Ante, p. 53.

for making a short cut to truth. The artistic reason is as long and painful in its processes as is demonstrable reason; only in its results (as of Napoleon on a battle-field) can it take the appearance of 'illumination.' 'Illumination' itself may be a child of true reason. But it may also be mere illusion: and Newman, who is concerned for 'illumination' but not for reason, gives us no hint to distinguish between the two kinds.

This is why I said at the beginning of the chapter that I am not careful to claim any originality for my thesis of artistic reason: for it is the use of it only that concerns me. The illumination got by Newman's 'illative sense' may in fact be a result of artistic reason. But once the results are taken out of the domain of reason the sense itself loses its value. And this applies too to Aristotle's *phronesis*—as has been said.

To show in any sort of detail how little Newman is really interested in reason and its ways would take us deep into the regions of theology: and theology is reserved for our Second Book. I will but touch on two examples which probably we shall enlarge on in the proper place: (1) When Newman is dealing with his own Confession he always speaks of his creed in the lump as 'Catholic Truth.' Probably an orthodox Catholic is bound to do this. But such a procedure at once takes him outside the province of pure reason. For it is obvious that 'Catholic Truth' is in fact not one proposition but a series of propositions. Indeed Newman in the course of his work finds occasion to analyse the different elements in a Protestant's creed. But he abstains even from the suggestion that his own is subject to the same sort of analysis. (2) He gives an example of his own use of what he calls the illative sense and which I have already said may be (if rightly used) what we have called artistic reason. His business is to show the relation of 'natural' to 'revealed' religion, or (shall we say) the forecast of the latter which is discoverable in the former. The foundation of all religion is according to Newman the sense of sin; and the primary and instinctive recognition of the Deity is as a judge. But Newman is met with the difficulty that in the religions which have a literature (outside the Catholicism of the middle ages, whose literature is preëminently *La Divina Commedia*) this essential element is by no means so conspicuous. Even in

Homer, Zeus is an assessor rather than a judge. He holds up the scales of destiny to see which side will win. Of course he also (in a vague way) punishes evil-doers, and is *ξένιος*, the friend of those who are hospitable and good. But of any sentiment similar to the

> 'Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
> Quem patronum rogaturus,
> Cum vix justus sit securus?'

of the *Dies Iræ* there is not much trace in Homer, less still (perhaps) in later Greek mythology. This difficulty Newman gets over by saying that a religion like the Greek in its literary days and all the creeds of modern times which are not permeated with the *Dies Iræ* sentiment are perversions, due to the cultivation of the intellect and the atrophy of the moral sense. It was surely hardly worth while to begin an *enquiry*, when he had already predetermined what the enquiry was to yield. For, ruling out all the religions which have a literary expression, our author is left to deal almost as he chooses with the evidence from savage rites. These *may* express in a unique degree the sentiment of fear of the higher powers—what anthropologists call (possibly miscall) Devil-Worship. Or it may be that this side of their creed has been much exaggerated. All this field (religion without a literature, religion interpreted by its rites alone) is for Newman, as for his antithetical opponents, the anthropologists, a happy hunting-ground where you can find what you want to find.

It is evident therefore that for Newman the 'illative sense' is only another word for the personal equation. 'My feeling about religion is that its root lies in a sense of sin: therefore what I find in natural religion resembling this I acknowledge for true, a true precursor of "Catholic Truth": what is not of that is not of religion.' This is the sentiment of the Oxford epigram on Jowett—'Master of Balliol College'—'All there is know, I know it. What I know not is not knowledge.' There is no sort of real relationship between the 'illative sense' as Newman interprets it, and the 'artistic reason' of our Chapters II. and III., which demands that the individual should stand as much aside, be as much possessed by the desire of knowledge (*i.e.* truth), as if he were employing scientific reason. Newman's

real position, then, is that of Faith as against Reason, as the problem was laid down a few pages back. And there is no reason in the nature of things why he should abandon this position: for it is as we have shown a very strong one, hardly to be carried by a direct assault. The appeal against it to experience which we were obliged to make is in itself an abandonment of direct attack by argument. Once that ground of appeal has been taken up, however, we can carry our enquiries further. And, as I have said, my own poor studies, whether of the effect of 'Catholic Truth' here and now, or in a wider sense of those creeds which are rooted in 'a sense of sin and fear of punishment,' are not such as to dispose me towards Newman's conclusions.

§ 3. *Pragmatism.*

The word 'assent' is indeed an ambiguous one. It should apply to the mental acceptance of a proposition. But it is often used as synonymous with 'consent,' which signifies agreement in a course of action. I think Newman (consciously or unconsciously) chose his word with a view to this ambiguity. Confessors and propagandists often confuse the two, and first representing 'assent' as a moral duty because it appeals to higher instincts than denial, the positive in itself being generally better than the negative, they then convert this duty of 'assent' into a 'consent' to the practical duty of going to meet (so to say) certain supposed consequences of the original assent, and in the end to the embracing of Catholic Truth. This 'consent' is called the 'will to believe.'

Pragmatism in its turn is founded on a like confusion between 'assent' and 'consent,' between reason and action; and though in outward appearance much more 'modern' than Assentism, as far as regards its logical *content* seems to me to flow in a parallel channel.

Professedly Pragmatism is not only more modern than Newman, it is the most modern system conceivable, often recommending itself (as we said in Chapter I.) as the latest thing out in philosophy. It is the more hard to examine its position because the advocates of Pragmatism are so apt to

plead this sort of justification of it, and represent its adversaries as a sort of mugwumps (Pragmatism had its rise beyond the Atlantic). They even seem to bid for popular support by saying that their adversaries are friends of the Absolute; as if they hoped that the public would confuse this Absolute with the Divine Right of Kings. They represent and believe themselves, again, to be on the side of 'science' against 'metaphysics,' choosing to consider psychology as a branch of science; and of course that is another claim to consideration. (And it is true, as we shall see, that though Pragmatism has arisen chiefly as a protest against Naturalism, on certain fundamental matters Pragmatism and Naturalism are at one.) All these methods of 'bluffing' bring confusion into the question. Therefore I shall not try to examine the views of any special Pragmatist; but try as far as I can to seize Pragmatism as a stream of tendency, shared in to a greater or less extent by many thinkers who are outside the Pragmatist body, such for example, as Eucken in Germany and Bergson in France.

In its largest sweep this tendency is a child of the modern positive philosophy, in so far as it accepts what must be the ultimate conclusion of the modern positive philosophy, that there is something better than reason, more real than philosophic truth. It may be tendency, evolution, heredity, what you will: these three words are but different names for a fundamental idea. For the positivist this tendency, evolution, heredity, manifests itself in physical psychology—manifests itself there, while we are concerned with the region of ideas. Psychology then becomes a science analogous to biology; and it would (from this point of view) be as foolish to try and lay down 'laws of thought,' laws to guide thought, as to lay down laws of growth for a plant. I mean that we can of course 'practically' influence the growth of a plant, as we can influence the growth of men's ideas. But it would be ridiculous to pretend to any logical theory of how a plant ought to grow in order to grow according to reason. (That, they would say, not without truth, is the Aristotelian philosophy.) Wherefore our practical guidance of thought can only through a circular argument be called a reasonable guidance of it. We may settle, society may settle, that it is best that human beings should get habits of work:

but what society practically settles would not have a feather-weight of argument to convince a man's reason that he ought to work. 'Had God wished me other, he would have made me otherwise.'

Not the less has the passage of thought and argumentation among these various notions, heredity, tendency, natural growth, the needs of society, the practical education of the mind, produced almost endless confusion in the ideas of those who do not naturally reason easily: and the inevitable tendency of the fatigue caused by the effort to think out these things is to bring men to take refuge in the happy philosophy that whatever is, is right; or if not right is inevitable.

The essential of this dogma, so far as I can ascertain, the pragmatists and their allied thinkers accept. And this is why I say that, in its widest sweep, Pragmatism is a child of Positivism. M. Bergson has indeed brought up sharply the physical-psychologic theory which makes of thought only a sort of register between the action of the stimulus and the reaction (which is the action) of the individual,—makes of thought a kind of by-play of no real consequence. M. Bergson has shown that this stimulus comes from everywhere: the whole universe acts upon every atom: so that thought has more *use* than the physical-psychologists suppose. Beginning with the idea of the atom or unit of sensibility, M. Bergson shows that each such unit is acted on by the whole universe, in the same way that each unit of gravitation (each atom having weight) is attracted by every other atom in the universe. Why is it then that our perceptions are limited? Because, our author answers, the only influences which sensibility notices are those to which it reacts; in other words its perceptions, and hence ours, are always turned towards (*orientés* towards) action. Our perceived world is that on which we might possibly react. 'Might' I say; because there comes in memory. We no longer react directly. The pause between action and reaction represents memory: but memory is *us*, the total accumulation of past perceptions which have formed our character, our *ego*. And M. Bergson goes on to show how small a part in each individual perception comes from the stimulus itself. The effect of the stimulus is now (*i.e.* with beings such as we are),

he says, rather to awaken memory than to give a direct sensation. Thus both the pure materialist and the associationist are refuted. For the pure materialist, of the type of G. H. Lewes, talks confidently of the stimulus to action, of the afferent and efferent nerves of action and reaction, as if these things followed of themselves, ignoring what M. Bergson insists on, that there is no official stimulus to any kind of action, but the stimulus is the universe. And again, to the associationist 'ideas' are but atoms of thought floating in space. But we see here that those atoms have no existence in themselves. This last refutation is not perhaps much more than the resuscitation of the *intellectus ipse*. But at least the problem is presented in a new guise, conformable to the psychologising tendency of contemporary thought.

The stimulus which is answered by reaction is what action needs: and it is thought which determines this. From this starting-point M. Bergson elaborates a system of what we may call psychologic-philosophy, on the principle that thought is not to be, or need not be, regarded so much in itself as in the action which it produces. I am not here to criticise M. Bergson's conclusions, with many of which I am in close agreement: so that I can believe that to some I shall appear to have plagiarised my third chapter from the third chapter of M. Bergson's *Matière et Mémoire*: though it was not so[1]. Nor do I see any harm in stating the case for 'thought' in a new light, in a more or less scientific-psychological aspect. To people who like that sort of thing (as Abraham Lincoln said) it is the sort of thing they would like. It has the objection of in a degree apologising for reason: and *qui s'excuse s'accuse*. But in this last half-century, the goddess has been so often and so hardly assailed that it is not unfair to try and help the weaker brethren to return and worship at her shrine.

Yet, as it is a fundamental thesis of Pragmatism that reason is to be tested by or verified by action (I do not know precisely

[1] The *ipsissima verba* of a good part of the chapter I speak of were indeed printed as long ago as Jan. 1908 in the *Philosophical Review*, as a paper entitled 'Matter in ancient and modern philosophy.' But this paper itself was written (first in rather a different form) more than a year earlier, some time I think in 1906. I know that M. Bergson's book had been already published at that time, though I had not read it.

which), M. Bergson must be put into line with this orientation of thought.

Many of the Pragmatists are far from making so much as an apology for Reason. 'Some people think one thing,' says Professor James at the outset of his tractate on Pragmatism, 'and some another. It will always be so. It is a matter of temperament,' thus gaily cashiering Reason with a stroke of the pen. In the same little book he tells us that Pilate has been answered across the centuries by Professor Dewey—rightly for the first time. Professor Dewey is the first person who has given a satisfactory definition of truth. At any rate I have no doubt our author is right in saying that the Absolutists have never done this. They should never have attempted it: truth is indefinable.

It is their theory that truth is determinable by action which brings the Pragmatists into closest touch with assentism, more especially—as we said just now—when the word 'assent' is interpreted with a shade of the significance of 'consent' in it. And one cannot read the matter of Newman's book without seeing that he has this second idea in his thoughts; that the reader he is dealing with is to consent to a line of action rather than to a series of propositions. (So only can all the propositions of 'Catholic Truth' be lumped into one.) Thus are placated the people impatient of abstract thought who insist on the necessity of 'doing something[1].' Such is no doubt a perfectly legitimate attitude: but it is one impossible to express as a system of thought. Every action presupposes an aim; and presupposes that the relation of the action to the aim has been determined by thought. There must be *some* reason to believe that this and not that forest road will bring us to our goal, before our man of action urges us to hurry along it. Nor can the fact that some people take too long in making up their minds (as others act too rashly) be erected into a philosophic creed. There is a class of men who esteem it a sign of valiancy to be always hitting out at someone and in the thick of a wordy war. And they go on because the Fates kindly or cruelly never let them see the result of their deeds. But though

[1] Comte talks of *esprits vicieusement contemplatifs* (*Cours* VI. 547); and we know he objected to the mere *exercise* of the reasoning faculties.

they never wake to find it out, they have been slaying wine-skins all the while.

Sometimes the Pragmatist theory of the verification of reason by action is expressed in a more objectionable form as that 'truth is the belief which pays[1]'—pays to follow is meant, or in other words when followed by action is found satisfactory. Then again, to avoid coming to close quarters with the Rationalists, some Pragmatists have inverted this into the jejune statement that it cannot but pay to follow the truth. This inversion is a mere subterfuge. The essential point of dispute between the Pragmatist and the Rationalist, as equally between the Rationalist and the Positivist or the Rationalist and the Dogmatist, is whether there is any better means than reason for discovering truth. We have already seen that as between Faith and Reason an occasion may arise when truth and morals (other morals than truth) are almost certainly opposed. They certainly were so, so far as men could see, when the Copernican astronomy was first promulgated. Therefore in the highest sense of 'pay' the reasonable conclusion did not pay. And the contention of the Pragmatists to-day is only what would have been the reasonable contention of the orthodox then—that we should follow the guidance of morality (faith) rather than the guidance of reason.

If, however, instead of examining Assentism or Pragmatism by the rules of demonstrable reason we take our so-called dramatic instinct into counsel, then I think we see the extent of foundation in reason on which either system rests. We have already done this in the case of Newman's argument, when we said that the substantial part of his distinction between real and notional assent would be found to lie in the difference between demonstrable and undemonstrable reason. A proposition may be capable of proof by both methods of reason: and so far as appearance goes the assent given to the demonstrable proof will be the same as the assent given to the other method, the undemonstrable. When however an element of emotion enters into any proposition, the demonstrable proof cannot

[1] James, *Pragmatism* (1907), p. 218.

really be complete proof, because all the terms of the proposition do not enter into the equation. For into the demonstrable statement and proof enter, not the emotion itself, but the emotion considered by the intellect, as was explained on page 50. That is the case in which we stand with the *dulce et decorum* proposition. One essential term in the argument or demonstration here is patriotism. But demonstrably patriotism (the emotion) does not enter into it, only the intellectual idea 'patriotism.' To the man (Horace, or what other) who only gives a notional assent that it is 'sweet and goodly to die for one's country,' patriotism enters not substantially for itself, but notionally as an 'idea of an emotion.' Consequently the demonstrable aspect or form of the proposition is really no demonstration. The 'idea of patriotism' does not carry with it any argument of pleasure in dying for one's country. And the person who accepted notionally the proposition that it was goodly so to die, *i.e.* on its surface (demonstrable) value, would accept it, not through his reason working on the *real* emotion, but (probably) on authority. So that in this instance notional assent is not in any sense reasonable assent. The only reasonable assent must be got by undemonstrable reason.

This, then, constitutes the sum of value (to reason) of Newman's distinction between real and notional assent: it enables us to distinguish among propositions in which the emotions are involved, such as have been reasoned on on all their terms (undemonstrably), and such others as have been demonstrably argued on, but with an essential term left out (*i.e.* the real emotion): and these, though they seem to have been answered by reason cannot really have been so, but (probably) were answered on authority.

This instance is quite as effective to explain what of reasonable lies in that proposition of Pragmatism that truths must be tested by actions. The only sense in which that is true is that for many truths (as we now I hope know sufficiently) the proofs cannot be put upon the table: this we have seen is so in the case of all truths which, like the *dulce et decorum* one, contain an element of emotion. Action becomes a test, a rough test of the sincerity of men's beliefs. Without doubt the first condition of any belief being tried by reason is that we should

know it to be sincerely held. If it involves the emotions we can never prove (in that case) that it is not also reasonably held, but it does not follow that it will be. We are still for ourselves bound to try it by reason (our reason), with the aid of so much of the dramatic imagination as we possess; we cannot take it as proven because some men will act on it. A man might be a good man and possess no drop of the instinct of patriotism. For him therefore the proposition *dulce et decorum*, etc., would not be true. But even he might admit that it was true for others.

In so far forth then as Assentism and Pragmatism are an unconscious protest against the exclusion of undemonstrable reason from an enquiry after truth, thus far they are justified. But the form they have sought for their justification is fallacious.

CHAPTER V.

REASONING IN SCIENCE.

THE earlier years of the last century were marked by a great deal of insincerity. Encyclopaedism had spread from France to England, to say nothing of what Hume and Gibbon had effected of themselves: and the Intellectuals were for the most part of a sceptical turn. Johnson's influence, which had been potent on the other side, was worn out or sunk to a lower level of culture. But of all this scepticism very little was allowed to appear. The official heads of literature in those days, of the Rogers, Jeffrey, Macaulay type, went on blandly repeating the expected commonplaces about religion and morals, like the augurs in the late days of the Roman Republic. They only smiled and shrugged their shoulders when here and there a poet rose up to Radicalism and blasphemy. The poets themselves (Shelley, Byron) were hysterical or histrionic. It was into this condition of things that Carlyle was plunged, like a strong swimmer in a silent relentless current, which if it could not arrest his course continually bruised him against the banks.

But a stronger power than of any single man was able (in a measure certainly) to stay the flowing of that stream. Science, with her youth renewed by a world of fresh discoveries, came as a sort of saviour of society, dragging contemporary thought out of the slough of insincerity and 'policy' into which the Intellectuals had cast it. With clear eyes turned toward the light she passed on, not raging, as Carlyle was raging, but merely ignorant of all the falsities which lay about her feet; indifferent to intellectual politicians, to Byronisms, to French romanticism and all its *fanfaronnade*. For science these things were as though they were not. But to a thousand patient workers she

was showing how to add fact to fact, and (better still) how the deductions of truth and reason follow always the same course, and can be as well applied to determine the origin of a piece of limestone as the causes of the decay of an empire.

The success which crowned these patient labours nobody could wink at or deny: an achievement deep, wide-extending, subtle, manifold, imposing. It covered unnumbered fields, and, as at first might seem, illuminated every facet of existence. It is needless to try and count all that it accomplished, or all the directions in which it expended itself: in a new and more enlightened chemistry; in a reformed geology; in tracing the history of living things upon earth's surface, or the earliest forms of life itself; in the correlation of physical forces; in the study of that newest apprehended force electricity and magnetism. These things are faintly borne back to our memory when we recite some of the distinguished names of that age and of ours—a Dalton, a Young, a Joule, a Faraday, Darwin, Huxley, Maxwell, Kelvin, Crookes, J. J. Thomson. These are only among the more conspicuous of a great company, each of whom by quiet labour and great industry has advanced this kind of knowledge, where every step is an advance, and to which every contribution has its separate value.

One cannot think of this calm and humble pursuit of truth in a world of so much untruth without enthusiasm, which is well fitted to warm the heart and even moisten the eyes.

But Saviours of Society, even when they are virtuous, are too apt to beget a race of tyrants. Mommsen warns us against letting our admiration of the man Gaius Caesar turn into an admiration of Caesarism. I have in an earlier chapter said something of the other side of the picture we have just drawn, and glanced at some effects of that good wine gone sour in the fanatics of science who have appeared in more recent days: have said something of the Church of Science which has built itself up face to face with the Church of Orthodoxy, using almost the same means of authority and propagandism:—that is of polemic, a child of theological controversy. A more innocent and yet exaggerated zeal may easily have been begotten by nothing more than admiration for science itself, and

a more innocent fanaticism. Yet the effects of both have been in the same direction—to a misunderstanding of the place which science holds in the whole body of human experience, and a misapprehension of the real character of reasoning in science. It has set up scientific truth as the type of all Truth, reasoning as employed in science as the measure of all Reason: to do which is to set on foot an immense fallacy, on which I am sure that after generations will look back with puzzled minds, almost exactly as we look back on the philosophy of the schoolmen.

The reaction against this has, however, already begun. I am not, a layman, venturing first to touch an ark reckoned by many so sacrosanct. What we shall have to say in criticism of the exaggerated claims of science represents no new view. We have already several scientists, distinguished mathematicians some of them, such as M. H. Poincaré and M. E. Le Roy, who go as far as may well be conceived in a direction opposite to what is still the orthodox view of scientists and the generally received philosophy of science. In distinction from the huge claims which were made for science by all the writers who founded the positivist school, by Comte, by Huxley, by Spencer, by G. H. Lewes; which are sustained still by the majority of men of science themselves (as of course is natural); these physicists reduce science to a sort of mere intellectualism, to a sort of nominalism, going indeed farther than the present writer is prepared to follow them.

Some technical questions occur in the arguments of the writers I have named. In essentials, however, the character of scientific reason is not a scientific question: it lies outside science, but inside philosophy. In their main lines the arguments which concern it may easily be followed and understood. In the present chapter we shall be able to state them in a form which is anything but recondite: though that does not mean that attention can be dispensed with on the part of the reader. Given such attention, if the reasoning is defective, its insufficiency will easily be found out. The subject is of course not easy. And beyond its natural difficulties it has been complicated by two circumstances: (1) by the temptations and inducements (what they were we have partly said and need not

further enquire) which have led to many men of science deserting their proper sphere and claiming to speak with authority on all matters of thought, and (2) the extra power which the attainments of such men gave them in gaining the suffrages of the public to their self-conferred authority. For science, as demonstrable knowledge *par excellence*, is essentially democratic and naturally appeals to the democracy. That we explained in a previous chapter. Thousands of people to-day rest under the shadow of science in the same way and for the same reason that a hundred years earlier they would have rested under the shadow of whatever church they happened to belong to; or as in the life of a State timid and indolent persons rest under the shadow of Caesarism—which in its turn almost always begins by an appeal to democracy.

Let us at the outset get rid of a confusion caused by the habit men sometimes acquire of using the word 'science' in its etymological sense, as though it were conterminous with all knowledge. This is not often done save when some controversial object is in the field: but when any such is in sight it is very common. And the same speaker who, in addressing his colleagues of the Royal Society will use the word 'science' in its legitimate sense, will seek to confuse a popular audience by telling them that science is simply exact knowledge. It is true that if one gives a certain rather arbitrary meaning to the word 'exact' the definition may hold. But for the popular audience it inevitably seems to mean all knowledge that is real, all knowledge that is really *known*.

When Spencer in his *First Principles*[1] says that science is but 'the higher development of common knowledge,' we need really to substitute for the word 'common' 'common-sense,' and then to interpret the idea 'common-sense knowledge' by the light of what was said on pp. 67—70. So that science becomes, as we there explained it was, the higher development of utilitarian knowledge: and that we saw stands in a certain position of antithesis to real knowledge. And when Tylor, in his *Anthropology*[2], writes that science 'is exact, regular, arranged

[1] P. 18 (stereot. ed.). [2] P. 309.

knowledge' we shall see hereafter that an arbitrary meaning must be given to each of these adjectives whose real significance in the mind of the writer was 'measured' or 'quantitative' knowledge. We also find Professor Karl Pearson in his *Grammar of Science* telling us that science claims the whole field of phenomena and 'asserts' that its method is the sole gateway to knowledge. But this passage seems to me too clearly polemical to be seriously considered in this place[1].

For it is not possible to conceive the mentality of a person who would deny (to use an illustration already chosen) that one who got pleasure from listening to a sonata of Beethoven did not both *know* that pleasure and know that he had that pleasure: or who would maintain that he would know that pleasure more if the sounds which met his ear could be presented to his intelligence as a series of functions of string-vibrations. It needs some element of polemics or at least of fanaticism to make men so confuse their minds as to entertain notions of this sort. Yet they are entertained. The historians, a weak and timid race, have allowed themselves to be so brow-beaten by this sort of language as to set up a theory of 'scientific' history. And the metaphysicians themselves have sought to escape the bull's-eye of science by changing their name to epistemologists (theoricians on 'knowledge'), or by changing their occupation and becoming psychologists, a sort of sweepers in the temple of science.

All this aberration of thought, however (begot as it is of polemics) belongs to the subject of a false philosophy of science which is that of the ensuing chapter, and need not be further discussed here.

Those champions of science who have dwelt chiefly on its claims as knowledge have been altogether ill-advised. It would have been more reasonable and at the same time have preferred a higher claim if they had represented science as the principle of asking Why? Our third chapter must have shown the

[1] See Chapter VI. pp. 130–1. The same may be said of the following utterance at the outset of M. Berthelot's *Science et Morale*: 'La méthode scientifique a été reconnue, par l'expérience des âges écoulés, la seule méthode efficace pour parvenir à la connaissance.' Here 'scientific' seems to be used in an exact sense. But if so the statement is an absurdity.

reader that there are a hundred forms of knowledge which cannot possibly be classed under science: nay it should have shown more, namely, that such knowledge is specially 'real.' But though this kind of knowledge, we saw, is in its turn accompanied by its special kind of or application of reason; it is also true that reason when so employed is less apt to formulate the question Why? than is reasoning on science; and in so far that kind of reasoning is not so good an exercise of the faculty of reason. Yet to put forward enquiry into the *reason* of phenomena as the root principle in science would certainly be to incline rather towards Aristotle than Bacon. And naturally scientific men, conscious how much science owes to patient research, have been unwilling to do this. The reality is that a rationale of science is not easy. Science does owe immensely to induction. It is not less true, however, that the principles on which it has collected and assorted its facts are highly arbitrary, and partake much more of Aristotelianism or even (as we have hinted above) of Thomism than we should easily realise or like to own. All I think it is necessary for us to do, by way of definition of science, is to recognise that science is in fact concerned with external phenomena: though it claims to include mental phenomena also its claim has never been made out; and secondly that its methods are always demonstrative.

It is rather a concurrent fact than a logical necessity that our inclination to ask the question Why? does nine times out of ten manifest itself in the region of natural phenomena. Why do thorns crackle under the pot? Why does breath show upon the window-pane longer in winter than in summer? Such questions are more present to a child's consciousness than Why does mother scold me one day for doing so and so, and not another? This last question belongs of course to the province of artistic reason. Artistic reason is (for one thing) less apt than is demonstrable reason to separate its subject-matter into a series of distinct propositions: a fact which follows from the circumstance that artistic knowledge deals in 'wholes.' The child might by a reasoning process get to know its mother's character and (practically) whether it would or would not be scolded for such and such an act. But a problem of the sort we have sketched above on the crackling of thorns or of the breath

upon the pane, a problem asking directly the question Why? it would not be likely to frame in this order of ideas. Nevertheless Why? in its full significance implies not the raw material of any form of knowledge; it implies the raw material of philosophy. It is perhaps in consciousness or subconsciousness of this that men of science have been disposed to insist on science being a form of knowledge, whereas it is much rather a form of reasoning.

In former times Natural History was a study in itself, generally classed as scientific, no doubt, but whose title seemed to take it outside science. If we ask ourselves what distinguishes the study of the ways of beavers, ants or bees from the study of human history, one answer is that in the former the Why? is more frequent, more insistent. White of Selborne, for example, is never tired of asking this question. (Why do tumbler pigeons turn over in the air? and so forth.) And this Why? of the naturalist leads by inevitable steps to so great a question and so great an answer as Darwin's theory of survival through elimination. The true historian also asks the question Why? Why were the Athenians led into their great blunder of the siege of Syracuse? Why did Marcus Aurelius persecute the Christians? But, as was the case with the child, the separate Whys are apt to merge in the continuous exercise of the dramatic reason. Finally the Why of science is more noticeable and more impressive to the multitude, because its answer is more phenomenal; for the same reason that to the child a stone is more impressive or more real than the air.

So far then, Science (taking just now Natural History as Science) and Philosophy are both proceeding in the same direction and by similar means—both asking the question Why?[1] It is only the unintelligent chronicler, the dull historian of modern times overawed by the word 'science,' the

[1] Such phrases as those of Bacon, that 'the object of science is to give light to the discovery of causes,' and that 'in sciences founded on opinions and dogmas the use of anticipation and logic is good. For in them the object is to command assent to the propositions, not to master the thing' (Aph. 27), are perfectly intelligible read in the light of the old Aristotelian scholastics. But these have ceased to command respect anywhere. It is still a 'thing' which we study, whether a group of impressions (external object) or group of feelings (internal idea). The single real difference between the two studies lies, as has been pointed out, in the sphere of 'demonstration.'

mistaken psychologist, who think it eminently scientific to be storing up facts as facts. But the artistic reason separates itself in a manner from both philosophy and science, because these two always look in the direction of demonstration: but artistic reason is content with knowledge without demonstration. There is however a scientific knowledge, different from the natural historian's, which is rather knowledge of the *how* than of the why. Such is the mechanic's knowledge of his machine; even though that should be as enthusiastic and poetical as in the case of Mr Kipling's McAndrew. This is not indeed the mere chronicler's knowledge, which is (analogous to Hume's theory of all knowledge) simple sequence. There is in McAndrew the sense of adaptability, of fitness. But the insistent Why? does not enter his thoughts, because the whole thing he is studying is of a piece. The mechanic does not in fact trouble himself with *causae causantes*. He does not ask why water expands under heat and is turned into gas: it is the relation of the crank to the driving-rod that his thoughts dwell on. And all exact science tends more and more to approach this form, tends more and more to approach the condition of a *mécanique terrestre*. The word Why? with its notion of cause contains an element of 'anthropomorphism'; and this science is more and more endeavouring to shut out. At Spencer's selection of 'force' as the *ultimum cognoscibile* she shakes her head, declaring that she knows not force but only energy—in a special significance too of that word, far removed from its etymological one, viz. mass multiplied into velocity. And if the question Why? is more frequent in Natural History through all its stages up to Darwinism—none of which in the strictest sense is science—than in that which may unquestionably claim the name of science, it is because in Natural History there must be some anthropomorphic element—there is the sense of personality, the animal's, the sense of will and cause.

These statements are in seeming contradiction to what was said in Chapter I. that the *Principia* with its rigid demonstrations was much more of an appeal to reason than is Darwinism with its hypothesis of natural selection. The explanation is that in Chapter I. it was not necessary to stay and point out, what is the case, that the appeal to reason in 'Newtonism' is not

through its strictly scientific part, the history of facts, but through its mathematical, in other words its metaphysical, element. The Planetary Theory is not really an appeal to reason in reference to the heavenly bodies; but in reference to the movements of any bodies endowed with mass and subject to certain conditions. Nay, speaking strictly the Planetary Theory is concerned with the movements of things impossible in experience, viz. points endowed with mass. The appeal to reason here comes not from the knowable facts which are dealt with, but from the mathematical demonstration. And as mathematics themselves are independent of facts, they are of metaphysic not of science.

M. Couturat[1] is in the right when he claims for mathematics that it is the most perfect form of logic. Logic itself—that is much too often misunderstood—was not designed to be a means for ascertaining facts but of reasoning about them when ascertained. It is the more perfect the more remote it lies from facts. This is precisely why mathematics is an ideal form of logic. It can reason upon ideas which could not possibly have relation to things in existence, $\sqrt{-a}$ for instance.

M. Poincaré in his *La Science et l'Hypothèse* seems to come to the conclusion that, taken all in all, science is not much more than a convenient way of looking at things; and therefore remote from enquiry into their essential reality or truth[2]. In other words that convenience or utility is the ground-principle

[1] *Les Principes des Mathématiques*, Introduction, and again p. 277 (App.). See also below.

[2] I have said that M. Poincaré goes farther in nominalism than I am prepared to follow. I cannot agree for instance that, apart from measurement, distance (*i.e.* space) is not a reality. 'Quand je dis la distance AB, en faisant abstraction de la possibilité de comparer cette distance à d'autres, je prononce cinq syllables et rien de plus.'

And earlier (in the discussion between M. Poincaré and Mr Bertrand Russell in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* for May and November, 1899, and January, 1900): 'Qu'entendez-vous au juste ici par qualité et par quantité?... Je prends un monsieur quelconque que je rencontre dans la rue: je lui montre une ellipse qui est une courbe fermée, et une hyperbole qui se compose de deux branches infinies, et je lui démande: "Ces deux courbes diffèrent-elles par la qualité ou seulement par la quantité?" Je crois diviner sa réponse: il n'hésitera pas à dire, "Elles diffèrent par la qualité," ce qui sera une grosse hérésie tout-à-

of science, not knowledge in itself. That there is something in this theory cannot be denied. The Planetary Theory gives us an example in point. To the man in the omnibus nothing seems more evident and certain than that—isolating our planetary system—the sun in it simply *is* stationary; and that the earth and the planets revolve in their orbits round the sun. But the physicist who has any touch of philosophy knows that all motion is relative not absolute; and therefore that we are logically completely within our right in regarding the earth as the static object of this system, the motion of all the other bodies that compose it, including the sun's, as performed in relation to our earth. Only in this case the formulae would be much more complicated, much less convenient. For the sake of convenience we have chosen to regard the sun as the fixed object in our system, till habit has convinced us that *qua* this system it is fixed. Yet convenience cannot be the same thing as truth.

(Herbert Spencer[1] uses the fact of the relativity of all motion as an instance of the relativity of all knowledge. He takes the imaginary case of a man walking from fore to aft in an easterly direction on the deck of a vessel. The man seems to be moving east. But the ship (say) is sailing west at a greater velocity than the passenger moves: so after all he is going west. But no: for the surface of the earth is moving from west to east with a much greater velocity than the sailing speed of the vessel. But then the whole earth is moving round the sun; and we have to take the projection of its tangential velocity on the east and west direction of the spot where the ship stands. But then the sun itself, with the whole of our system attached to it, is moving at a very much higher velocity still toward the constellation Hercules: what is the projection of *this* tangential

fait contraire aux enseignements de la géométrie projective et au principe de la relativité tel que le comprend M. Russell.'

If M. Poincaré ranges himself here with the man in the street as against Mr Russell, it is I conceive through a fundamental misconception. The figure into which a portion of space may be divided has as much to do with the quality of space as the materials of a pewter pot and a glass decanter have to do with the liquor which they contain. And in respect of the first quotation quantity can never give quality (as Mr Russell says), 'and space has quality as well as quantity.'

[1] *First Principles*, p. 47.

velocity at the given moment? This is Spencer's illustration. It is not really a proof of the 'relativity of knowledge,' but only of scientific knowledge.)

The example from the motion of the planets is but an illustration. It may convince us of the danger of trusting to our habits of thought: it can prove no general proposition. It is otherwise when we extend to its legitimate conclusions the principle that mathematics is a form of logic. If von Humboldt was right when he said that mathematics was the ideal goal of science, and if modern men of science are right in more and more each year ranging themselves in the same opinion, it certainly follows that reasoning in science is mostly logical; and that the facts of science are selected in order to fit into a prepared framework: almost precisely as the facts of a different kind were chosen that they might fit into the framework of scholasticism. I know that this will seem a startling conclusion to many, that science, the sworn foe of obscurantism, should be using those logical methods that we connect with obscurantism. But it is so. And we will proceed to examine the fashion in which the facts of science are selected to fit into the framework of this special logic—mathematics. Meanwhile, it may be some satisfaction to those who are shocked by the association of science and scholasticism (or Thomism), that the identification of the latter with obscurantism is quite unjustified. Obscurantism came from the authoritative imposition of the 'Summa' on advancing thought. In his day St Thomas Aquinas was in the vanguard of thought and reason. Thus does association obscure men's ideas.

Most men of science would admit that Natural History was only very doubtfully 'science'; and if hard pressed they would have to admit the same for Darwin's theory taken in the gross. Science in principle deals with the *propter hoc*; and the *post hoc* can never be identified therewith. The word 'exact' occurs in most definitions of scientific knowledge. Again, the special quality of science is often reckoned to be that it can predict. Obviously exact knowledge cannot exist in the case of animals; for no one behaves exactly as the other behaves: and a theory which is partly historical cannot contain the element of prediction. On the same ground a portion at least of geology and palaeontology must be ruled out as only semi-science. People

are accustomed to bring all these heads of knowledge back into the field of science by a circular argument. 'We see the effect of water on rocks to-day. We see the effect of the struggle for existence to-day.' It is hardly worth pointing out that such an argument assumes the exact proof of what (for the past) can be no more than assumption. On the other hand biology, embryology, these are certainly of science, because they give exact knowledge and do admit of prediction. Howbeit, both the knowledge and the prediction are fitted into a logical framework prepared for them. That which gives its peculiar character to scientific knowledge as compared to knowledge in a philosophical sense is the introduction of the idea of *number*. Number is an essential part of science, number, and *measurement* which implies number. It is on this account that mathematics is the ultimate goal of science.

But we have already seen that number is not properly speaking a 'reality[1].' On the contrary, the idea of number when kept before the mind to the exclusion of other ideas may lead us as far from reality as it is possible to go. For (as we saw) in the eye of number, in other words while we are thinking arithmetically, seven nuts are *the same as* the seven planets. We saw again that in the knowledge of common-sense—which has governed the names of things—there might arise the same sort of unreasoning: a stripped tree being to our forefathers in the region of common-sense, or utility, *the same thing* as a stripped animal. We also saw that in such cases as this last, *i.e.* in their practical experience, men are saved from the confusion which would arise from pure common-sense judgments by the fact that imagination—and with it when necessary artistic reason—is also active in men's minds, though not distinctly recognised. This however is a sort of accident. Utilitarian reason alone (for example, had our forefathers been occupied solely by the quality strippableness, which identified the animal and the tree) would, so long as it operated, have turned their world into a world of unrealities.

And this science too does while it is operating alone. It does this necessarily by introducing—or rather by depending on—number, which is the unreality of unrealities.

[1] Chapter III. p. 67.

Nothing can add to the force of the example with which we set out, the identity in the eye of arithmetic (identity in the category quantity) of seven nuts and the seven planets. At the same time it is not without due consideration that the importance of this can be realised: it has not only to be accepted but to be assimilated before we can continue our study of scientific reasoning[1]. Therefore to speak a little round the subject may not be amiss. For there is nothing harder for a man than to concentrate his whole thought upon a single naked proposition. Time will not be wasted in driving home this nail, lest the after-strain of deduction which it must bear make it start from its place.

It is common enough (to take one instance) to hear the degree of civilisation reached by some tribe or people estimated in their arithmetic faculty. Such and such a folk cannot count beyond ten, beyond twenty. The decimal system, more especially the Roman numerals, preserve the record of a time when men could not reckon beyond their ten digits: and so forth. After all, this inability to count need not interfere seriously with the *real* knowledge of a savage, nor have interfered with that of primitive man. If the first know each individual of his herd it is of no serious moment that he knows not how many 'head' of cattle he possesses. At most it is a loss from the utilitarian, not from the epistemological, point of view. A cowboy to whom his cattle are heads of cattle only will overreach the savage in a bargain. But certainly *qua* cattle the cowboy's knowledge

[1] The mathematicians have by no means always assimilated this fact. Mr Bertrand Russell does so however when he writes: 'Quantity is the result of a comparison of two qualitatively similar objects; and the judgment of quantity neglects altogether the qualitative aspect of the objects compared. Hence a knowledge of the essential properties of space can never be obtained from judgments of quantity, which neglect those properties while they presuppose them' (*Foundations of Geometry*, p. 64). See also p. 105, note.

M. Couturat, on the other hand, when he writes: 'Ce qui fait la supériorité des calculs algébraïques sur le raisonnement verbal, ce n'est pas que dans le premier on raisonne sur les signes, et dans le second sur les idées; c'est que dans le premier les signes correspondent à des idées claires et bien définies, tandis que dans le second les signes, c'est-à-dire les mots, correspondent à des idées confuses flottantes et équivoques...' (*Principes des Math.*, p. 277), has lost sight of the fact that in truth algebraic signs refer to *one* idea only, viz. number, which (as we have seen and shall more clearly see) is clear and unequivocal just because it is *unreal*.

will be less than his. In fact, it is a thing obvious enough so soon as our attention is turned to it that number does not and cannot exist in things themselves, and therefore cannot be a part of 'realities.' Set two apples, before separate, together: the nature of neither apple is altered by their being placed side by side to make two apples. Add a third, when you have three apples; and neither the newcomer has been changed in itself nor have the other two been either of them individually altered in any manner. Number is a pure creation of the human mind[1]. This is one of those truths which are easy to see but difficult to assimilate. The moment attention is withdrawn from it and its reasons the mind swings back to the habit of assuming reality in number[2]. In nature, as there are no two individuals exactly alike, number can have no existence. The first condition in numbering is that we regard two or more things as absolutely similar. That we can only do by fixing our attention on some quality or qualities which they have in common and counting, not the things themselves, but the recurrence of these qualities. Three apples or three stars have in common, the qualities to which they owe their names of 'apple' and 'star.' But there are other qualities in which the individuals differ: these have to be left out of account. Among things or 'ideas'

[1] I do not myself see that number in any sense grows necessarily out of the idea of time, as the metaphysicians have been apt to say. Time is one thing, the measurement of time (by recurrence) another—as of space. (See prec. page, note.)

The difficulty in the way of philosophising on number lies in the fact that unlike space and time number is no necessary form of thought, and therefore does not come as an 'intuition' or part of direct perception (*Anschauung*). In reasoning on the philosophy of mathematics, a man's ideas will vary according as he is used to think in figures or in numbers. Even when he is writing on geometry it may happen that he thinks as a Cartesian.

[2] M. Couturat, who is one of the most interesting and philosophical of mathematicians, yet maintains, in opposition to Kant, that the 'réunion' (*Zusammensetzung*, in Kant's phrase) of seven and five is the same as their addition (*Principes des Mathématiques*, p. 258). He seems to me in evident error. The equation $7+5=12$ involves the idea of unity. No such idea is involved in the *Zusammensetzung* of seven and five. Seven apples and five apples can be *zusammengesetzt*. But seven apples and five apples are not equal to (other) twelve apples.

Equally untrue (and for the same reason) is it that $a+b>a$ and $7+5=12$ are propositions *ejusdem generis*: and this Couturat also maintains. There is no idea of a unit in the first proposition; there is in the second. An elephant *plus* a bottle of ink are greater than *that* elephant: but, as before shown, seven elephants *plus* five elephants are not equal to twelve (other) elephants.

which have no common measure numbering would be an absurdity[1]. Nobody would say that a hair, the number seven, and my hope of bringing this book to a completion made three things. I admit that the same applies to the methods of logic. We reason (demonstrably) by general terms—or concepts. Aristotle and the schoolmen after him went a step further and imagined that a definition *forced* the logical conclusion. Many scientists come to think in the same way. Because they have defined the subject-matter of their studies in terms of unity (a factitious notion) they grow to fancy that they can thereby force the conclusion that the results in terms of number are the only results the thing is capable of yielding. The difference between formal logic and mathematics has however been already pointed out. Imagination which gives back the thing or artistic knowledge of the thing (the manifold or 'whole'), always goes alongside of logic.

M. Poincaré has shown (satisfactorily it seems to me[2]) that the whole of arithmetic and hence all analytical mathematics depend upon a single logical principle, a single judgment on unity and on the proposition, or one might perhaps say, assumption, that if a truth hold for n it will hold for $n+1$. This proposition M. Poincaré calls the principle of recurrence. It is sufficiently expressed by the formula,

$$(n-1)+1=n,$$

which signifies that when unity is added to any number it implies always the same measure of increase—the increase by unity. This sounds a mere tautology till we turn our minds to consider what this 'unity' is. As a fact when one apple is added to two apples to make three apples and one apple again is added to the three to make four apples the increase has not been identical after each process: because the apple added at

[1] Jevons was guilty of an absurd notion in using the mathematical formulae in logic, that is in the expression of ideas which are not quantitative. ('To use the sign = for qualitative sameness or for individual identity [I do not ask here if they are different] is surely barbarous. "Hope is dead" would never mean that in Hope and a portion of dead things there would be found the same number of units.' Bradley's *Logic*.) It seems worse than barbarous—absurd. Couturat too has introduced a series of signs for logical ideas. I do not think they could be applied when all idea of measurement was excluded.

[2] But not to M. Couturat.

the first addition is not identical with the apple added at the second addition. Wherefore this principle of recurrence depends in its turn on an assumption that is radically false, namely that one 'one thing' can be identical with another 'one thing.' The assumption in fact is made not in the interests of truth (at any rate of knowledge) but of utility—as we saw in the instance of the cowboy and the savage. It is extremely convenient for us to make abstraction of common qualities in different objects (cattle, apples) and leave the diverse ones out of account. But it is an assumption which flies in the face of fact.

Happily, however, out of these assumptions we have erected a system of reasoning which is (formally) the most exact possible. So that what we have sacrificed in knowledge we have gained in mental training. We have agreed with M. Couturat that mathematics is the ideal *form* of logic; but that it is so because we can reason on mathematical forms quite independently of their real content—in other words of their relation to reality, which so long as we are dealing with words is not possible[1]. But there is always a danger in the possession of these perfect instruments of thought. The after-abuses of logic have brought it into contempt, and allowed lesser minds to sneer at the 'master of those that know.' It is necessary that abuses should be. Plato we know himself (in a *boutade*) declared that writing was invented to help men to forget and language to conceal their thoughts.

Exact science stands upon very much the same ground as mathematics. From being a utilitarian invention it has come to be a system of reason. The knowledge which science gives

[1] For the reason given just now. In strictly scientific thought imagination enters only as a disturbing factor: because in *strictly scientific thought* we want to get rid of the notion of reality. The result is that when we have made a scientific discovery we do not always quite know what we have discovered. To the strictly abstract facts which are the reward of scientific thought, imagination gives a shadow of substance which is confusing. We have seen an instance in Astronomy (or rather Physics). Do what we may to think of Newton's law as referring merely to points endowed with one attribute, mass, we still think and talk of these points as planets with all the manifolds which make up the one planet we know, our earth. But *sub specie astronomiae* our planet is one with the others and as distinct from reality as they are. Conversely, the *reality* of the other planets consists in their mountains, plains, rivers, oceans, rainfall, fertility, inhabitants, etc. Not knowing these we do not *know* the planets.

us is real knowledge. But it is not the knowledge of reality (though that statement will seem a paradox). For hardly less than mathematics themselves it rests upon number and on measurement; that means that it rests upon the notion of the 'unit,' which is a factitious notion.

As we have said already, had science been presented to the world either on its utilitarian side (its units of practical benefit, as it were) or intellectually as a system of thought, it would have done nothing but good. Unfortunately the fanatics of science would have their say in the matter; and they have wrested the baton from the philosophers of science. The object of these fanatics—unavowed, unconscious it may be—was to throne as popes: and unconsciously they adopted the same arts by which the savage medicine-man or rain-bringer thrones as a pope among savages. They set forth the wonderful achievements of science; which they represented to the laity as something quasi-magical; they pointed to the steam-engine, the steamer, the electric battery as a sort of miraculous beings: and what is worse, they corrupted the mind of the general by representing utility, advantage (not knowledge nor wisdom) as the supreme good. The history of antique superstitions seemed to repeat itself when the men of science advanced the miracles which they could perform as a title to be listened to as prophets, and hoped with Nasmyth's steam hammer to forge the tables of a new law. Then was undone almost all the good which science had done toward begetting a love of truth, when she came as a saviour of society from politic fraud.

It is not our business here to strike a profit and loss balance of science; what society has gained in sobriety and exactitude of thought; what it has lost in imagination and in the arts; what it has gained in material advantages, what it has lost by raising these advantages to be the touchstone of all worth. The only concern that pure reason has in this matter is to point out or rather in some brief measure to suggest what have been, of what nature have been, the gains and losses through science in the region of knowledge. In doing this we must begin by emancipating ourselves from the prejudice which lies heavy on the thoughts of the average man, that science in some special sense gives exact knowledge: at any rate that this 'exactness' is synonymous with 'real' or true.

The confusion of thought has entered into the fibre of our lives. Because number, measurement, is the most useful of possessions, we think of it as the most real: just as primitive man would think of its faculty of being stripped as the most real part of the tree, not its natural qualities, its life or death in the forest. The parallel goes upon all fours. Without doubt the knowledge of reality, which is artistic knowledge, is not in its essence useful knowledge. And we have said that if there were some member of a primitive community who, neglecting his part in the tree-stripping, wandered free in the forest, he probably knew more of the reality 'tree' than his industrious comrades. I am not singing the praises of such idleness, nor holding a brief for artistic knowledge. I am only enquiring into the difference between true and false, and hence in the present chapter between reality and utility. And the enquiry would not have been needful if men had understood from the outset that the primary objective of science was convenience, not knowledge; and that in its most abstract forms the essence of its gift to the world lay in practice in the method of reason, not in knowledge of things themselves.

We said above that number could not exist 'in nature.' In the case of one science however number does seem to be given *ab extra*. This is in astronomy. The rotation of the earth on its axis, the revolution of the moon round the earth, and the earth round the sun, these do seem to supply us with a system of measurement in which *we* have no part. It is not quite so. Even in these we have struck averages. Notwithstanding, it is on this account that astronomy will always appear the most wonderful of the sciences; will appear and be so: though not to the same extent which these things seem to the man in the street. For the measurements which astronomy has given us are (certainly in a degree) already in it. And the calculations for the recurrences of celestial phenomena are expressed in terms of celestial phenomena; though we think of them as expressed in days, hours, minutes, seconds. We have got our time-measurements so embedded in our thoughts and involved in all our experience, that we have forgotten by now that we originally took them from the heavenly bodies. Man originally chose from his primitive astronomy just what suited his convenience; as he chose out the bark of his trees. But having

given his own names to these things, they seemed to belong to him: the phases of the moon seemed to belong to him: he forgot that they were external to his earth. At last in his improved astronomy he came back to them again, and the correspondence seemed miraculous—his power of prediction seemed miraculous. So to the child seems miraculous the proving of his sum: he does not understand that it is the same problem worked out in another way.

What is true of the predictions of Astronomy is in a measure true of all the predictions of science. The measurements which these predictions verify are mostly either purely factitious, or they are subsumed in the statement. It seems a wonderful proof of the existence of molecules that we can measure their density. But the measurement we use is no more a real experience than are molecules: it is a scientific fiction—the vibrations of the luminiferous ether, a fiction assumed as a convenient measurement for phenomena of the same nature as those from which we get the density of the molecule. These things we shall see more fully hereafter[1].

[1] At the risk of uttering upon a matter on which I have no competence, I must express the belief that those who have maintained the possibility of a so-called non-Euclidean space have been deceived by a subtle form of the same error which leads other men of science to think that the measurements of science are *in* the objects of experience and not in us—that number in a word is of 'experience.'

I believe the germ of the fallacy lies in the word *Euclidean*—Euclidean space. Not of course that the believers in non-Euclidean space think that Euclid invented the space that goes by his name. But they hold that Euclid's measurements of space, the figures which he drew in space and the laws which he discovered concerning those figures in a certain manner constituted space. Even so Kant never quite freed himself from the *a priori* of time as that had imposed itself on Locke, etc. Kant's predecessors. So that because we acquire knowledge of the simplex-complex in a certain order, that world is for Kant 'a manifold.' But we have seen that the real and original *datum* of experience is the 'whole,' the simplex-complex, the total reality round-about a man at any given moment; and that the so-called parts of the scene have been got by abstraction crystallised by language.

So it is with space. Space is there, an original *datum* of experience through apperception or intuition. (If metaphysically a 'form of thought' that touches not its *logical* position.) This space remains constant. What are subsequent thereto are the so-called dimensions into which we analyse it. Only (as distinguished from the simplex-complex, the scene) the analysis is so early and so inevitable that it is almost the same as if space was synthetised out of its

In one of his essays[1] Huxley suggests a possibility which might break down science. Suppose, he says, that a telescope sufficiently powerful should reveal in the nebula of the Sword of Orion, 'a world in which stones fell upwards, parallel lines met, and the fourth dimension of space was quite obvious.' In reality such a thing is not possible. I mean it is beyond supposition. For these things which Huxley supposes reversed by experience (save the first) are not themselves experiences, but are logical methods of comparing experience. Even in the case of matter seemingly behaving in a new fashion from its fashions here, we should certainly make some theory which would do less violence to our experience than that. For science is not really the interpretation of experience as it is, but as it can conveniently be contemplated by our reason acting under certain rules. It deals not with things but the relationship of things within the framework it has imposed. Poincaré has discussed that question at some length. We saw one example of the procedure in the case of the movements of the planets within our system.

Huxley, writing when he did, expressed the general view of that day that science was essentially an enquiry into the nature of *things* as they are—a notion no doubt still held by (for one example) Professor Karl Pearson. In the like wise Herbert

dimensions. For a long time it seemed as if a distinction between the processes was impossible.

All metageometry can show is that it is theoretically possible to analyse space in another fashion. All the problems of metageometry would I am persuaded on examination be found to be only analyses of the only space we know or could know with different values given to the ideas of dimension. We see from the quotation given in a previous note (p. 105), that M. Poincaré has not freed himself from the idea that ellipses and hyperbolas are existences (as if one should say that 10 or 30 are existences): and we find geometers such as Riemann and Helmholtz starting from measurement in their definitions of space. (Poincaré himself does so by implication in the passage about the distance *AB*.) This is exactly as if one should say that the essential *fact* of the country between London and Brighton was its measured distance; whereas of course this distance is not *in* the country at all, but in ourselves.

Let us make the supplementary note that arithmetic is not concerned with greatness or size (*grandeur*), as philosophers (Kant himself and M. Couturat) are apt to say. 100 is not necessarily 'greater' than 5: for the 100 may be a hundred ants, the 5, five elephants. The *unit* itself has no magnitude.

[1] *Scientific and pseudo-scientific realism.* Essays (1892).

Spencer maintains that geology is really part of astronomy: for it is concerned with the knowledge of the earth; and the earth is a part of the planetary system. In this argument Spencer really makes a fundamental error as to the whole philosophy of science. It is not the earth—our earth of experience—with which physical astronomy deals; but with our earth regarded as a point in space, endowed with a certain mass: or again as an oscillating and rotating nearly round body of a certain mass and measurement. The analysis by the spectrum in its turn regards the heavenly bodies not as having mass or motion but having certain chemical compounds. And no summing of the various qualities which science discovers in the commonest object *makes* that object; no more than blackness, angularity, hardness, opacity, a certain weight, make a lump of coal. This we have seen already. We have seen too how a false theory as to the purpose and subject-matter of science comes into existence. It is due to our imagination, which despite ourselves keeps the 'wholes' of existence in memory, and forbids us to realise the partial, the fragmentary items of knowledge which form the real subject of our study.

I have said above 'no more': but in fact 'less.' The difference between comparing the chemical qualities (for that is the right word) of a sun or of a lump of coal, instead of the latter's mere experiential qualities (blackness, hardness, etc.), is that the chemical qualities are used in a special way for comparison between that object and all other objects, and so for classification by measurement. Thus in chemical analysis the idea of number comes in once more. With it comes the exactitude of science (as compared for instance to classification by merely experiential qualities) so satisfying to our logical sense[1]. But with that very satisfaction comes in 'unreality,' or at least factitiousness. The 'factitiousness' of science goes *pari passu* with its exactitude; the first is necessary to the second. In natural history, as we have seen, we do not get this exactitude and we get nearer reality. But exactitude begins when we bring in statistics: and reality by so much diminishes. Instead of the doings of an actual beaver or ant, statistics give us the average doings of a number of beavers and ants. In other

[1] See Chapter VI. p. 140.

words for the sake of arriving at a 'unit,' that first condition of exactitude, the natural historian invents an imaginary being, an *average* beaver or *average* ant: and his statistics multiply the doings (which of course have no existence) of this non-existent being by the number given. If the invention of an average apple is a fiction, much more of a fiction is the invention of an average beaver. But a far greater fiction still is the creation of an average man; as our example of the manufacturer and his 'hands' illustrated. Even with the help of these fictions neither natural history nor any statistical account of human history is exact science.

Biology on the contrary is exact science, in that it studies not the action of any 'wholes,' not living beings as the simplex-complexes which they are, but the elements in each or any living being which have a definite purpose, namely the passing on or conserving vitality. It is known that in the ultimate analysis these separate aims or actions merge into one: that the generative cell out of which as we say a new life springs, is only functionally distinguished from the cell whose multiplying activity is necessary to preserve life. This simplification of biology is a mathematical one only. The cells are 'units' chosen to represent a particular 'idea,' the idea of life-reproduction. The impossibility of regarding them as realities in the eye of reason is shown by the philosophical absurdities into which biologists such as Haeckel are led; for whom these units, these simplest of ideas, have to carry in them as it were (but how *in* them it is not possible to imagine) all manner of complicated mental acts and powers, love, hate, and so on. The confusion between notions and realities could not go further than in such a scheme of things.

Take again the case of nerves and nerve-vibrations, the transmission thereby of sensation to the brain. In order that these vibrations (contractions and expansions) may be measurable, the nerve must be divided into units. That means that it must be assumed uniform in every part, at least over a small distance. Our knowledge of 'realities' forbids us to make such an assumption in *fact*. No doubt the difference between one fragment of nerve and another is not so great as between Jupiter and Mars or Venus and Mercury: nor yet so large as

the difference between one apple and another or one nut and another. Not the less we may be sure there is a difference, that it is essential to the real nerve, and that the neglecting it converts the real nerve into an imaginary nerve. There is beside another objection to the process, to be spoken of presently, viz. that the idea of vibrations—the section of the nerve into fragments as it were—breaks with the continuity of nature.

From the units of biology we easily pass to the still more simple units of physics or quasi-physics—chemistry, thermodynamics, pure physics—those molecules and atoms which even by those who deal in them are almost acknowledged to be not much more than a means of calculation[1]. Physics, while it is the ultimate form toward which all science tends, is the one in which the 'unreality' of science is most apparent: as is natural, for it is, in other words, science reduced to its simplest terms. And this is why it has not been difficult for a physicist such as M. Poincaré to discern this essential unreality and it may be in his statement of it to exaggerate.

One other unreality belonging to number remains to be considered and has just been hinted at. It would be more accurate to say one other way in which the unreality of number manifests itself. Number implies boundaries, 1 being 1, and 2, 2: it is on this account in contradiction with the continuity of Nature. This is demonstrated by the fact that the continuity of Nature expressed numerically (algebraically) becomes a paradox. It takes this formula, $a=b$, $b=c$, but $a>c$ (a is equal to b, b is equal to c; but a is greater than c). This gives an added unreality to theories of vibrations, luminiferous or other. Of course it gives an equal 'unreality' to the measurement of the loops in a shaken cord: these are not in reality separate parts of the cord: the cord is a *continuum*. Thus again, to measure sounds or weights by our perceptions of change in them is also factitious. We are conscious of the *continuum*, though we require a certain interval to detect the change. So that Fechner's

[1] A new and hypothetical 'matter' has to be introduced in thermodynamics to account for the fact that Lorenz' theorem negatives Newton's law of equal action and reaction in 'real' matter (if we may call this abstraction of our sensations real matter). But in what sense is this hypothetical matter to be reckoned matter at all? See below, p. 121 note.

law[1] does not in any way affect the pleasure of the auditor in the continuity of a musical gamut, as it can be rendered by the strings[2].

But certain as these things are and in themselves not difficult to understand, it is certain also that the average layman will have great difficulty in accepting them. For here once again we have to deal not with reason but with habits of thought. Charles Fox used to say that the same argument repeated in ten different forms was for the usual audience as good as ten different arguments. And science repeats its essential argument not in ten but in a million different forms, each of which seems to confirm the others: though as a fact each only repeats the others. The essential *argument* of science we have already stated: it is 'unity' or 'measurement.' In one case, astronomy, the unit is (or seems to be) given *ab extra*: and therefore the discoveries of astronomy will always be the most marvellous of the achievements of science. In the other cases the units when they really exist—the cells in animate bodies for instance—are made units *ad hoc*, that is to say units of the special ideas which this science is pursuing: primarily in this case the idea of vitality; but secondarily, as in all the other sciences, the idea of number or measurement. Thus the seeming exactness of science is a reproduction of the idea with which it set out, and which it has already put into its subject-matter—measurement, unity. The exactness seems marvellous to the layman; but just in the same degree and for the same cause that the 'proving' of a sum seems marvellous to a child.

I am now dealing not with a train of reasoning but with a habit of thought. Let me be forgiven then if, like Fox, I repeat the argument of this chapter in different shapes, such as seem best calculated to undermine the habit I wish to undermine.

Once again, therefore, I would bring back the thoughts of the reader to the element in all the sciences, arithmetic. I know that the word 'unreality' which I have had to repeat so often will raise prejudice and lead to misunderstanding. I must

[1] That the perception of change (in sensation) is in a logarithmic ratio to the change in the stimulus.

[2] See p. 41.

therefore explain once again the sense in which it is used. I do not of course mean that when we have a hundred head of cattle we have not really a hundred head of cattle. All I do mean is that the number 'a hundred' is not really in or a part of any one of those oxen or cows, and is not a part of the real knowledge of them *as* oxen or cows. It is only a part of the real knowledge of them as units of cattle: as falling under an abstract idea (or, if you will, average idea) 'cattle,' which has no correspondence in reality. So it is *mutatis mutandis* with the cells of living bodies. In themselves the cells have probably an infinite variety of characteristics, as have the cattle of a herd: if these cells really 'make up' such various beings as we are, how can it be otherwise? For the variety must exist somewhere and in some things: it cannot exist in a mere number. But by biology these cells are not so regarded. They are looked upon only as the 'units' of some special *idea,* life-production. It is in virtue of this abstraction that they can be numbered. (For, as has been said, no one ever counted up a hair, the number seven, and a wish as three things.) And it is the fact that they can be numbered which gives the exactitude in calculations and in statements about them which is the special characteristic of science.

A fortiori as it is with 'cells' so it is with units that have a more doubtful claim to 'reality,' such as molecules and atoms. Each measurement in science proves some other measurement: just as a new way of stating a sum proves the correctness of the calculation in another shape. But the sum itself is not a reality in a world of realities[1].

[1] Clerk Maxwell's demon is an illustration of the difference which may exist between the motions of the physical molecules *in se* and these motions as treated (by average) in science. But it hardly seems worth while to demonstrate this in view of the factitious character of the molecules themselves.

It need not be said (again) that matter has become for the physicist a mathematical abstraction, no more. So much so that theories are not wanting which would make of real matter (so to call it), *i.e.* all that through sense produces in us the experience we call matter, a kind of fault or discontinuity in the abstract matter; whereby it would follow that the nearest approach to reality (as we experience reality) which this abstract or essential matter can claim is due to a negative, is due to some quality which is *not* in it and so has no existence.

'Les plus modérés considèrent la matière vulgaire comme de l'éther condensé, ce qui n'a rien de choquant; mais d'autres en [de la matière] reduisent plus

Great emphasis is often laid on the fact that the phenomena with which science deals are 'independent of human volition[1].' One can understand the feeling which lies behind this expression. It is more than merely intellectual. It recognises that volition is an agent which often comes between us and reason and the love of truth. So that the enquiry into phenomena which men can neither alter nor avoid appears in the light of a sacrifice to truth. And no doubt it has a tendency to be that. But we must remember that *all* knowledge as such is 'independent of human volition' in this sense; all reason and all knowledge are this. What we enquire into is a something static, something which merely exists[2]. Any change which we may wish to make in the phenomena we are studying has no part in our knowledge of them as they are—of the truth concerning them. There is indeed a certain fallacy involved in the idea of 'independence of human volition' characterising scientific truth: it is reached by massing together 'human volition' to make thereof one notion. For the will of others has no effect on my finding out the truth concerning them: no effect I mean on the sincerity of my search. Artistic reason not less than scientific can only work if it works independently of the wishes of the reasoner. Napoleon will not find out what the Archduke is going to do if he makes the wish the father to his thought. The cooling of the child's breath upon the window is indeed independent of

encore l'importance; ils n'y voient plus que le lieu géométrique des singularités de l'éther. Par exemple, pour Lord Kelvin, ce que nous appelons *matière* n'est que le lieu des points où l'éther est animé de mouvements tourbillonnaires; pour Riemann, c'était le lieu des points où l'éther est constamment détruit; pour d'autres auteurs plus récents, Wiechert et Larmor, c'est le lieu des points où l'éther soubit une sorte de torsion d'une nature toute particulière. Si on veut se placer à un de ces points de vue, je me démande de quel droit on étendra à l'éther, sous prétexte que c'est de la vraie matière, les propriétés mécaniques observées sur la matière vulgaire, qui n'est que la fausse matière.'—Poincaré, *La Science et l'Hypothèse*, p. 98.

[1] At other times those who speak in a spirit of advocacy are apt also to make the precisely opposite claim for science, viz. its utility as contrasted with empty speculation. But 'advocates' generally want to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

[2] 'Objects' are indeed partly created by a certain reciprocal act of our volition—so at least I maintain—in the way that is suggested in the twelfth chapter of our Second Book. (Hegel, too, makes *erkennen* include an act of volition.) But this has nothing to do with any act of volition which might interfere with knowledge or reason.

the volition of the child: but so is the scolding it gets from its mother. These two (Napoleon and the child) are instances of the dramatic art—dramatic reasoning. The subject-matters of other arts are still more obviously independent of those who reason about them. Cobalt will not be a shade more like ultramarine though the painter wish ever so: nor to please the musician the hautbois more resemble the piccolo.

It was, indeed, scarce worth while summoning up these examples. For (as has been said) the act of reasoning and the act of willing are distinct.

On the other hand, anthropomorphism or the human point of view cannot be entirely excluded from science. The results of the spectrum analysis applied to the heavenly bodies are miserably small compared to the results of chemical analysis applied to earthly bodies, and hence to our entire planet. It is the distance of the bodies on which the spectrum analysis is used which gives its results such interest. But that is an 'anthropomorphic' consideration. In the celestial system itself no body is distant and no body is near. For there is no point of departure.

A certain chemical process (a dissociation-association of atoms) which we call combustion releases energy which applied in one way will disintegrate matter after a certain fashion, will change solids into liquids and liquids into gases. But if applied in another fashion it will have an effect purely mechanical, will move a given mass a given distance. Because the first exhibition of energy, when it meets us, affects us in a particular way, we call that 'heat.' The other affects us quite differently: we call that kinetic energy. And the quantitative relation of one sort of action to the other sort of action we call the mechanical equivalent of heat. That seems a much more wonderful thing than the ponderous equivalent of a pint of water: in other words what a pint of water will do if, making abstract of all its other qualities, it be asked to pull against a weight. It is so far more wonderful that it is a measurement more difficult to make.

Thus anthropomorphism, if it is expelled at the door, comes back in large measure by the window. We have learnt however to make abstraction of other kinds of heat which are not

energy—the heat of a mustard-plaster, say; and we smile at Bacon's classification of heat-producing things[1]: though in a sense it is more consonant with reality than the attitude we now take up.

Thus we move on until we reach the conservation of energy itself. There is no difficulty in understanding the real or the true significance of this theorem, so long as we remember that in the word 'energy' is implied the adjective 'measurable.' Just as in science is implied not *scientia*, knowledge, but demonstrable and really in the end mensurable knowledge, so in energy we mean by implication mensurable energy, energy that comes under a certain category of which the formula mass × velocity gives the normal type. But what sort of energy should we get by multiplying mass into the velocity of thought? True it may be said that 'the velocity of thought' is only a metaphor. And in a general way we mean by velocity something which is external and measurable, as we mean the same by 'mass.' But if anyone allowed himself to fancy that because we use the word 'velocity' for thought, therefore some day we should get a formula of kinetic energy out of thought × mass, he would not be in a different position from those philosophers—Comte at their head—who have dreamt of a series of like formulae which should represent the whole of life, the sum total of experience. And the truth is, scientific philosophers only cherish such notions or such hopes in the passivity of their studies or laboratories; they do not (save for polemic purposes) carry them into their ordinary life. For their imagination is in existence all the time presenting them with realities, however much they may suppose that loyalty to their study, their party, their creed, obliges them to shut their eyes upon the realities of life.

The other day the doctrine of the conservation of energy seemed to have received a huge shock. This was when the new force or forces called the radio-active were brought to light. Among all the persons who have adopted the theory that the conservation of energy is the formula which gives the key to all existence, how many, I wonder, passed sleepless nights and

[1] *Novum Organum*, II. xi. 22–26.

haunted days during the period of suspense? Yet they ought to have done so: the whole fabric of the philosophy of science possibly crumbling down! They ought to have, and yet need not. For common-sense more powerful than theories told them that the realities of the world would be in no wise changed. The conservation of energy would indeed have been preserved at all cost. It is too convenient a summary to be given up. But just because it is a 'convenient summary' it cannot be used also as an explanation of the universe.

A single metaphor which is also an example of the functioning of science may serve to sum up the conclusions of this chapter to those who have followed its course of reasoning. Take the example of a train journey from London to Brighton. The power of making such a journey we owe to science; and it is a power whose exercise is of the highest utility. In the course of this journey the distance is measured by miles—*i.e.* units of distance; and these units of distance are all we know, all at any rate that we need to know, in the course of our journey. But these units of distance have nothing to do with the country which lies between London and Brighton which is the *reality* which keeps the two towns apart. This, which is an example of an actual process (essentially scientific), is also symbolical of the relation of our scientific processes to the realities by the side of which they (so to say) pass.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CURRENT PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE.

NEXT to the invention of writing, if second even to that, the invention of number is the greatest achievement of mankind of a material sort. And it is no wonder that in superstitious ages magical properties have been ascribed both to letters and numbers. Our Gothic ancestors went as far as any people in one direction, the supernaturalising—the thaumatopoeia—of letters, which they received quite *ab extra*—probably from Greek merchants navigating from the Chersonese by way of the Dnieper or the Dniester and the Vistula—received quite *ab extra* and never assimilated. For they never in the strict sense had a literature. Their runes they used only for mnemonic inscriptions and such like. And as letters remained the more unfamiliar, they remained the more supernatural.

To us the realising such a state of mind in regard to letters is impossible: in regard to numbers we may get a faint shadowy conception of it. And that explains why quasi-magical notions concerning numbers should have lingered much longer in human history; seeing that they are to be found among a people so cultivated as were the Greeks of Magna Graecia in the fifth century before Christ. For without doubt the idea of number as it is incorporated into the Pythagorean philosophy is what we have said, quasi-magical, half-magical. Sometimes we can almost capture the state of mind of that school when we read that 1 is the point, 2 the line, 3 the plane: for two points are sufficient to determine a straight line, and three points, so they be not in a straight line, to determine the plane. And four points not in the same plane give the cube, solidity: so that when we are told that 4 is the *thing*, is substance, we follow the idea in the thinker's mind. But when we are asked

thereupon to accept 5 as representing the adjective, the quality, we are thrown out altogether. And what of virtue being 9? Having reached that, we are driven back to the memories of our childhood and perhaps the same magic-making instinct living on in us then, whereby numbers had a sort of personalities, and very often colours and sounds attaching to them.

Yet in a more general way we can sympathise with the Pythagorean aberrations, if we concentrate our minds and bring clearly before our thoughts the marvellous character of numbers and of arithmetic considered as a whole, a thing nowadays so involved in all our thought and yet so much outside all our experience. Number is as a creation closely analogous to that (also semi-magical) conception of *picturing sound* which is in fact the achievement of letters.

In any case the importance the Pythagoreans ascribed to number was but an aberration in a philosophy which was in many ways (no doubt) sound, and certainly on some matters was remarkably far-seeing. For it conceived the idea of the revolution of the earth and the heavenly bodies round some centre; and that was an intellectual-moral advance on the cosmogonies which made our planet the centre of the universe. One cannot in any syllogistic form express what was reasonable in another Pythagorean idea, that the cosmos was governed by harmony: but in the domain of artistic reason it is quite comprehensible. And we see a distinct advance in this intellectual-moral notion of harmony, as the foundation of all things, over the purely material notions of the earliest philosophers (the Ionic school).

If we would understand the modern philosophy of science we should have to make a like abstraction from it of that element which almost amounts to a Neo-Pythagoreanism; so vast is the virtue which it, in its turn, ascribes to number, to the arithmetical element which it contains. This is its aberration. No doubt this element in science (measurement) is so closely bound up with its more distinctly philosophic procedures, tracing effects from causes, that it is not easy to separate the constituents. As parts of, as included in, the general reasoning process of science, numbers and measurements have their proper function. (Equally probable is it that to the Greek the Pytha-

gorean theory of number seemed bound up in the Pythagorean theory of harmony, and was legitimately connected with it, but not for the purpose of Pythagorean exaggeration.) Yet I deem that even with this Neo-Pythagoreanism, modern exact science, which, because it is so near us, is the more difficult to analyse, we can to some extent divide the essential from the superfluous.

That water flowing over the mill-wheel makes it go round—to recognise that is to recognise an effect from a cause. To calculate the exact amount of water required to turn the wheel is indeed an addition to our knowledge and especially valuable on the side of utility. But it would be absurd to represent this calculation as the essential of the reasoning process. This is however what the votaries of science are apt to do when they philosophise on science, dwelling especially on the fact (as they deem it) that science is the only form of *exact* thought: the word 'exact' being as was pointed out in the foregoing chapter another way of saying thought which is concerned with measurement. No doubt the part of artistic reason *vis-à-vis* with demonstrable reason is harder to vindicate and claim. For educational purposes demonstrable reason is what the sacraments are declared to be, 'generally necessary' for the salvation, the conservation, of the reasoning faculty. Even this, however, would be to a large extent a matter of circumstance. The artistic reason, cultivated for example by life in the country and the observation of nature and animal life, might keep the reasoning faculties alive more effectively than any demonstration. We said in the last chapter that the naturalist is in fact much more apt to ask the question Why? than is the mechanician; though the latter can answer it with more exactness within the limits of his limited province. More often than not, however, he only asks the question, How? On the whole the artistic reason is communicated by a closer personal intercourse than is the demonstrable—as we should expect. And this is a matter which concerns the whole question of education.

The current philosophy of science, however, or perhaps one should say of men of science and of those who have had their thought mastered by scientific training (and one should add a third division, those who have had their thought mastered by the *thinkers* of these two classes, such as are many of the

Comtists and Spencerians, who may hardly be said to think for themselves), the philosophy of all these three classes has in a double degree left the narrow path of right reason. *That* enjoins us to give equal weight to the two forms of reason, demonstrative and undemonstrative, scientific and artistic; which are indeed, as we have insisted, not really two kinds of reason, but the same reasoning faculty operating in different circumstances and upon different materials. Metaphysicians, philosophers, all those who deal in argument do so far leave the narrow way, that they give much the greater weight to demonstration, and in common practice ignore the artistic reason: but from time to time they right themselves by recognising a subtler use of reason (*Vernunft*) which is really a combination of the artistic and the demonstrable methods. Or else they recognise wisdom as something better than ordinary reason, or 'judgment' which is allied to wisdom. 'Wisdom' is again the artistic reason operating in the domain of the emotions. But the purely positive thinker puts in no saving clauses of this kind: and if beside being a positive thinker by nature (one of the Bentham type) he have been specially hypnotised by his scientific training, he will think that the addition of measurement and numbers is necessary to make reasoning legitimate and its results 'real.' It is this last form of the current philosophy of science which may be fairly described as Neo-Pythagoreanism.

We cannot, it was said, enter literally into the magic powers attributed to 'numbers' in days when number was a comparatively new thing in the world's history. But we all of us every day feel and submit to its fascination: it overmasters our reason (to some extent) despite of ourselves. The simplest minds are merely overwhelmed by the calculations which science offers them; as that the ethereal vibrations of those rays (the red) which have the slowest rate of vibration are 400 trillions per second: the which, if they could be stretched to become the *minimum perceptibile* (by our sense), instead of a second to transact themselves, would take 25,000 years: that light travels at the rate of 186,000 and odd miles a second: that the nearest star is distant some 18,000,000,000,000 miles, and so forth. To have made these calculations seems to the

general reader a feat almost superhuman. He is already prepared to believe that there is no knowledge worth the name which does not include statistics of this kind. And his teachers in science will tell him so. I have already quoted Mr Karl Pearson as saying that all metaphysic thought must lie outside any intelligible definition of the word *knowledge*. From which it followed, as we saw, that the man who had pleasure in listening to music could not know that he had pleasure, because such knowledge would be outside any intelligible definition of the word 'knowledge.'

In a similar strain the same author writes:

'To say that there are certain fields—for example *metaphysics*—from which science is excluded, wherein its methods have no application, is merely to say that the rules of methodical application and the laws of logical thought do not apply to the facts if any which lie within such fields.'

Again:

'Science claims that the whole range of phenomena, mental as well as physical—the entire universe—is its field. It asserts that the scientific method is the sole gateway to the whole range of knowledge.'

* * * * * *

'The unity of all science consists alone in its method, not in its material.'

* * * * * *

'The touchstone of science is the universal validity of its results for all normally constituted and duly instructed minds. Because the glitter of the great metaphysical systems becomes dross when tried by this touchstone, we are compelled to class them as interesting works of the imagination, not as solid contributions to the sum of human knowledge[1].'

If authority were the mark we might contrast this language with the conclusions of Professor Pearson's brother physicist on the other side of the channel. For, as we saw, the ultimate conclusions of Poincaré are that science gives us not truths, but a convenient way of arranging phenomena.

Authority however is an evil thing in the eye of reason. What was said in the last chapter was enough to show that the judgment of reason is rather on the side of M. Poincaré than of Professor Pearson. For with number reality disappears, convenience takes its place.

But it is worth while analysing the above passages further,

[1] Pearson, *Grammar of Science* (1900), Introduction.

in order to ascertain exactly what were the thoughts in the mind of the writer. For, though without doubt they speak the language of polemic rather than of philosophy, the sentences quoted only repeat what has been affirmed a thousand times by scientific writers and lecturers.

It *is* the language of polemic. What otherwise can be the meaning of the word 'claim' in the second paragraph cited? Is it a legal fiction in the sense that the Plantagenet kings claimed the possession of all the land of England? Mr Pearson in his calmer moments must admit that, when Napoleon divined the plans of some opposing general, that constituted knowledge. The law of contradiction applies here. The Archduke Charles either would or would not move such a division from his left flank to his right. If Napoleon thought he would and acted on that supposition, and the Archduke did as was expected of him, how could that have been other than knowledge on Napoleon's part; and not haphazard knowledge but arrived at by a mental process? Yet how can science 'claim' the mental process which was Napoleon's as a part of science—save as I have suggested by some legal fiction? And if I know that Shakespeare is a greater poet than Longfellow, or our widow knows that her son will behave in such and such a manner, nobody can pretend that such knowledge comes under the head of science here and now. Yet the action of Archduke Charles and the conduct of the widow's son, and the poetry of Shakespeare: these are all 'phenomena.' What serves it then to claim territory you cannot occupy. When Whistler (say) decides that a combination of emerald-green and madder-lake will give (contrary to what an outsider might expect) a peculiar effect of grey evening—that of course might be expressed in terms of number, and so of science. But it is not. Here again the territory is occupied and effectively occupied by art. And in the case of none of the other forms of knowledge could science possibly have cultivated the fields she claims: only artistic reason would do that.

The words 'method,' 'methodical,' in the first quotation, these again have reference to number; they are paraphrases of the words 'numbered' or 'measured.' Even in its everyday application 'methodical' has this sense at the root. A methodical

writer or painter is he who writes or paints day in, day out, measuring his days as 'units' of time; but without considering whether they are informed by the one thing needful, inspiration, or in a lesser way by artistic sensibility. The method which Professor Pearson finds absent from metaphysic thought is precisely this element 'measurement' or 'number.' And the way it is hoped that psychology will one day become scientific is, either that we should some day establish a quantitative relation between nerve-vibrations and thought; or that we should establish a quantitative relation between different orders of thought (mental phenomena); as so many *ohms* of emotion corresponding to so many of stimulus, and so on. At present however it is impossible for the composer to think methodically in this sense, or to present his results methodically. For there is no unit of the pleasure men get from the harmonies of sound. And in his art the composer must think in terms of pleasure, not in terms of vibrations.

The words 'accuracy,' 'accurate knowledge,' as they are used by men of science, always have the idea of number subsumed, 'numerical accuracy,' 'numerically accurate knowledge.' No scientific training would enable a man to accurately reproduce the effects of twilight on water: because he must first have the sensibility which accurately sees them. It was an accurate sense of the value of words and images that enabled Shakespeare to write such lines as:

> 'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion';

or:

> 'Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty: violets dim
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes';

or:

> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown';

though no scientific training could have given him this knowledge.

The fourth of the sentences quoted from Professor Pearson, though in manner it is the most polemic, is on the other hand the most unexceptionable. It is of course true that

science, as the supreme example of demonstrable truth, can claim *acknowledgment* of the validity of its results where many parts of metaphysic and all the arts cannot. The 'validity' of the lines we have just quoted or of an evening effect by Whistler, will not gain universal acceptance, that is certain. But the universal acceptance of scientific truths goes (as we saw in the last chapter) along with their 'unreality.'

A score of passages might be cited from G. H. Lewes' *Problems of Life and Mind* having the same effect as those quoted from the *Grammar of Science*, and the same effect as the following which may be taken as their general summary, as it is the summary of Lewes' chapter on the relation of metaphysic to science:

'The scientific canon of excluding from calculation all incalculable data places Metaphysics on the same level as Physics[1].'

This is precisely true. If we leave out of account all data (in other words all phenomena) which are incalculable (numerically incalculable) we shall arrive at the fundamental thesis of all these philosophies of science—that scientific truth is the only reality.

But once again we have to get it clearly in our mind that these words 'calculable,' 'incalculable,' refer altogether to number. The whole Baconian philosophy, the whole theory of 'experiment' is only valid to correct knowledge misapplied. The subject-matter of metaphysic, 'ideas of space,' 'ideas of time,' 'ideas of causality,' and so forth, all these have been experimented on in the sense that they have all been experienced. For experience and experiment involve the same idea in different connexions; the experiment dealing only with less constant and therefore more phenomenal ideas. And it is the same with the ideas which form the basis of morals or of art. These are indeed emotional, but they are not mere emotion, that is to say if we put emotion on the same level with perception. Perception is one thing, the phenomena of perception are another. And so we may say that emotion is one thing, the phenomena of emotion are another. It is the phenomena of emotion which, we will say, help our widow to decide upon (*i.e.* to calculate on) the future action of her son,

[1] *Problems of Life and Mind*, Vol. I. p. 60.

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or Napoleon to calculate on the future action of Archduke Charles, or the painter to perceive the exact tone of a grey evening, or the composer to know the sort of pleasure which such and such a combination of wind and strings will produce. In common parlance all these persons calculate on a result: and if their (phenomenal) emotions have been just, they do not calculate in vain. They do not calculate their emotions in the scientific sense, because there is no unit of them; they lie quite outside the province of number and numerical measurement. But since effects are deduced from causes without the help of this numerical measurement, it is absurd to exclude them from the domain of reason.

The opinions I have been citing from Lewes and Professor Pearson are such as I referred to in the second chapter; opinions really in themselves absurd, but which a generation ago were universally accepted by the *illuminati*. The aberration of mind which would take 'measurement' as the test of truth is to be looked upon as temporary and accidental. After governing thought for a generation, and still governing the thought of the general, it is already losing its influence on the more thoughtful. The uses and achievements of Science have been so great that even her extravagances are pardonable. We look with sympathy upon her mewing her mighty youth; and we remember how long Science had to content herself with a humble seat at the board of knowledge, even when she was allowed to show her head at all without danger. In the old days of persecution her votaries were not perhaps worse off than the philosophers. Bruno was burned and Galileo escaped burning. But what slights has not science put up with since then—from the days when Newton figured or might have figured as the prototype of Swift's spider in *The Battle of the Books*, to the days when the Cambridge dons spoke of earth-shaking Darwin as a man 'given to stinks'? For the lots of the genuine man of science and the true artist are of a kind. The one, as the other, must pursue his avocation with the best faculties he possesses. He has no time to sound a *fanfaron*, as the glibber sort of people have, the folk of quick memories and ready speech and not much else, who beginning perhaps as 'scholars,' pass journalists in the end—*passent critiques, comme tous les impuissants qui mentent à leur début.*

There are of course nowadays in the hour of the triumph of science, men of the *fanfaron*, men who wish to throne as popes and talk the language (the *technique*) of science like priests speaking of the mysteries: who not content to excel in their department, want to philosophise for the world. Professor Pearson seems to be not untouched by this ambition. But he is far outdone by the remarkable Professor Haeckel in his *Welträthsel* or 'Riddle of the Universe,' which is a very Athanasian Creed of the Church of Science. One is sorry to see that this book is published (and not without loud blowing of trumpets) by a society which takes in its title the holy name of reason—The Rationalist Press Association—a book which at its very outset proclaims that a certain 'law of substance' (*Substanzgesetz*) which is under the special protection of Herr Haeckel, is a 'fundamental cosmic law' which '*establishes* the eternal persistence of matter and force, their unvarying constancy throughout the whole universe.' A little farther on our author writes that from the standpoint of his 'monistic system' (which is also the theory of the law of substance) we see the truth of certain 'cosmological theorems, most of which in my opinion have been already demonstrated.' Of the cosmological theorems, which if not demonstrated before are so by the law of substance, the following are the first and chiefest: '(1) The Universe or Cosmos is eternal, infinite, and illimitable; (2) its substance with its two attributes (matter and energy) fills infinite space and is in eternal motion; (3) this motion runs on through infinite time as an unbroken development, with a periodic change from life to death, from evolution to devolution.'

What manner of philosophy are we like to get from a mind which thinks it possible to *demonstrate* propositions involving the ideas of 'eternity,' 'illimitableness,' 'unvarying constancy throughout the whole universe,' and which can pronounce with the same sort of authority that in the thirty-nine articles professes to know 'the eternal purpose of God,' that in 'my opinion' propositions which involve these ideas 'have been already demonstrated'?

Even among the better sort of philosophers of science—such as Herbert Spencer—we find this universal failing, that

they cannot free their thought from scientific prepossessions, nor get rid of the weakness, the philosophical weakness, arising from the habit of quantitative—numerically quantitative—valuations. They are thus incapable of thinking in 'ideas.' This weakness they mistake for strength, and constantly lecture the layman that he does not bring this habit into all his thoughts. Thus, speaking of the continuity of motion, Spencer writes:

'The axiomatic character of the truth that Motion is continuous is recognised only after the discipline of exact science has given precision to the conceptions. Aboriginal men, our uneducated population, and even most of the so-called educated, think in an extremely indefinite manner. From careless observation they pass by careless reasoning to conclusions which do not contemplate the implications—conclusions which they never develop for the purpose of seeing whether they are consistent. Accepting without criticism the dicta of unaided perception to the effect that surrounding bodies when put in motion soon return to rest, the great majority tacitly assume that motion is actually lost,' etc.[1]

Once more let it be said that this 'precision' which the average man does not give to his perceptions is quantitative measurement in itself, a pure convention, though for the logic of science a necessary one. It is part of the same convention that when motion is converted into heat we still reckon it as (molecular) motion: and not only that but, as Spencer is of course bound to recognise, 'potential' motion, that too must count as motion to keep up the scientific convention—as when two mutually attracting bodies are in a state of pause at their apogees:

'Motion as here considered must be taken to mean *not change of position in space* merely, but that activity which change of position implies.'

The word 'merely' is deceptive and has no place here.

But why should the average man, making judgments on his own experience, carry about with him this purely conventional definition of motion? And why is he, though 'so-called educated,' to be blamed if he reasons on his own experience and not otherwise? It is as foolish to find fault with him for not having 'learnt up' the conventions of science, as it would be to find fault with him for not knowing that in Greek *thrombos* means a clot (as of blood), and so being unable to guess at the sense of the medical

[1] *F. P.* pp. 150–1. A categorical refutation of the passage quoted, p. 29 note.

term *thrombosis*. No doubt a scientific training is a capital exercise for the intellect: but so is the knowledge of other languages a training for other sides of the intellect. Neither the one nor the other will make a man reasonable, nor give him a philosophy of life.

In estimating such a thing as that vast system of Synthetic Philosophy which Spencer built up with unexampled labour, we are bound to give due weight to historical considerations. Science, as we have said, was in the sixties and the seventies bounding forward with a renewed youth. It is impossible to doubt that as an aid and an inspiration to many separate workers that great 'idea' which, while it has taken flesh in Darwin's discovery, spiritually informs Spencer's system, had a high value. The present writer can remember how, when he came up an ignorant freshman to Cambridge, the name of Spencer resounded in the talk of the distinguished men of those days, of course chiefly of the men of science and of the mathematicians, such as W. K. Clifford of immortal memory: these were not ashamed to speak of Spencer as their great master. Those will be most apt to sneer who know least of the Synthetic Philosophy, of its enormous range, of the wide intellectual interests which it bears witness to, and to a mind to which abstract philosophy was not a closed book that could at the same time enter into all forms of scientific knowledge and of scientific reasoning. In the encyclopaedic compass of his knowledge there is only one of the moderns who can be compared to Spencer, Auguste Comte. Comte figures proudly in front of the Sorbonne in Paris; and friends of orthodoxy, such as Ferdinand Brunetière, take shadow under his wing. In England we are too apt to treat our dead otherwise, and think we honour ourselves by depreciating them.

Neither Spencer nor the science which he championed is to blame for those historic reasons which caused both to wander somewhat from their path, and lose the thread of right reason by constituting the convention of number a root-principle of knowledge. If they were tempted to polemics they had abundant justification, which we cannot speak of lest we should be polemic ourselves. Still, as we have said, Reason herself is inexorable: and as a world-system independent of all time the

Synthetic Philosophy is untenable. A philosopher must before all else learn to think in 'ideas.' If Spencer had so thought he would have realised that that 'force' of his which (after the manner of the old Greek hylicists) he selected as his ultimate reality, is only an 'idea' among many ideas, and that to make all other ideas but modifications of this one is, in fact, to make the part contain the whole.

This too must be added concerning Spencer and all the others who have endeavoured to impose upon us a philosophy of measurements; that, great as are the achievements of science and the labours of scientific men, these are on the whole very much before the world, very much in evidence. No rule obtains in science analogous to the rule in art, *summa ars est celare artem.* From earliest times comedians have made fun out of the doctor's habit of dressing up commonplace facts in pompous phrases; and something of the same habit has fallen upon scientific men generally. It is indeed most notable in that branch of science, biology, which is nearest allied to medicine: this is because biology like medicine deals after all with a number of things with which we are perfectly familiar. As a cold in the head does not become more wonderful from being called a catarrh, no more does the thigh-bone from being designated by the Latin name for thigh. This pompous habit is certainly not wanting in Spencer. It is really quite unnecessary for the purposes of a philosophy of life, to go into the detailed explanations which he gives us, which would be appropriate enough in a handbook of the particular branch of science he is treating of. A writer on the art of war does not think it needful to begin by describing the form of a soldier's knapsack, nor even the working of his rifle with a short discourse on the theory of trajectories. Spencer would proceed in this way. The first twelve pages for example of his *Principles of Psychology* could be dismissed in half as many sentences. Spencer has already given us his *Principles of Biology.* The minute description of the nervous system will do nothing to establish what is the kernel of Spencer's thesis as of Lewes'—in Lewes' words 'the dependence of mental states on neural states.' And as a fact that, which is the *crux* of the whole question, is merely assumed by Spencer. So it is by Lewes and all the others of

this school. Almost all of these do proceed by the same method which is Spencer's, an immensely elaborate preparation of the ground, and then a sudden assumption of the point in dispute. So that when you have supposed yourself sitting down to a philosophical treatise, you rise with the impression of having seen a conjuring trick.

Now even from the standpoint of pure science it holds true that if $A = f(B)$ (if A is a function of B) so does $B = f(A)$ (so is B a function of A). And it is scientifically as justifiable to speak of the dependence of neural states on mental states. But of course the error of this axiomatic principle of scientific psychology lies more deep than this. It is the fundamental error of substituting the *a priori* of time for the *a priori* of reason. I have moreover already mentioned how, even from the standpoint which the physical-psychologists take, and within the limits of their jurisdiction, they are at fault in a matter which has been pointed out more clearly by M. Bergson than by any previous thinker: how all the psychologists of the Spencer, Lewes, and 'naturalist' type talk glibly about the 'stimulus' at one end of the nerve and the 'reaction' proceeding from the central ganglion, the brain or whatever it may be, at the other end of the nerve. But they have not taken account of the fact that the stimulus to each atom of sensitive protoplasm comes from the whole universe. What then is to determine the reaction? If left to itself—if it is to be reaction to the whole world—it would be so constant and universal as to be indistinguishable from a state of rest. Take for instance the eye. At every moment we receive rays from the manifold before our faces. If we reacted by knowledge to this stimulant we should see everything before us all at once. In a word we should see nothing. The actual neural state which we call seeing is regulated by a vast concatenation of previous mental states. In a word, as was said above, B is quite as much a function of A as A is of B.

For our discussion however this proof is beside the mark. The impossibility of a parallelism between neural states and mental states is much more fundamental, lying in the fact that neural 'states' are for science matters of measurement, and so in themselves are not 'realities.' Two principles (as we saw in

the last chapter) dominate in scientific reasoning—the principle of measurement and the principle of regarding things not in themselves but as the embodiments of a particular idea. Perhaps these two are really one; and one ought to say that science is the regarding things as representatives of different ideas in succession—such as the hardness, weight, angularity, etc., of the piece of coal—of which ideas however number is always one. Only as number stands apart from all ideas which are founded on experience, the earlier statement is the more satisfactory. Lewes says in one place that the only true ontology or being of natural objects is given by science. The contrary is of course true: with objects in being, with objects as realities science does not deal: and, unless imagination were at hand bringing back the subject-matter as *things*, as 'wholes,' being is precisely what they would cease to have.

It is admitted that modern science is more and more tending to reduce all its knowledge under the head of number and of measurement. And this is why it is often said that to-day Aristotle is being vindicated as against Bacon. For if we compare this numeral treatment, which is essentially *a priori*, with Aristotle's method, we shall find they differ in no great degree[1]. This also must be said, that the delight which the man of science finds in his pursuit, the pride and satisfaction which its results give him, is not always, as he perhaps imagines, the discovery of new truths, but the logical satisfaction of working out his results by mathematics. Take the Planetary Theory as an example. Newton's discovery was no doubt one of the most wonderful ever made in this kind—the most wonderful, let us say. Its wonder is in part its simplicity. But after all the simplicity itself takes from it any great fount of intellectual pleasure. 'Directly as the mass, inversely as the

[1] When in the light of what has just been said we re-read the *Novum Organum* and note how Bacon himself applies his principle of induction, we see how far away from it modern science has really moved. Bacon considers the operation of induction under two kinds of axioms or rules. The first regards a body as a *troop or collection of simple natures*—as gold is yellow, malleable, of a given weight, etc. The second follows the *history* of the compound natures, *i.e.* knows how the seed matures into the vegetable. In neither case does arithmetic, measurement, enter as a primary element, or impose itself as a first condition. And the second process is more analogous to natural history than science strictly so called.

square of the distance': it is said in a moment; and the mind, do what it will, can gain no great satisfaction from repeating the formula. The intellectual satisfaction of the Newtonian law lies in the parallelogram of forces, and all the deductions made from that, till we arrive at the elaborate integrals of the Planetary Theory. These things however are of the domain of metaphysics. They are the *a priori* working out of ideas dependent on number, not upon observation and induction.

And so it is in a greater or a less degree through the whole domain of modern science; but more especially in those regions of physics and thermodynamics where science has of late made such marvellous progress.

In a word, the interest attaching to the fact that we can calculate the distance of Sirius, the vibrations of a violet ray, the strain upon a rod of iron or upon the surface of a drop of water, lies not in the importance of these things to us, the interest of them in themselves for us: for out of the four measurements I have cited at random two at the most could have any practical utility. But it lies in the wonderful instrument, mathematics, which brings them all under one category, and which to the unthinking seems to explain each by the others. It does not in reality (I believe) show effects from causes to the extent it seems to do: and it is more a 'logicism' of the Aristotelian-physical sort than rigid logic. This, I say, I believe. But it would require something of a treatise handled by one more competent to demonstrate this. Unless I misunderstand M. Poincaré's *La Science et l'Hypothèse*, he would accept this conclusion. But the mere exercise of the instrument of reason (logic or mathematics) is in itself an immense satisfaction to the intellect, and a natural source of pride and pleasure.

Only it is an academic pursuit, like the pursuit of the schoolmen, and may in the end lead, through the intricacies of 'reasoning,' quite away from reason and sense. And then it is that the votaries of the art will begin to talk of science 'claiming' all branches of knowledge, without having formed any *schema* whereby science is to teach Napoleon to read the thoughts of Archduke Charles; or Beethoven to write one of his sonatas; or Claude Monet to give us the dull sparkle of the Thames

under our veiled London sunlight; or Coleridge to write such lines as:

> 'A savage place, as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon lover,'

any one of which achievements may well express the knowledge of a life-time (in Whistler's phrase) and not less thought and reasoning power than d'Alembert's theorem or those of Pascal and Leibnitz.

It is, as was said in the second chapter, essentially the want of words which is apt to make us misapprehend the processes of artistic reason. A composer, we said there and have already repeated, really thinks in terms of the pleasure given by harmonious sounds. But that word 'pleasure' is defective. It should be 'pleasures.' And there is no reason in the nature of things why each of these 'pleasures'—which are not the same thing as the atmospheric vibrations which are really expressed by musical notation—why each of these pleasures should not have a name. Then it would be more easy to appreciate the amount of thought given to their just combination. We, as a fact, talk of pleasure in the general, and think of it as something vague and general accompanying the sounds which the *ear* receives. It is really 'pleasures,' and is what the *personality* receives. The scientific philosopher goes, of course, farther away from reality, and identifies the sounds with the neural vibrations communicated by the vibrations of the air. Then, with an habitual confusion between the *a priori* of time and the *a priori* of logic, he speaks first of the sounds and then of the pleasure as being dependent on the vibrations; and, passing on by the process of thought indicated in G. H. Lewes' expression 'the dependence of mental states on neural states[1],' he reaches the psychologist's idea of expressing the pleasure in terms of the vibrations. And this is an example precisely parallel to

[1] From Lewes we have also this curious statement: 'A biologist having ascertained that organic phenomena always require' [it should be 'imply'] 'special combinations of oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen for their basis, and are never found where these are absent, concludes that the ultimate fact of vitality is dependent on this combination.' So that if *A* and *B* are always found in combination, *B* is dependent on *A*. As lions are always tawny, the existence of the thing lion is dependent on the colour tawny.

examples which might be gleaned from the academic logicism of the scholastics. The mental condition it indicates is not different from that of the man who should assert that my pen and the interest I have in the subject we are discussing made two things.

Another illustration fits exactly the relation of Science to reality, so soon as the latter includes any element of emotion. It is that of a rich parvenu who buys his books (as we say) by the yard: more literally, by the cubic foot. As he does not know nor want to know the contents of the books, this from the point of view of measurement is a perfectly reasonable procedure. *Boxiana*, if it happens to fill up the same space, is the 'equivalent' of say Masson's *Life of Milton*: just as, ruling out the pleasure which different men have in it, a sonata of Beethoven *qua* neural vibrations is the same thing to everybody present in the concert-hall; or just as *qua* number seven nuts are the same as the seven planets.

It is a hard saying, but because it is true it must be uttered that this attitude of the millionaire expresses very exactly the position not of G. H. Lewes in particular, but of the whole school of men of science turned philosophers, the whole naturalistic school. Their wish to transform the totality of experience into a world of measurement is precisely our millionaire's wish. As he has 'no use for' the content of his books, so have they 'no use for' the pleasures of the musician and the artist, or one may say for the whole world of emotion and of art. He is logical enough if you grant his premise; and so are they. If all these books were written in a language which nobody could understand—if half of them were so—if in a language which only three living people could understand, the cubic measurement of the volumes would remain the same: and by the test of 'reality' that would (as one may say) survive. Nor has the millionaire, being unlettered, any means, nor has anybody sufficient means, of testing the *value*—the total effect or outcome of the *inside* of the volumes. It is impossible to tell how many will be read, how many remain unread; nor, if we could know this 'statistic,' should we be one step advanced; for we should need also to know how much the readers understood or appreciated of what they read. And a sum which contains

an unknown quantity cannot be equated. All these uncertainties, it will be confessed, take something from the 'reality' of the contents of the books compared to their cubic 'content'; and they take away that reality altogether to anyone who has got it firmly fixed in his brain that measurement means truth. So that every argument which you may discover in the Positivist philosophy for the exclusive use of the scientific method might be paralleled by our millionaire in favour of his method of book-selection.

This example shows to how vast a distance 'scientific' thought, 'scientific' method may pass from reality, so soon as they begin to concern themselves with those matters which are of the province of 'artistic knowledge,' and the subject for 'artistic reason.' It shows into what a chaos they might plunge the world. And they have gone a great way in that direction; as we shall see partly in the eighth chapter, still better when in the second book of this treatise we enter the province of reason applied to the actual problems of life.

CHAPTER VII.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY.

§ 1. *Anthropology.*

Both Anthropology and Psychology are commonly reckoned 'science.' The first is so in the sense that natural history is science: and this we saw that it was but doubtfully. Properly speaking anthropology (considered as a science or quasi-science) is a branch of natural history. Man is here looked on as a species and studied through his phenomenal belongings—implements, association, etc. On account of the special interest for us of this subject it may be allowed to enlarge its borders a little. On the one side it is apt to include some elements of biology. Most books on anthropology include descriptions of the human skeleton—comparison with the skeleton of the ape—and comparative craneology: though of course these enquiries belong to a science of their own, biology, and to drag them in again as parts of another science, anthropology, is essentially incorrect and misleading. Ethnology more legitimately belongs to the science we are speaking of. From ethnology it is common to proceed to the evolution of man's instruments of life. Such a study is parallel to the study of the (much less developed) instruments of animal life, the dam of the beaver, the cell of the bee, the nests of birds and insects. These too must have had their evolution and adaptability to environment. The history of human implements is the more interesting in that it extends over a vastly wider field and shows a much more rapid and traceable development. There is hardly any article in use by man which has not had its traceable history of growth and adaptability: in some cases the

implement may be isolated and dealt with in a very amusing manner, as if it were a natural growth and subject to the Darwinian laws of heredity and elimination. The history of *locks* and *keys*, for example, which was made the matter of a treatise by the late General Pitt-Rivers (Lane-Fox), is closely parallel to what we may surmise was the evolution of the orchid and of the beak of the humming-bird: only here is no surmisal but plain fact. The present writer claims to have shown that *coins* display, in their various changes of form and type, a closer parallel to the action of adaptability and heredity in natural objects than displays any other sort of implement[1]. Naturally, however, the more universal implements of man's use, such as ploughs or weapons of war, claim our chief attention. Ploughs, axes, hammers (maces), spears, swords—all these find their prototypes in the hoes or hatchets, darts and knives of stone-age men. In his *Anthropology* Dr Tylor has traced in a very pleasant fashion the evolution of the harp from the bow: the connexion too of both the piano and the fiddle with the harp or lyre is easy to follow. The evolution of the house—that again has been made a special study by a German, Herr Henning. Of all such histories that of the evolution of writing, which grew out of the instinctive art of 'picturing,' is the most strange, the most complicated and the most interesting. It has been very well outlined in Tylor's *Primitive Culture*; while the history of the spread of alphabets forms the subject of Isaac Taylor's *History of the Alphabet*[2]. The study of the growth of language

[1] 'There is an important fact connected with their morphology whereby coins are, so far as I can at present see, distinguished from almost all other implements used by mankind....They follow a law of heredity—as one may fairly call it—only less constant than the law of heredity in organic life. Almost all implements do in fact bow to a similar law; but in their case it is only established *ex post facto*: in the case of coins it must be laid down as a necessary principle. It is a fact that each sword or plough or water-jar is shaped essentially upon the pattern of the sword or plough or water-jar which preceded it. But there is no absolute reason in the nature of things why some heaven-sent genius should not invent the ideal and perfect type of each, since their relation is purely with natural forces. But coins have to perform no special function in relation to natural forces. Their concern is with human character: they have to pass current as media of exchange. Their adaptability for so passing current is chiefly determined—at least so far as the form and type of the coin is concerned—by men's familiarity with the preceding issues.' *The Morphology of Coins*, by C. F. Keary, pp. 5–6.

[2] More recent research has invalidated some of the theories in this book.

naturally frames itself together with the growth of other human implements. Here however we are on dangerous ground on account of the close connexion of speech with thought: so that language belongs as much to psychology as to anthropology. Each instrument or implement studied by the anthropologist, from the plough or the house up to human speech, should be regarded by him as parallel to the beaver's dam or the bird's nest: that is as a *phenomenon* to be studied in itself. The moment the anthropologist tries through the external machinery to enter the thought which lies behind it he is stepping beyond his sphere.

I take two examples to illustrate the divergence between anthropology and psychology. In the history of ideas, in the history of the human mind, the bone-carvings of the first stone-age on account of their excellence afford one of the greatest paradoxes conceivable. They appear to put to rout any theory which can be propounded to explain the nature of art. Yet in books on anthropology they obtain their recognition as curiosities but no more. And again, Tylor, in his *Anthropology*, after briefly sketching the relation of acting to dancing and that of the modern theatre to the ancient, and dwelling on some of the conventions of the stage such as the 'aside,' begins a new paragraph with these words: 'On this same power of make-believe or imagination are founded the two other fine arts, sculpture and poetry'; in which one of the impulses of human nature, namely the creative instinct (one which we shall in a future chapter try in some small measure to probe), is identified with imagination, and these two with what we ordinarily understand by make-believe. So that in one short sentence our author by anticipation denies all that in the present book we have been at pains to build up and make clear. It is of course quite natural that anyone whose mind has been moulded by scientific studies should deny or ignore the true place of imagination in presenting knowledge. But if the present treatise has any meaning, that is a reason for sharply separating the business of the anthropologist, in classifying the externals of human life, and his work whom if words could be rightly used we should call the humanist, the man who studies human nature by entering through his imagination into its thoughts and passions. That

is the meaning of the sixteenth century use of 'humanist'; and *literae humaniores* are so called because they are the means toward becoming a humanist of this type. But of late the ancient and honourable word has been wrested to quite new uses.

The last three chapters of Tylor's *Anthropology* deal with society and with history and mythology. I take the example of this hand-book because the apportionment of space to the different heads no doubt represents the judgment of this eminent anthropologist as to the place the different subjects take in the complete curriculum of his science. But in his own most important work, *Primitive Culture*, the same author has devoted more than half his space to religion and mythology. Of his treatment of these subjects there the proper place to speak will be when in the second book we deal with theology and kindred matters; and we shall refer to them again there. Taking the chapters in *Anthropology* as a more general but more typical treatment of these matters, the judgment must be that while they fully justify their existence and are *in se* replete with interest, one does not quite see why they should be a part of 'anthropology,' if anthropology is still to be reckoned a science. The history of legends belongs to history; and the history of beliefs or of religion generally, that is history likewise. It is for example interesting no doubt that 'in the island of Rotuma there was a very old tree, under which, according to tradition, the stone seat of a famous chief had been buried; this tree was lately blown down, and sure enough there was a stone seat under its roots which must have been out of sight for centuries': or that in the Ellice group of islands, along with a tradition that they came long ago out of Samoa, the natives preserved as a religious relic an ancient staff which proved to be of a wood only to be matched in Samoa. These are examples of the veraciousness of ancient legends. But no doubt a greater number of instances could be given of their unveraciousness. Facts of this sort would have to be taken account of by the commentator on Livy or on Herodotus. But in such case it is with the legends of the Romans or of the Greeks that he is dealing: and there would be as much obscurity as enlightenment to be got from the vague notion, if

he entertained it, that he was dealing with the legends of 'mankind.' By this I do not mean that the researches of the anthropologist are useless or indeed otherwise than highly valuable in themselves. All that I am arguing is that they should in no way be confused with 'science.' In a word, so soon as you come to deal with mental life and mental activities there is no unit of 'man,' as there is a unit of the beaver or of the ant. (Likely enough there is no unit of the latter in reality: but this we shall never know.) And when the anthropologist isolates the products of man's mental activity, as he almost always does, and deals with them as entities in themselves—comparing say this or that event in the wanderings of Odysseus with a Polynesian legend or a myth of the American Indians—he introduces more confusion than enlightenment into our knowledge. There is nothing which may not be classed. In respect of having four legs a cow and a table are in a class. And in the same way it is easy to find a 'unit of measurement' for human beings. If we were to take statistics concerning all the men who habitually wore silk hats we should find that their mentality differed in some elements from that of the men who covered their heads with 'bowlers.' But that would not be a legitimate proceeding in anthropology. It is hardly more sane to make 'units' out of the possession of some particular form of legend or myth. Yet there is a whole subsection of anthropologists who spend their lives over this sort of 'statistic.'

§ 2. *Psychology.*

It is more difficult (nay, in strict logic impossible) for psychology to claim the name of a science. But if we choose to 'trafic' a little with pure reason and adopt a particular point of view, it may be so considered; and we then get out of it much of the intellectual satisfaction which we get from the exacter sciences. Even these we have seen are rather exercises of reason than 'real' knowledge, more often logicisms than logic. The point of view we have to take is natural to all of us: it is the point of view of the child to whom a stone seems a real thing and the air at best half-real. We all, though we try and hide the truth from ourselves, agree at heart with the child:

nature in this case being stronger than reason. In like manner nature compels us with one side of our minds to agree that nerve-vibrations, displacements of the grey matter of the brain, are more real than thoughts and emotions. Yet with the other side of our minds we can see and acknowledge that 'nerve-vibrations,' 'displacements of the grey matter of the brain,' are themselves 'thoughts.' Physical-psychology, then, which is the only scientific form of psychology, becomes the concession to a sort of 'fad' or crotchet in our way of thinking (the 'stone-reality' crotchet one might call it); and the pursuit of this study is like the playing of a sort of game, which is interesting in itself and stimulating, but hardly part of a completely reasoned theory of the world.

It follows from our second chapter that in no form could psychology be a pursuit of very serious value. For we saw that in all knowledge which is distinctly human anything like demonstrable reasoning is impossible, and that the gaining of knowledge, the communicating of ideas in this field, must be chiefly through the channels of art. It is a natural corollary to that chapter that knowledge divides itself into two sections: (1) that which is concerned with external phenomena, the section in which words fit exactly to their meanings and demonstrable reasoning is possible; (2) that concerned with thoughts and feelings, for which language is inadequate, demonstrable reasoning not possible and real knowledge only to be acquired through art.

What then I imagine we should look for in psychology is something like a *memoria technica* of thought, something that will deal with thought—with the *psyche*, the whole inward personality—in a rough and ready way, extracting out of human thoughts some recurrent and quasi-statistical elements, and dealing with what are but fragments of thought (arbitrarily isolated) as if they were things in themselves. In common speech we continually have recourse to this rough and ready *objective* point of view. We say our brain is tired, when we know at the moment nothing about our brain, only that our thoughts no longer come without a sense of fatigue. It is quite fair to assume—and very possibly might be demonstrated by experiment—that the grey matter of the brain showed at the

same time signs of over-use. But what is the *real* relation of that fact to the difficulty of thought we do not know and seemingly shall never know. So long, however, as we keep in mind the notion of a *memoria technica* and banish from our minds causality which is the essence of science, no harm is done.

The 'isolation of elements' which we saw gives a certain unreality to physical science (p. 119) gives a much greater unreality to mental studies: but even this can be permitted from the point of view just set forth. Take once more for illustration those experiments on perception which have been reckoned one of the great triumphs of psychology (p. 120, note), the laws which have been found to govern men's perception of change in sound and weight, a certain arithmetical relation between the perception and the stimulus. Such perception is not in itself an isolated thought. It can only be got by an arbitrary breaking of the *continuum* which thought is in reality, first isolating by an effort the element of perception in that thought, and then regarding it as a thing in itself. But, 'why,' asks the psychologist, 'may I not isolate this idea "perception of change," and examine the laws which govern it?' 'There is no reason,' is the answer, 'why you may not do this, so long as you acknowledge that you are playing the game of regarding thought *sub specie phenomeni*—and thus for the nonce a subject for science.' But isolated 'perception of change' has no real existence. It will in fact depend altogether on the totality of a man's thought at any moment how soon he perceives changes in the sound he is hearing, the weight he is carrying at any moment. It is only by shutting the door upon the real source of real knowledge concerning human thought and feeling—the dramatic instinct—that it becomes possible to regard these fragments of thought or feeling as isolated and objective phenomena. And this instance applies to the whole class of 'statistics of thought' which have been collected with diligence (chiefly by the Germans) and of which a vast number lie enshrined in Wundt's voluminous publication *Philosophische u. Psychologische Studien*. All this study is amusing enough and stimulating (like a *Kriegsspiel*) so long as we do not confound the game with reality.

So soon, however, as we have agreed to shut off the sense of reality and the dramatic imagination which gives us reality, it is

possible to treat psychology in various ways. The confusion which arises in our minds from studying most books on this subject springs from the authors forgetting or not understanding that (in the way which we have here explained) they have made a treaty or transaction with truth and reason before they embarked on this study. The only form of psychology which puts on the garb of exact science is the method of the naturalists, who assume a correspondence (of nerve-vibrations, brain-readjustment, etc.) to every thought in accordance with the law of the conservation of energy. By this view thought becomes in the mechanical scheme of things a by-product, a sort of efflorescence or effulgence which has no causal part in the plan of the world. Such a theory is too far at variance with both common-sense and philosophy not to propound itself uneasily. For common-sense tells us that 'thought' is after all of supreme importance in human life: and philosophy shows us that all our experience is in fact 'thought.' Consequently the exponents of this type of psychology have wasted their energy and confused their readers by writing in a more or less polemic spirit against anticipated objections, collecting their data also in a polemic spirit, to produce an *impression* rather than to illustrate a system; or otherwise by using language of such obscurity that the logical content of their system was absurdity. In the heyday of what might fairly be called the Scientific Reaction or the Scientific Reformation, writers such as W. K. Clifford could expound the mechanical theory of psychology unambiguously. The mechanic theory belongs necessarily to Mr Spencer's philosophy, which is the child of this scientific reaction. It is a necessary corollary to the whole system of his synthetic philosophy that in a world determined completely by the conservation of energy thought itself becomes an excrescence. But Spencer covers up in great obscurity of language the issue between his materialist philosophy and a rationally idealist one. This physical philosophy of which we are now speaking is in strictness a section of biology. It deals with nothing but the outward manifestations of thought. What was said on a previous page (59) illustrates the significance of the phrase, 'the external manifestations of thought.' We saw how impossible it was to be sure that the drunken or drugged

man is not really carrying on a logical process of thought, though his words may suggest a person quite deprived of reason. It seems fair to believe that the effect of such drugs on the brain is to alter rather the orientation of a man's mind than his mental process: that it has an effect similar to the effect on our sight of being stood heels over head. When we have been restored to our equilibrium we seem to ourselves to have thought or seen all things awry. But certainly our vision has not itself changed during the process of our overturn; and our thought may not have done so either *essentially*. This surmise would apply to lunatics also. And if it be answered that in a world of people who stand on their feet those who stand on their head have no place and must be got rid of, I will admit that readily: these questions of social convenience have, however, nothing to do with the real nature of mental processes. So far as I know (but in this I have no expert knowledge), the experiments which have been made pathologically on human and animal brains correspond on the whole with this view. They show at any rate that some parts of the brain which were once reckoned the 'seats' of certain faculties or mental processes are not so, and that, though by a lesion of the brain the function may be temporarily destroyed, it is not so permanently, but after a time begins to reassert itself through other channels. Here, of course, I am using biological language. 'Manifest' itself through other channels is the correct word. And even in those cases (as of permanent lunatics) where manifestation is altogether destroyed or dislocated, that does not point to the complete disappearance of the faculty. Obviously in fact no positive proof could ever be produced of the control of thought by the nerves or the material of the brain, the two classes of things being not *in pari materia*.

As it was said in a previous chapter that Spencer's whole system of philosophy, though from a standpoint of pure reason unreasonable, was yet very useful in concentrating men's thoughts and interests on science, so we may say of that section of it, his psychology. To men working altogether on biological lines it has its use. But this applies (practically) only to Spencer's first volume. As an intellectual effort the second volume is indeed to be treated with great respect. It is a

noteworthy attempt. Resolutely shaking himself free from the influence of the whole body of 'metaphysic' that had come into existence and almost all previous psychology, Spencer endeavoured by his unaided intelligence to lay down new laws of thought. In the course of his enquiry he finds himself (or supposes himself) not ignoring but confuting the total *corpus* of metaphysic, the army of metaphysicians his predecessors. To do this logically and consistently was beyond the power of any man[1]. It is very largely by the confused use of words, such words as 'classification' (the 'classification of relations'), 'elements,' 'compounds,' along with what is in fact a purely 'atomistic' psychology, that Spencer seems, or may seem, to achieve his purpose. According to the thesis of this volume Spencer does not, however, stray farther from reality than do all psychologists who attempt to make a *science* out of their subject. No doubt Spencer almost always confounds thought with the object of thought. But all psychology rests upon the position (the posing) of some 'object' in place of a thought—only so can its objective (demonstrable) reasoning find a *point d'appui*. It follows from the contention of all this book—but more especially of our second chapter—that in no region of 'thought' can this plan fail to introduce error; and that in some regions (wherever the emotions are concerned) the error is likely to become so large as to destroy the value of almost all the propositions worked out.

Of the quasi-scientific and statistical order of psychology enough has been said. The only type that remains (though represented by the larger number of books on psychology) is in reality, in the true value of its content, no more than a loose and chatty collection of facts illustrating various functions or functionings of men's minds. I say advisedly 'men's minds' not 'the mind'; for that expression, which is adopted by analogy with 'the

[1] To-day naturally enlightened opinion is swinging back to recognise (what is the kernel of the whole matter) the priority of reason over experience. Thus of Psychology, M. L. Couturat (whom we have not always agreed with) writes in the *Rev. de Mét. et de Morale*, Mai, 1898: 'On devrait bien s'accorder à reconnaître que la Psychologie n'a *rien à voir* dans les problèmes métaphysiques et doit être absolument bannie de la Philosophie, attendu qu'elle [Psychology] est une science empirique et que comme telle elle est logiquement postérieure et subordonnée à la Théorie de la Connaissance.' (The italics are M. Couturat's.)

brain,' implies that 'mind' belongs to the order of phenomena, which is not the case. The books which contain this material are almost always interesting and are often an excellent stimulus to thought. But they never present us with what can be called a system; that is to say facts chained together by a consistent logical principle. Professor William James' *Psychology*—which I take first on account of my admiration of its content—begins with a summary of all that can be said on the biological side. But by the end of this part the author has confessed the absolute dualism of thought, on the one hand, of nerve and brain function on the other: which is as much as to say that in the history of thought or of the thinking-being (the *psyche*), if such there be, biological studies have no significance whatever. So that all this part has or should have as much to do with the purpose of Mr James' book as a topographical description of Corsica with a life of Napoleon. Unfortunately Mr James continually contradicts this same demonstration or admission of the duality of thought and 'organism,' and carries on trains of enquiry which have no meaning save from the 'biological' standpoint. (I have already admitted that in common parlance we constantly speak as illogically, talking about our brains being tired and so forth: and I admit that Professor James' shifting point of view does not impair the 'suggestiveness' of his book. But for the moment I am speaking on its claim to be systematic or scientific.) In one place, for example, Professor James has been arguing with much acuteness that 'relationship' is as much a part of experience as definite objects—in other words prepositions and adverbs as much as nouns substantive or adjective (we ought to say 'a feeling of *and*,' 'a feeling of *if*,' 'a feeling of *but*,' 'a feeling of *by*,' quite as readily as we say a 'feeling of blue,' a 'feeling of cold')[1]. We have only to read on a few pages to find our author expressing himself thus:

'Nothing is easier than to symbolise all these facts in terms of brain-action. Just as the echo of the whence, the sense of the starting-point of our thought, is probably due to the dying excitement of processes but a moment since vividly aroused: so the sense of the whither, the fore-taste of the terminus, must be due to the waxing excitement of tracts or processes which, a moment hence, will be the cerebral correlatives of something which a moment hence will be vividly present to the thought[2].'

[1] *Psychology* (1890), Vol. I. pp. 245–6. [2] *Ibid.* p. 257.

—a passage which leaves us in the same sort of confusion of thought which it sometimes appears Spencer's pleasure to create. For we observe that while certain modes or habits of thought are said to be 'symbolised' (only) by terms of brain-action, and other thoughts to have (only) their 'correlatives' in brain-processes, the excitement of brain-tracts and so on, intermediately the same processes and excitements are spoken of as the causes of modes of thought. Our idea of *whence* is 'due to' the dying excitement of one process, our sense of *whither* is 'due to' the waxing excitement of another process. If this is an accurate way of expressing things, then our sense of space is due to 'processes' set up by touch, by the expansion of the iris, what you will, on the old Lockean principle, and we are back again in pure biology.

And when from the green wood of Mr James' first volume we pass on to the maturer Chapter XXV. in the second, we have swung back as much into the full tide of physiological-psychology as if the scheme of the book had been continuous and uniform from the fourth chapter to this twenty-fifth, and the 'automaton theory' had never been made the subject of criticism. For the thesis of this chapter on the emotions, and indeed constructively of the chapter which precedes it, is purely automaton. It is that the emotions are caused by bodily disturbances, not as both idealist and common-sense psychology is wont to say, are their accompaniments, but bound up with them in what relation the absolute duality of mind and matter forbids us to assert. I will quote Mr James' words (the italics are his):

'My theory is that the *bodily changes follow directly the perception of the exciting fact, and that our feeling of the same changes as they occur* IS *the emotion.* Common sense says we lose our fortune, are sorry and weep; we meet a bear, are frightened and run; we are insulted by a rival, are angry and strike. The hypothesis here to be defended says that this order of sequence is incorrect, that the one mental state is not immediately induced by the other, that the bodily manifestations must first be interposed between, and that the more rational statement is that we feel sorry because we cry, angry because we strike, afraid because we tremble, and not that we cry, strike or tremble, because we are sorry, angry, or fearful, as the case may be[1].'

[1] *Psychology*, Vol. II. p. 447.

Psychologists, it has been said, seldom use clear and quite logical language. Spencer is never more obscure than when he is dealing with psychology or in any way with the relation of thought and matter. Mr James is rarely pellucid, though he has exceptional gifts as an expositor. The same is true of M. Ribot. In truth quite logical language is almost impossible in this field: and we have seen why this is so. If clearness is ever met with it is in the mouth of some thorough-going automatonist such as W. K. Clifford. Thus if the reader thinks at one moment that he has come to a quite positive statement in the above passage and in the words 'we feel sorry *because* we cry, angry *because* we strike,' etc., certain earlier words such as 'the more rational statement is,' and the vague assertion 'the bodily manifestations must first be interposed between,' will have warned him to limit his *avaras spes.*

However, on a later page Mr James seems to return to and adopt to its full extent the theory of a *causal* nexus between the physical changes (changes in the organism) and the emotion.

'If such a theory is true then the emotion is the resultant of a sum of elements, and each element is *caused by* [our italics] a physiological process of a sort already well known. The elements are all organic changes and each of them is the reflex effect of the exciting object.'

It would seem difficult to propound an automaton theory in clearer language. The same theory of the emotions was propounded at the same time as Mr James' first enunciation of it by C. Lange, a Danish physiologist—quite reasonably from the point of view of a physiologist, which is the point of view of the automaton theory—and the thesis of James and Lange is apparently approved by M. Ribot, who is not a physiologist but a psychologist[1].

[1] *Psychologie des sentiments* (ed. 1899), p. 94. I subjoin M. Ribot's summary of the James-Lange thesis together with a quotation from Lange.

1st. L'émotion n'est que la conscience de tous les phénomènes organiques (extérieurs et intérieurs) qui l'accompagnent et qui sont considérés généralement comme ses effets; en d'autres termes, ce que le sens commun considère comme les effets de l'émotion en est la cause.

2nd. Une émotion diffère d'une autre émotion suivant la quantité et la qualité de ces états organiques, suivant leur combinaisons diverses, n'étant que *l'expression subjective* [our italics] de ces divers modes de groupement.

Pour traiter un sujet scientifiquement, dit Lange, il faut s'attacher à des marques objectives: l'étude des couleurs ne devint scientifique que le jour où Newton découvrit un caractère objectif, la différence de réfrangibilité des rayons colorés. Faisons de même pour les émotions; c'est possible.

It is no disproof of Mr James' theory that it flies in the face of common-sense; for common-sense as we have had frequent occasion to notice is no sure guide to truth. 'Stated in this crude way' (says our author) 'the hypothesis is pretty sure to meet with immediate disbelief.' It is not part of my purpose here to argue for or against it. For I am not in this chapter dealing with the researches either of anthropology or psychology in themselves, but the position they take in the eye of a reasonable system of things, and so of the mentality of those engaged in those studies. To me the strangest part of the chapter I am discussing in Mr James' *Psychology* is not the hypothesis enunciated (which, as I have previously expressed myself, is while we are playing the 'automaton game' as reasonable as another), but the arguments by which its author seeks to establish it, arguments which are given by the following quotations. When not otherwise stated the italics are Professor James':

'I now proceed to urge the vital point of my whole theory, which is this: *If we fancy some strong emotion, and then try to abstract from our consciousness of it all the feelings of its bodily symptoms, we find we have nothing left behind*, no "mind-stuff" out of which the emotions can be constituted, and that a cold and neutral state of intellectual perception is all that remains. It is true that, although most people when asked say their introspection verifies this statement, some persist in saying theirs does not. Many cannot be made to understand the question. When you beg them to imagine away every feeling of laughter and of tendency to laugh from their consciousness of the ludicrousness of an object, and then tell you what their feeling of its ludicrousness would be like, whether it be anything more than the perception that the object belongs to the class "funny," they persist in replying that the thing proposed is a physical impossibility, and that they always *must* laugh if they see a funny object. Of course the task proposed is not the practical one of seeing a ludicrous object and annihilating one's tendency to laugh. It is the purely speculative one of subtracting certain elements of feeling from an emotional state supposed to exist in its fulness, and saying what the residual elements are....What kind of an emotion of fear would be left if the feeling neither of quickened heart-beats nor of shallow breathing neither of trembling lips nor of weakened limbs neither of goose-flesh nor of visceral stirrings were present, it is quite impossible for me to think. Can one fancy the state of rage, and picture no ebullition in the chest, no flushing of the face [etc.]... but in their stead limp muscles, calm breathing and a placid face[1].'

As it is the thesis of this chapter that logic is rarely or never found in 'psychology,' I shall not be thought discourteous

[1] *Psychology*, Vol. II. p. 451.

to the illustrious writer of this passage and to the yet more illustrious Herbert Spencer in saying that the paragraph just quoted recalls many similar ones in the older philosopher, wherein a series of 'suggestions' are represented as a chain of argument, until the reader feels his head going round. The difficulty is to find what (specially) to answer to the above plea, seeing that *none* of it really bears the character of evidence. Take for example the italicised passage. There we are asked to or defied to *abstract from* an emotion (or 'our consciousness of the emotion') certain (elements?) thereof. But Mr James' thesis is that that which we are asked to abstract from something else is the cause of that something else. How is it possible to abstract a cause from its effect? And is invariable concomitancy (in experience) the same thing as cause? We saw in a previous chapter how Lewes asserted that the invariable concomitancy of certain combinations of certain chemical elements with 'vitality' proved that 'vitality' was dependent on this combination. Even such an assertion as that (which is untenable) is not the logical equivalent of saying that the elements are the *cause* of vitality. No doubt in Mr Lewes' argument for causal connexion (as in Mr James') there is the additional fact that the body is in time anterior to the mind. But I imagine we have already threshed out the distinction between the logical and temporal *a priori*. In the sceptical philosophy itself that distinction is only obscured; while I feel sure that Professor James as a metaphysician does not accept the sceptical philosophy.

Without however attempting further the ungrateful and stupid task of criticising in detail the paragraph quoted (it is not much more than an enlargement of the italicised sentence), let us turn the glass and examine the question from the standpoint both of reason and common-sense. For in this case the two coincide.

When I imaginatively reproduce an emotion what else than the emotion (in little if you will) do I reproduce? Mr James speaks of 'the cold and neutral state of intellectual perception'; and he uses in the course of his chapter on his thesis several other expressions of a like intent. I do not fully know what is intended by the phrase. I have argued long since that *discussion* concerning the emotions is apt to be futile, because we

can never be sure that the words do evoke any corresponding feeling or an adequate corresponding feeling in our interlocutor, can never be sure that *e.g. pro patria mori* does evoke any emotion at all in our interlocutor the moment the phrase is pronounced. But I for my part never doubt that if it does so the emotion is simply the emotion of patriotism (however faint) and nothing else. That being so, granted that the emotion can be produced (even faintly) without (apparently without) concomitant organic disturbances, Mr James' theory falls to the ground.

All sorts of consequences, in truth, flow from the logical application of Professor James' thesis, which he would be himself the first to repudiate. Lange notes as one of the usual physical concomitants of grief that 'the mouth grows dry, the tongue sticky and a bitter taste ensues'; and this (as James suggests) is probably the origin of the expression 'bitter sorrow.' But suppose the bitter taste not to ensue, would that be a proof that the sorrow was less acutely felt, was in the symbolical sense less 'bitter'? Mr James would of course answer that the organic disturbances were not dependent on chance manifestations. But then it is just on these manifestations that he has been relying as the proof that the organic disturbances *cause* the emotion. He ought indeed (to be logical) to insist on a quantitative and statistical register of these emotions as theoretically feasible—that by the depression of a man's or woman's vitality (relative depression) the amount of his or her grief could one day be registered. Might not a jealous husband adopt some such principle in providing for his widow, and let his executors regulate her jointure by the thermometer?

If it be said the belief in the existence of organic disturbances is not founded on their manifestations (and of course this assertion must lie behind the James-Lange thesis), I am not here to dispute that proposition; only to show that to assert a causal nexus between the two merely brings us back again to physical-psychology; and that is an end of the matter. This is Lange's position: and from the point of view of a physiologist it is reasonable enough. The quotation given in the note to p. 157 shows Lange's position and that it is quite extra-psychological. For it is not true that the discovery of the different angles of refraction or different wave-lengths of the colours helps us to

study better their subjective meaning. The study of the objects called colours is one thing, the study of what colours mean to different minds is quite another thing: only a physiologist could confound the two. As we said long ago colours and sounds (subjectively) include the pleasures they give, are the pleasures they give very often; and no 'law of refraction' has anything to say in such matters.

Nevertheless it is impossible for Psychology, if she would pose as a science and affect to deal in demonstration, to escape the necessity of choosing some objective expression or sign for thoughts and emotions. And in the long run it makes no very material difference to the chances of error what order of external symbol is used—a word or what other. 'The psychological stock-in-trade of some authors,' writes Mr James with justice and acuteness, 'is the belief that two thoughts about the same thing are virtually the same thought[1].' But that is an error the same in kind as the notion that two emotions expressed by the same word are for practical purposes identical. Yet without that initial assumption how can you possibly arrive at the theory even that physical accompaniments of emotion are the same for all—putting aside the dependent thesis that the organic changes of which these are the manifestations are the *causes* of the emotions? If a man does not tremble when in danger you say either that he feels no fear or that he has self-control enough to suppress the manifestations of it. But does he in suppressing the manifestations leave the organic changes as they were? Or will you maintain that because he can suppress the manifestations of fear he by the same process gets rid of fear? For I maintain that the two processes are not correlated. The younger Pitt was an exceedingly nervous man and never to the day of his death got rid of a sense of terror before making a speech. In private life too Pitt often let this nervousness get the better of his self-control[2]. Not the less did he pass

[1] *Psychology*, I. p. 172.

[2] On the occasion of Canning's marriage Pitt was so nervous that he could not sign the register. (There were special reasons for this in the circumstances.) No doubt iron resolution would destroy a *part* of the emotion while destroying its manifestations. But if Pitt had *destroyed* his nervousness on one occasion after another it would have soon ceased to trouble him. And it troubled him all his days—shortened them no doubt.

among his followers at large for being unmoved as a rock. There is no doubt that *to a certain extent* the mere signs of an emotion if otherwise produced tend to increase that emotion: shivering for instance tends to increase men's fear: and that is a part of the significance of the phrase 'three o'clock in the morning' courage. And if Pitt had let himself tremble he would probably have been appreciably more nervous. But the essential of the emotion was with him in either case.

I put designedly in an extreme form the case against psychology when I wrote above that among *objects* we cannot even take words as representatives of the emotions. That however was argued at length in a long previous chapter. With the ideas which are current at present this statement will be taken as the equivalent of saying that we can never know anything about the emotions, at any rate can never communicate our knowledge. For knowledge in common parlance always means quantitative or statistical knowledge. But I have argued at length elsewhere and need not again go through the argumentation that artistic—in the case of human emotions, generally dramatic knowledge—is real knowledge and can be communicated (by art), though not statistically.

One day I doubt not we shall possess the words 'phenomenomorphic' and 'phenomenomorphism' and shall have learnt that, ridiculous though it is to express scientific knowledge of external nature in terms of the emotions (Nature abhors a vacuum, iron loves the loadstone, etc.) which is anthropomorphism, it is not less absurd to attempt to express what is essentially of human nature (emotion) in terms of objective phenomena—phenomenomorphism. The anthropomorphic habit in natural science has only just disappeared from us. We have an echo in it in the days (Goethe's young days) when the new science of chemistry was called in to explain the emotions; and men and women were thought to have 'affinities' analogous to those possessed by the chemical elements. For if on one side this was a materialisation (phenomenomorphism) of human feelings, it was made possible by a lingering anthropomorphism in judging of the phenomena of nature. In point of pure reason phenomenomorphism is worse than anthropomorphism. But for the sake of progress in

science it was of the utmost importance to get rid of the latter, and therefore at the moment phenomenomorphism is to be tolerated as a correlative of that process. This is only saying again what was said above, that if people like to play the biological game—pretending for the nonce that we are automata—they can do so without much hurt to their reasoning faculties. It is worse if a man occupy the position taken by the majority of psychologists and speak now biologically and the next moment as a metaphysician, *i.e.* with full understanding that 'thought' only is known, and full appreciation of the difference between the *a priori* of logic and the *a priori* of time. The ordinary psychologist would urge that some phenomenal expression for the thoughts and emotions must be chosen if we are to bring psychology within the sphere of 'reasoning': that an artistic treatment of human nature cannot do that. Lucretius somewhere urges the desirability of using reason anyhow—*i.e.* explaining things—even if we have to give wrong explanations—*mendaces reddere causas.* The value of such a principle depends on its application. I have already argued at length that artistic processes use reason, and so those who can follow them (in other words remake the processes for themselves) use reason likewise. The psychologist's plea in fact rests upon the old confusion of demonstration with reason. And how far removed from reality is the material on which psychology works, how far *mendaces* are both its facts and deductions—could by a sufficiently lengthy criticism be pointed out—or at the least suggested—even within the terms of a demonstrative treatise like the present. For such lengthy analysis we have here no space. All we can do is to give a very small number of characteristic instances.

Attention. A maiden is thinking (or as we should say dreaming) of her lover. Of a sudden she is interrupted by the receipt of an important letter. A mathematician is pondering over a problem, when he is disturbed by the too close proximity of a baker's cart. As we psychologists are mostly middle-aged or plus-quam-middle-aged philosophers, we speak of the girl as being interrupted in her dreams and compelled to pay *attention* to her letter. But in the case of the mathematician we say

that his *attention* was concentrated in trying to find a solution of whatever the problem might be, and that he was disturbed. In truth it would depend on the mentality both of maiden and philosopher, not the least on the subject of their thought, whether either was dreaming or not. The girl might be presenting to herself some love-scene—even an imaginary one—with all the artistic truth and completeness which could be employed by a dramatist: in that case her reason would be active as well as her imagination[1]. The mathematician on his side might be turning over his problem in so vague and tentative a way (we often begin upon problems of practical life or of philosophy in this fashion) that his thoughts could not unjustly be called dreaming.

Will it be pretended that any psychologist can furnish a criterion for deciding in these alternative cases?

Fear. A further objection to Professor James' thesis so far as it applies to this particular emotion is the contagious character of fear. Genuine panic is such an inexplicable phenomenon that the ancients made it the result of a special intervention of the god. It is supposing a good deal to suppose the organic changes which produce fear capable of acting (vibrating as it were) through sympathy only. At least that seems to me more out of the way than a telepathic contagion of the emotion of fear. Genuine panic seems to be of that nature—telepathic—a causeless sharing of a feeling which in others has been set up by recognised causes. Fear again may be a sudden or an habitual emotion. Its outward expressions in the two cases are very different. As Professor James says, when we see a friend approach the edge of a precipice we ourselves instinctively shrink back, though we may be ten yards from the edge: our pulse too probably quickens, we feel an oppression on the chest, and so on. But in certain cases of depression, overwrought nerves, etc., we may for a longer or shorter period live in a continuous state of fear, essentially causeless. This is somewhat analogous to panic, only it is self-evolved and often slowly evolved. Some people live in this state or bordering

[1] Or rather if her 'imagination' was active her reason would be. For with us imagination implies reasoning. It might be that only her 'fancy' was active; then reason would be in abeyance.

thereon almost continuously. Now though certain bodily affections are common to the two cases, all are not. Yet I doubt if self-examination would reveal a substantial difference between the emotions. Impulsive fear is accompanied by the experiences which we say cause it, and also by impulsive efforts at self-preservation: chronic fear lacks these accompaniments; but as an emotion it is the same with impulsive fear. So when Professor James asks what kind of fear it would be which left *none* of the tokens he mentions (above, p. 158), he is on safe ground. But had he asked—as in strict logic he was bound to do—what kind of fear it would be that was not accompanied by *all* of his symptoms, the answer would be easy—chronic fear as distinguished from impulsive fear.

Anger. Anger and fear are often bracketed together as two emotions of self-preservation, though what is meant by so coupling them it is difficult to say. This seems only another instance of the absurdities we are led into when we try and find some objective principle for classifying the emotions. It is quite true that objectively anger and fear have certain things in common: the first very often follows on the cessation of the second: we see instances of this more often in animals than in men. But subjectively they have nothing in common. We may talk if we please of fear 'merging' into anger, or anger into fear: something of that effect is produced on us by watching the *signs* of the emotions. We never have subjectively that sense. Fear and anger may subsist side by side, fear on disappearing may excite anger with an object recognised as the cause of the disagreeable sensation fear. But so do we feel anger even with inanimate objects which have caused us pain: nobody would talk of the pain 'merging' in anger. Then again anger can be caused by any contrariety which does not in the least menace our self-preservation. And it is on this account that, though the term 'a choleric man' suggests the possibility of a chronic state of anger parallel to the chronic state of fear above described, I doubt if there is such a thing in reality. For while fear can result from quite vague causes—such as being alone; which much more commonly than is supposed or admitted, with grown-ups as with children, produces a diluted state of fear—anger requires very definite, very objective causes. But if

chronic anger is very rare or non-existent it is more easy by thought to evoke a condition of anger than it is of fear—easier in fact to evoke this passion *without much exercise of imagination* probably than any other. I never think of Boswell's patronising airs towards Goldsmith or of Webster's in speaking of Shakespeare without some emotion of anger; though it is anger in cold blood and certainly bereft of many of the tokens catalogued by Mr James. To experience the emotion of fear on the other hand we have to project ourselves imaginatively into some position of peril supposed or formerly experienced. And to enjoy the emotions of love or friendship we must summon by imagination the image of our mistress or of our friend.

Love. Nothing could better illustrate the confusion brought by language into a study of the emotions than the different connotations of 'love' with us and 'amour' with the French: for the latter word though it can be used in quite other senses (*l'amour de dieu*) has with them instinctively a quasi-sensual significance corresponding to the greater sensuality of that people. (Confusion again is caused in their psychology by the fact that *douleur* means both pain and grief.) Thus we find M. Ribot astonished that Lange and James do not cite 'love' as the emotion which *par excellence* seems not to cause or be accompanied by organic changes but to be caused by them[1]: whereas in the northern dialects there is no clear means of reaching a middle term of significance for the word 'love' between a simple instinct and an emotion which is only accidentally sexual. I will not speak further on the emotion of love between the sexes, because in another connexion and in the succeeding book it is treated somewhat lengthily. I will only say that the upshot of that examination is that, taking as it were sex-affection as the foundation of the emotion, we find in that how an emotion may develope into its opposite. And that is a sufficient commentary upon the 'genetic' or 'evolutionary' classification of the emotions which Ribot proclaims the only one possible.

If on the other hand, making abstraction of its physical element and associations, we class sexual love or romance with affection (*tendresse*) on whomsoever expended, we do get a real

[1] *Physiologie des Sentiments*, pp. 254–5.

category. *Per contra* we should have to separate from that sentiment of love that of benevolence which is quite distinct from *tendresse* considered as personal affection[1]: while 'sympathy' properly speaking is distinct from either. The 'tribal instinct,' instinct of association, which used to be evoked as the parent of all morality, may exist quite apart from either benevolence or affection (see Ribot, *l.c.* p. 238). Among ourselves, with 'club men' women at a *Kaffeeklatsch* and people of that genus, the instinct of association may coexist with a minimum of affection or benevolence.

The above observations are not thrown out with the notion that they contribute in any measurable degree to a knowledge of the emotions: only because they have the negative advantage of being concerned with the emotions themselves, not with some object—some sign of the emotions arbitrarily chosen for the sake of having an object in view. In Tylor's phrase which has been already quoted we have not thought that 'the meaning of' an emotion 'is better known by knowing that at some previous time it meant something different.' Because two different emotions anger and fear may happen to perform a function quite external to themselves (such as self-preservation), that external fact is no connecting link between the emotions: nor does the association of a sentiment with an instinct (as of sex), though that is external also, alter in any degree the character of the sentiment in itself. The sex-instinct (and even the maternal instinct more rarely) may be on occasion cruel or kind, or (better expressed) may be linked with feelings either of cruelty or kindness. It is only the scientific habit which compels modern psychologists at first to associate and then half identify emotions with these external signs or accompaniments of them; because the latter are capable (to some extent) of quantitative treatment, whereas the emotions in themselves are not capable of it. Even by James' and Lange's theorem we should be no way sensibly advanced in psychology, unless it could be shown, not alone that organic changes caused the

[1] Every impulse of affection prompts to touch the object of it, be it but by shaking hands or linking arms. When it rises to a passion (maternal or sexual) it prompts to kiss. See Book II. Chapter VI.

emotions, but that there was hope through experiments on the said organic changes of arriving at a quantitative measurement of the emotions.

To have imagined, indeed, that the observations contained on pp. 163–7 could be a serious contribution to knowledge (even if very much extended) would have been opposed to the essential thesis of all this book, as has been pointed out. I do not even see how the divisions of the emotions under heads, love, hate, anger, etc. can tend towards a serious increase of knowledge. For so soon as the feelings are thus classified they cease to be *known*. Emotion as was said long ago (pp. 50 *sqq.*) can only be known in its activity, or half intellectually through the dramatic imagination. In the case of this section of experience words themselves have no intrinsic value; they constitute nothing more than a token currency.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW OBSCURANTISM AND THE NEW LEARNING.

§ 1. *The New Obscurantism.*

With the best will in the world it has not been possible to avoid theology altogether in this book devoted to pure reason, as at the outset I hoped to do. For theological polemics either dominate or sensibly affect almost all directions of thought: and we shall see this more clearly when we deal with practical matters in the second portion. Neither Assentism nor Pragmatism could have been explained if we had not taken into account that they arise originally in certain theological predispositions, and indeed rest (as we saw) for their ultimate basis on the ancient controversy of Faith *versus* Reason. In like wise it would be an affectation not to recognise that scientific dogmatism and the fallacious theories of modern scientific philosophy have taken birth not essentially in the study of science, but from the use of science in a propaganda. No doubt some of the errors we have dwelt on in Chapter VI are incident to an absorption by one idea, a certain narrowness which must come to minds directed always to one sort of facts. But the violence (or the enthusiasm, if you prefer that term) with which this erroneous philosophy has been sustained, that is certainly due less to the attraction of science than to the attraction of polemic. Probably it is true likewise that the attraction of polemic has also been effective in consolidating the 'college'—as one may call it—of science, of scientific men throughout the world; and has helped to create that sense of fellowship, that interchange of help to which scientific progress owes so much. I have already said this too in effect:

for it is very easy to detect the polemic element in Spencer's philosophy, which for a long time stood as a sort of gospel to men of science, and to many, still stands. Truth in itself however is a stranger to these questions of utility.

Nothing in any case but polemic and the blindness of polemic could have brought to birth some of the utterances we have quoted from George Henry Lewes and from Professor Pearson and from Professor Haeckel; utterances in reality opposed to the very foundations of science, as they are opposed alike to reason and common sense. Nothing but polemic could bring a writer to assert that we can establish the invariability of a law throughout all space and all time: or that constant association with is the same thing as dependence on certain phenomena: or to forget the elementary truth that if $A = f(B)$ then $B = f(A)$ (using f to signify 'is a function of'); or to ignore the fact that knowledge *exists* (Napoleon's knowledge of the Archduke's [military] character for instance) which is not scientific knowledge: and therefore that to talk of science 'claiming' every department of knowledge is to talk nonsense. Science can only give or not give knowledge: if it does not give it, how can it claim to give it? All these things I say are the children of Propagandism. And it is now our business to trace the evils which have sprung from the acceptance of that fallacious theory of knowledge whereof the above sentiments are an indication.

I have already spoken of the false theory of knowledge as a New Scholasticism which in effect it is; and we have seen how it is so. A mistaken estimate of the possibilities of logic, the beginnings of which we certainly find in Aristotle, was due to ignorance of the true relationship of thought to speech, natural in a people preoccupied by their own language; it was due to the want of such a sense of the difference between thought and speech as the habit of translation would have engendered. The scholasticism of the Middle Ages (the Thomism more especially) came, I suppose, from a blind following of the Master; for the scholastics themselves must have known two languages at least. But, I imagine, they *thought* only in Latin: their vulgar tongue was too far removed from anything they would recognise as thought to affect their respect for logic

and for definitions. Let it be added that their thought was concentrated on one subject—theology. Outside that they gave reason a rest. They must have noticed in practice that things happened: that thorns crackled under the pot, that snow melted, and so forth. But they were too much engrossed by reasoning on their one topic to be able to think on these things. Then came in propagandism; or at any rate the supposed necessity of defending theology against all assailants: after that all the errors of scholasticism were maintained by authority and prejudice. This converted scholasticism into obscurantism.

The history of the current scientific philosophy has been closely similar. Instead now of the logic of words which captured men's intellects, it has been the logic of number, of mensuration. As then men thought that nothing was known till it had been defined, so now the scientist thinks that nothing is known till it has been measured. That is precisely the meaning of Mr Karl Pearson's phrase about the 'claim' of science. Like the scholastic, Professor Pearson when he is reading history recognises that Napoleon did know why the Archduke Charles made such and such a movement of his troops. But while reading history Professor Pearson has put reason to rest, and he is no longer concerned with his chosen study, exact science. So far for the new scholasticism and its relations to the old. To this we have to add that the sort of papacy established by science, through the consent of the many, has given it an authority like the authority which the Catholic Church bestowed on the system of Aquinas, and has thus made out of this new scholasticism a new obscurantism.

It is with this last phase and the effect of this New Obscurantism on men's habits of thought that we have now to deal.

Be it noted that the mere separation of 'things' into their functions for common-sense and utilitarian purposes which is the foundation of science, even that is a limited form of scholasticism, even that becomes when enforced by authority (the popular vote or popular voice—it is no matter what the authority may be) a limited form of obscurantism. This

follows from what was said on pp. 67–9. Moreover, whoever examines and reflects on the division of knowledge into departments of science, into different functions, will see that the ultimate goal thereof is always measurement. Napoleon's knowledge of Archduke Charles *qua* commander is of course such a division into function, and a limitation of knowledge:—knowledge not of the whole character of Archduke Charles but a portion of such knowledge limited in the direction of utility. It will tend to become numerical knowledge merely—of how Archduke Charles can handle 10,000 men or 30,000 or 100,000. Now as regards the process which converts the New Scholasticism of Science into a New Obscurantism it is important to remember that in a degree Science must go hand in hand with democracy, the ruling power of our day, as in old days went scholasticism with ecclesiocracy. This we have already pointed out. Science appeals to the 'general,' because of its demonstrability: and this very demonstrability implies a certain superficiality, which is of the essence of democracy. The numeration of science goes *pari passu* with the count of heads of democracy. Science, if it could, would equalise all the individuals in a concert room, by the fact that each has received the same number of aerial vibrations from the instruments played: democracy by count of heads makes every voter the political equal of his neighbour voter. So that science, I mean the false philosophy of science, has, without quite knowing it, exercised some of the tyranny of the popular vote, and added authority to its intellectual perversion.

Of the evils which have sprung from this two are conspicuous. The first is the ignorance of human nature which it has engendered, an ignorance not far from contempt. For the essentials of human nature are not numerable nor measurable; the knowledge of them can only be given by the dramatic or artistic faculty. This too has favoured the democratic tendency of the day—to some extent at least. Democracy is, indeed, in part a movement of humanity; yet it is true also that what we mean by distinctively human nature is the higher parts of human nature; a large part of us being animal or even mechanical nature. And an ignorance of or contempt for this distinctive part of man means the levelling of all. Not the

less is that scientific Caesarism which the mass have enthroned—like political Caesarism—fatal to the mass in the end. For it is the scientific way of looking at life which regards individuals as units for their special (contemplated) uses, regards them as averages, as 'hands'—part of a mechanical scheme of things. Capitalism in both its evil features and its good is a creation of science: in its good by the multiplication of the appliances and comforts of life, which form, indeed, the chief part of the floating capital of the world: in its evil by the subordination of human interests, of human nature itself, to the working of machines. And though the mass object to such a principle when it lies between them and their employers—object *then* to be regarded as 'hands' only—they practise the principle among themselves. For what else is a uniform rate of wages but the statistical method, the regarding men as units of wage and not as individuals?

In every direction—the fact is so obvious it hardly needs insisting on—this mechanical view of life which is supported by the scientific habit of mind is predominant to-day. The separation of 'business' from humanity has in industrialism produced features new in the history of the world, and a condition threatening the foundations of society. That we shall see in another place. It is a necessary part of the philosophy of science that the emotions do not count in any reasonable scheme of things; that they have not the same sort of reality which the output of a machine has, or the output of hands treated as parts of a machine. The phrase itself 'business is business' is of the scientific philosophy of life. For it expresses the idea of regarding things in the light of their 'functions,' not as wholes, as realities. I do not mean to say that this method has not its advantages. But I am dwelling now on the method carried to excess, and taken as the type for all method. When in Book II we come to speak of society, we shall have again to insist how fatal in excess this method may be.

It is in such excess that the philosophy of science turns upon itself and becomes essentially anti-scientific. Science herself declares as loudly as we have done in the first chapter and onwards until now, that to every single proposition there can be but one true answer: and that the answer is not to be

got by advocacy, or rhetoric, or by any other means than by enquiry and knowledge. Nothing could possibly be more opposed to such a thesis than the decision of questions by count of heads. But then the modern philosophy of science has claimed a sacrosanctity for the particular class of truths which science makes known and for the peculiar class of problems which science is capable of dealing with, instead of extending the principle to all problems offered to the reason and to all truths. In so limiting reason, because scientific truths are of numeration and measurement, this philosophy of science has given a character of sacrosanctity to 'count of facts'; and that has a direct logical relationship to 'count of heads.' In words still less wise (hardly sane indeed) it is proclaimed that the problems with which science deals *are* knowledge, the whole sum of knowledge; and thus that 'counting' is equivalent to reality. To support this mad axiom the philosophy of science was obliged to pretend that other problems—of art, of emotion, of human nature—had in fact no existence; that they were never offered to the reason at all. But all these are problems with which statecraft is or should be concerned: moreover they are the problems in which 'wisdom' or even only 'judgment' (φρόνησις) is of high account. By writing them down of no account, scientific philosophy did in fact hand them over to the democracy to settle statistically (by count of heads): and as this philosophy rested for its papacy (not for its reasonable acceptance by wise men, but for its predominance) also on the suffrage of the mob, it almost unconsciously ceded this *quid pro quo*, threw this sop to Cerberus, that if in matters of counting its supremacy were acknowledged, in matters of wisdom, of feeling, the mob might be supreme.

Now we know that in the world there are many other problems than scientific problems; that in these counting does not come in; and yet they can only be decided by knowledge. It is (we saw) a problem precisely how the effect of twilight upon water may be best presented to the senses and the imagination. It is a problem to the poet what order of words shall, through a like double appeal, produce the maximum of the effect he would produce. It is a problem to the novelist or the dramatist how human beings may be presented so as to seem

alive. It was a problem to Napoleon the general what action his opponent would take in such and such circumstances. As a statesman Napoleon had before him problems a hundred times more difficult than that one. And such has every statesman: such had Chatham and the younger Pitt and Turgot and Stein and Washington; problems depending in a very large degree on knowledge of human nature, on the dramatic instinct (as it is called). 'Statistic' cannot solve these questions. The skill of a ready reckoner is of no use in these affairs, nor the skill of an advocate and a debater. It is all this class of problems which the philosophy of science run mad ('claiming' that numbers and measurement must be universally applied) does in fact ignore and so hand over to the incompetent.

This is the second great evil that the New Obscurantism has brought upon us, less directly indeed than the first, that it has encouraged the notion that a vast number of questions, which only knowledge and wisdom can decide, can be settled quite as well by count of heads, in other words by Opinion. And this evil is the greater evil of the two; greater that is than the tendency to turn life into a machine. For after all, to be a machine is to be something and to produce something: to follow after 'opinion' is to fill your belly with the east wind and become in fact *nothing*.

'Count of heads' has gone with us far beyond an arrangement for returning members to parliament, which as a mechanical contrivance might or might not be the best attainable. One of the evening papers some years ago organised a competition (it was almost the beginning of these competitions) on the following terms. The question posed was something like what was the best picture, best novel, best play, best poem of the year, one or all of these: and some small prizes came to those who won the competition. But how won it? By being in the majority. Count of votes decided which *was* the best picture, novel, play, and so forth. And the man who wished to win had to think, not what to his soul and conscience seemed the best picture, novel, play, but the one which was like to get the most votes. In this scheme of his the able editor (who I think was quite naïve and sincere in his respect for the vote) presented

symbolically a picture of modern life, wherein who knows how much thought, ingenuity, labour, time, is spent, not in trying to learn how things are in themselves, but how they seem to a man's neighbours; and then, by a necessary consequence how they can be made to seem other than they are.

In considering this process we must bear in mind the fact, already spoken of, that the exclusive practice of science, and the regard for the superficies which it entails, have atrophied men's natural instincts for understanding their fellow men, and even themselves. So that this game of catching votes is turned into a veritable blind-man's-buff, for all the part that reality has in it. It is reduced to a trick of raising the wind of opinion, and getting men to fill their bellies therewith. The individual, through the decay of his dramatic sense, his artistic reason, knows not what he himself thinks nor why he thinks anything: but he has a desperate hope that he may be right, so long as he seems to see his neighbours thinking the same thing; for at least they pronounce the same formulae. 'It is not thought,' says Carlyle in one of his pamphlets, 'which my reforming brother utters to me with so much emphasis and eloquence, it is mere "reflex and reverberation," repetition of what he has always heard others imagining to think.' Those alone have any account in all this who are a sort of low tricksters that have caught the knack of setting opinions afloat. There is no reason in it, so they themselves hardly know how it is done. But it is a legerdemain which many acquire.

Observe that though in the domain of science itself all this must naturally be abhorrent to science, outside that domain the positivist himself adopts a like system. The positivist's theory of morals is almost precisely that of our able editor quoted above concerning art. Morals, says the positivist, have been created by society. Those qualities which did not please were eliminated, and morality is the survival of the 'popular' virtues. It is precisely the same 'survival' which, in the view of our editor, *made* the picture, poem, play, selected the best of the year.

No apter and no more terrible example of the operation of Public Opinion and the fear thereof, and all the consequences of such operation and such fear, was ever offered to the world

than in the origin of the Franco-German War. It is known how public opinion had been excited in France by the candidature of a Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain. Napoleon III's actual declaration of war was brought about by what is known as the 'Ems incident'; whose true history the Emperor William I himself gave to Count Negri, who wrote it down immediately afterwards. Following instructions from his master, the French minister, Benedetti, waylaid and almost attacked the King of Prussia (as he was then) on the Kurparade at Ems. Napoleon III had had notice of the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidature; and the incident was really closed. But Benedetti was instructed to ask for a guarantee that the candidature should not be revived. This King William declined to give: he could not, he said, coerce his cousin. But the candidature had been withdrawn at his wish and he thought there was no probability of its being renewed. Benedetti insisted; and the King again refused to say more; then very politely said, 'I have nothing more to say. I must ask your permission to withdraw.' Then, taking two steps back, still facing the ambassador, he withdrew. King William sent an account of this interview to Bismarck by telegraph; and Bismarck to the papers, but telling the story in such a form that it might well appear that Benedetti had been affronted. This is the famous telegram which was the real cause of the war. For French opinion was so excited, that Napoleon III, trembling for his dynasty, might not wait to receive, still less to reflect over, Benedetti's report of what happened, but was hurled into war. Probably he knew he was unprepared. There was no *casus belli*. Napoleon had gained a diplomatic victory. But 'Opinion' said otherwise; and Opinion had to be obeyed.

Since then France has loudly proclaimed how she was ruined by the machiavelism of Bismarck. As if that machiavelism would have had anything to work on, had France not already filled her belly with the east wind! After such a manner will the ship of the State be navigated, when the passengers are asked at every moment to vote, not whither shall be their course, but as to the right means of getting there: to vote (as Froude puts it) what is the ship's latitude and longitude at any moment. And those who should navigate the vessel and

are called statesmen must each year grow more and more of the same complexion, subdued to what they work in like the dyer's hand, while their promotion depends not on knowing realities but opinion upon realities.

Because we are in semi-alliance with France, opinion in England is beginning to say that in case of a war between France and Germany, the former will 'give a very good account of herself.' Beyond that ambiguous phrase Opinion does not yet go. Alas! what does Opinion really know of the state of the French army and navy—especially of the discipline (or indiscipline) of the former? Of what skill is it to go on repeating phrases where it is only the wish that is father to the utterance of them, where knowledge of reality, even the sense that there is a reality to know, is not?

After all, it is not great national calamities which present the most calamitous aspect of this cult of Opinion, but the deep corruption it brings into men's reason and into their moral sense as well. This is a great portion of the evil of Pragmatism. The theory that a truth is known by its results is own brother to the theory that the vote proclaims the work of art. Have we not long ago shown how reason and art in this manner are in a tale: and if that which is beautiful is not beautiful in itself and because of itself, but through praise which is no part of itself, then that which is true is not true in itself and because of itself, but through demonstration, which is 'opinion' of its being true?

In daily life and common affairs this corruption eats most deeply, by producing a monumental charlatanism and monumental advertisement. I am sure that not one man in five hundred pauses once in his life to reflect how vast a temple this charlatanism is raising to itself in our modern world[1]. Once pause to think on this and you behold charlatanism entering into every chamber of the house, every circumstance of life, almost into every impulse of our activity. The girl who

[1] I signalise Mr H. G. Wells' *Tono-Bungay* (which appeared after this chapter was written) as an object lesson on this theme. Though probably Mr Wells is not aware how much (by their exaggerated admiration of science and in other ways) his own works tend to foster such a state of things. (See Book II. Chapter X.)

gets married finds a husband (so enamoured are we of show!) not because she is fittest to be a wife, or has the natural instincts to be a mother, but because she is empty enough to devote most of her time to dress and to that class of social arts whose sum is that she shall never be natural, in order never to be caught at a disadvantage. Infinite pains given to these small things count much more in life—in 'the marriage market' —than beauty. All but the very plainest can get a 'reputation' for good looks by the same sort of devotion to the infinitely small: without it, all but the very handsomest will get a 'reputation' for plainness. And the man whom this girl chooses or who is free to choose her, if (as a primary condition) he is a 'success,' he will owe his success in ninety cases out of a hundred, not to exceptional ability, not even to the wise use of the talents he has, but to a care and attention the counterpart of the woman's, never to be taken at a disadvantage, a care for the infinitely small yet in a sense infinitely important arts by which he can appear to be what he is not. 'In everything' (to quote Carlyle's prophecy once more), 'the high office shall fall to him who is ablest, if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it.'

How often in life will you meet a kind of man who seems good-natured, careless, eupeptic, frank? He *is* good-tempered. Watch his career a little. His frankness is all deceit. He never 'gives himself away,' as the saying is: never fails in fact to present himself in the most favourable light. If he is a business-man he will never be at a loss in a bargain. And in his commerce with his fellow men he will be as successful, in unrecognised bargains of social intercourse—of sham frankness for real, sham geniality for honest interest, display of knowledge for knowledge itself. If you can see into his mind you will discover how he guards himself against any real interest in any subject, lest by asking questions he display his ignorance: how he worships words and formulas which impose upon the general. You will mark (in the end) how the care which he takes that conversation about him shall not run on a matter of which he is ignorant rises to something of a fine art. If despite him some strange subject become the topic, he will contrive to give the impression that the subject has no interest: very much in the way a dog, when his courage turns to timidity, will grow of

a sudden absent-minded and not notice the dog or man that is passing before his nose. You will notice all these things; or maybe you will not. For if your natural power of reading human nature has been destroyed in you, you will take our eupeptic man at the estimate he calculates to be taken at, as a remarkably pleasant, well-informed man, who might be relied on in any emergency—till the emergency comes. *Capax imperii nisi imperasset.*

The visible body which this spirit of charlatanism takes is advertisement. This, the tangible, physical advertisement is the plague of existence: every one must feel it to be so. It defaces the world, and involves, beside, a hundred practical inconveniences. It is almost impossible to discover the name of a railway-station among the posters which cover the station walls; or to distinguish the notes in a railway-guide from the advertisements which fill up every margin; or the table or contents of a magazine which is smothered up in the same way. You cannot open a book, without advertisements snowing down from between its pages: and all the landscape that you can see from a railway-carriage is made hideous by advertising boards. Soon I imagine, as people travel so much in motor cars, the highways will be decorated in like wise: already near a town you may see the beginning of this. Advertising has increased to a vast extent; and with its increase has come the moral degradation of the journals which are its mediums. And which are not? A custom which began in the French newspapers and has already for some time infected the most respectable or pretentious among them, journals such as the *Figaro*, the custom of inserting under the form of articles what are really advertisements—a clear fraud—has spread to our journals. Sometimes, with a poor pretence of saving the conscience of the direction, these article-advertisements are printed in somewhat different type: but no explanation is given of this significance. So one does not see how conscience is bettered.

Such things are visible to all: but there are plenty more no doubt not visible, but done under the rose. Those interviews, those happy chance encounters with actors, singers, promoters: how many of these have been arranged and paid for in advance?

Or *pater familias'* indignant letter, calling attention to the 'daring' novel of some emancipated school-girl; or all the thousand other ways, down to processes in the law-courts by which what seem attacks are converted into puffs. (Madame Humbert was the queen of swindlers by this means.) Nor again do we, who are on the outside, rightly guess how dependent are our sources of information, the journals and magazines too, on their advertisement pages and columns. I know a case in which one of the most respectable of morning papers wrote to its literary critic, enclosing a letter from a certain firm of publishers. The letter made complaint in that, though the firm advertised largely in the journal aforesaid, the books they published always had unfavourable notices. I do not know, or do not remember, what the editor of the paper said in accompaniment to the note. Perhaps he thought it alone would be the word sufficient for the wise. I only know he expressed no indignation at the publisher's tone. I fear the critic was more honourable than wise, and probably lost his 'job.'

It is obvious that this sort of thing, this endless advertisement, must lead to a complete dislocation of trade. 'This sort of thing': the advertising itself, I mean, and the soil which nourishes it. The folk who can hardly buy a leg of mutton or a pair of boots without looking round first to see if perchance beef is not 'being eaten,' shoes 'being worn' at this moment; these form the soil of that noxious growth. And how are people to devote undivided attention to any subject—to that which really interests them, for which they were born, be it medicine or discovery or art or literature—when they know that the fruit of their labours has hardly a chance of ripening and coming to any good, unless the stalk which bears it be grafted on to this advertisement? There is without doubt an enormous expenditure just now of brain-power and of work in improving the machinery of existence: this results from the comparative cheapness of technical knowledge and the preoccupation of our age by the material side of life. Consequently there is a very rapid output of inventions, improvements and so on. But it is generally believed—instances are at hand everywhere to support the belief and it is beside intrinsically prob-

able—that only a very small part of the profit finds its way to the original inventor. It is not so much 'capital' that stops the way: it is the host of people called promoters, financiers and so on, who do so; men who have devoted their lives to the art of bringing things into view, to the study of appearances, not realities, to the creation of that thing Opinion which to-day is nothing and is everything. Capital has to be spent; but it is spent on votaries at these shrines, on priests of opinion, advertising agents, hired pens, interviewers—who can count them all? And if, as Napoleon said, 'everything is paid for,' what is the price we have to pay, which the world has to pay, for all this diligence, all this labour spent in making nothing out of nothing?

It is the true *vanitas vanitatum*, emptiness of emptinesses, Opinion, made only of breath. And for those who follow it it gives a very literal significance to a biblical text 'Ye *like sheep* have gone astray.' Not long since I saw where round a comfortable pasture a portion of a limestone wall had partially broken down. One sheep found his way, not easily, over this gap. Anon the whole field-full were on his tracks, clambering up with painful diligence those rough stones and dropping upon others which lay on a hard bare limestone road. Every moment I expected to see one of the delicate legs broken, and happily did not. Then the scene became unreal to me, a symbol only. I thought those sheep were human beings rushing through snow and sleet to the circulating library, or to a theatrical box-office, because 'everybody' was reading that book or seeing that play. Or they were sweltering in trains on the line to some health-resort prescribed by Opinion. I know not what.

That which we to-day understand by 'vanity' is, too immensely inflated by the action of the same goddess and all the advertisement her worship entails. Sometimes in a quaint way, which would be comic enough if it were not really tragic, and would be infinitely tragic if it were not comical as well, the true commercial instinct of advertising joins on to the mere prompting of vanity. I will give one instance whose history I was able to follow out in some measure, and which beside touches no one nearly in this country.

A good honest—or moderately honest—stupid shop-assistant

in Paris (he may have been a cashier) conceived that he had a genius for art. He had received no instruction. But by the light of nature he set to work to paint tropical forests which he had never seen, haunted by tropical animals which he may have seen but never studied. I imagine him going on year in year out with his harmless mania, covering canvasses with the sort of work you might perchance find in the 'parlour' of a remote country inn. Probably his daylight hours were occupied at his shop and he painted by artificial light. He rose in the service of his employers—got a higher salary—put by money. At last with the perseverance which often accompanies the sort of slight madness which was his, he got hold of other artists of much the same calibre as himself and they started together an independent exhibition, an independent *salon*, in which for sheer stupidity our *commis*' pictures bore the bell. But not always for extravagance and the travesty of nature. Some of his colleagues were not merely stupid. Their extravagances and travesties were deliberate: they smelt advertisement in them. So many good painters had seemed extravagant to their own generation, and been vindicated completely, and this lesson had so sunk into the minds of critics and of the public, that *now*, these tricksters saw, was the moment to reap what the dead masters had sown. Only let us go on, they thought, out-Heroding Herod, piling on still cruder purples and pinks and greens; before long the critics—windbags they too, filled as we are—will begin to doubt and then to admire. And they succeeded. But first another element stepped in. The dealers saw their account in all this: and they organised a 'boom' of the pictures of our *commis* and his friends (not *his* pictures much it is true). The commercial element had a good deal more to do than 'honest doubt' with the new faith by which the critics were possessed. Their conversion came upon most of them too suddenly. The man whom in one year they derided to the top of their bent, in the next year they more than tolerated, and began to praise. The year after they praised him openly and warmly. (For the votaries of Opinion have the shortest of conceivable memories.) And the dealers who had laid in a stock of these 'independent' pictures for a song, found as I have said their account in the boom they had organised. Only as I

remember, one Parisian paper had the bad taste to unearth some of the paragraphs which the laudatory critics had uttered (and many were as well-known names as you might find in Paris in that department) and placed them side by side with notices of the same painters by the same hands two years, or not two years, only the year before. ('Not two months, Horatio!')

As for the poor *commis* who was the true begetter of all this new art, though I think the strongest stomach nauseated at his pictures, when last heard of he had somehow outlived his commercial honesty and been sent to prison for fraud. But I do not know the rights of that story.

More and more this state of mind that trusts in Opinion shuts men's minds against reality, shuts all the doors through which it may pass. However blundering and bungling are the utterances of (say) a painter, who is an artist, touching his art, they are worth listening to: you can winnow out their meaning if you choose to take the pains. However fluent and plausible the utterances of the average diner-out, clubman, journalist, on the affairs of the day, they are probably not worth listening to and are most likely the 'reflex and reverberation' of what he has heard elsewhere. For he really cares not enough about these things to reflect on them for himself, even if by force of being a clubman, diner-out, journalist, he has not lost all power of reflection. And than this class of persons who are unhappily become the spokesmen of worthier folk, it would be better that the ship of the state should be in the hands of the common people, the sons of toil. For they, in earning their bread, come by necessity face to face with fact. And for my part I never meet a company of navvies without an inward blush to compare the straightness of their path through life with the obliquity of that way with most of the educated classes.

I do not mean that these evils can all be laid at the door of a mistaken science. The influences which affect our life are too complicated to be quantitatively analysed by any mental chemistry. And the gods have decreed that with men there shall be that topsy-turvydom, that paradox in all things, of which I have already spoken. Of such it is that those studies which most easily allow us to separate true from false, because their results

are obvious, weaken in the end our power of distinguishing true from false. It were more exact to say that the practice of distinguishing fact from not-fact weakens (often) our power of distinguishing true from false. For true and false are of the region of morals, of the emotions therefore, and of the dramatic reason, and the arts. It is the extinction of the artistic sense in us to-day which among all intellectual causes has been the most fruitful in creating the tyranny of Opinion. But it is true also that in the same region there is more room for hypocrisy and make-believe than in the region of facts and not-facts. So that what we lose on one side we partly recover on the other. And if as a fact charlatanism is more rampant now than I think it almost ever has been, there are many subsidiary causes of this; the sudden change in the political balance; the rise of the class of the half-educated; and all the complications which 'industrialism' has introduced into society: things that do not call for consideration here but in the following book.

§ 2. *The New Learning.*

It is by a distinct act of will and in virtue of a double consciousness that most men persist in acknowledging one side only of every question. For at the back of their minds they are aware of what is to be said on the other side; another self in them is aware of this other 'case,' or at least a part of it. The same sort of people, by a like act of will, only know concerning human nature the side they choose to know. For them, from time immemorial, have tales been constructed representing men and women just as the fashion of the day chose to think of them: models of sentimental devotion, models of maiden purity, dashing beaux, sprightly belles, rough mining-camp heroes, proudly-submissive heroines; as the desires of men and women to *appear to be* altered from age to age. But in this case, as in the case of opinionativeness, there was in the most wilful making-believe a sub-consciousness of the converse side; a part of men's own nature rose up against them and would not be deceived. The creative act of genius, which is almost independent of choice or volition in the creator, has always been

more or less an act of revolt against the wilfulness of convention; an overt rebellion like that of *Don Quixote*, or a slower half-unwilling one like that of Shakespeare as he emerged from the blood and thunder of *Titus Andronicus*, passed through the blood and sentiment of *Romeo and Juliet*, to the truest presentment of human nature compatible with his poetry and purpose.

Shakespeare has become such a collection of proverbs that we find it difficult to believe that the purpose of his brother dramatists was many things before any desire to hold the mirror up to nature. It was much more to deal in a 'dramatic,' *i.e.* an exciting, often a blood and thunder way with their types, types which were in essence pure convention and had come down to the dramatists partly from the old Moralities partly from the Roman stage and Seneca's theatre. And that was why many things were prized in the drama of Elizabeth's day (by Webster for example) above the naturalness of Shakespeare; the pompous Chapman's high and mighty phrase, Jonson's 'learned sock' and such like. The creative instinct however, which is I say, above individual volition, has compelled votaries of reality, lovers of the truth in things, to have recourse to the same image which was in Shakespeare's mind in order to describe the impulse driving their own. And that is why not a hundred years ago you find Stendhal, who likely enough had never read *Hamlet*, describing his idea of the novel almost in Hamlet's words: *Le roman est un miroir qui se promène sur la grande route.* And Stendhal though an eccentric is in some sense the father of the modern realistic novel.

Another thing we have to take account of in the creative instinct in human nature—which seems at times like a power superhuman—is that, while it appears variable as the wind, it follows certain laws paralleled by the laws of other natural forces. As seeds—and seeds of disease likewise—exhaust one soil and pass on to another, so does the vitality of literature. In Johnson's day, but two, possibly three nations were allowed to have any culture, the English, French, Italian. The last nation for contemporary production was negligible. But the other two were rivals. To Johnson the French were of no real significance compared to the people of his own country; but

to Hume the English and Scottish were 'barbarians' beside the French. All that has changed to-day. Germany has had her renaissance since then, and that has come and gone. And now the torch has been carried to northern folk, who a hundred years ago seemed to live in impenetrable night. Certainly in the case of the novel, which has been the most important kind of literary product during the last hundred years—in that certainly almost all creative genius is to be found in the far north, in Scandinavia and in Russia. Here in this virgin soil the fruit has grown to something like perfection. There has been much talk, especially in France, of the realistic novel, and much beating of drums. But there has been no achievement there in any degree comparable to what has come (quite simply and without talk and theorising) from Tolstoy and Dostoevsky in Russia. There are too in the Scandinavian countries novelists, such as (to take one example) the Danish Pontoppidan, who, though they fall far short of the great Russians, achieve much more than the so-called realists of France.

I do not mean that this crop of creative and quite simply and genuinely life-like fiction is a spontaneous growth in the north of Europe. The seeds of it have come from the older cultivated lands. It skills not to try and trace this parentage with exactness: for the genealogy is incapable of being established by demonstration. I should suggest that Richardson counts for a good deal in the line of descent, and that from Richardson we pass to *half* Balzac—one side of Balzac's many-coloured work and to a good deal in Stendhal's also: then from these two to *Madame Bovary*, which only a little preceded the work of Turgenev, a semi-French novelist. Turgenev seemed a master to his contemporaries in the land of his adoption. But that was because the simple genius of the land of his birth had not quite abandoned him. Only a little after him in point of date was working in his own country a much greater spirit, Tolstoy, who no doubt owed a good deal to French literature, but only for suggestion. Tolstoy was able to absorb and overmaster, as Turgenev was overmastered by, the influence of that land which had the longest literary tradition in Europe. As between Tolstoy's creations and Turgenev's, a recent and

competent critic has written 'Turgenev's characters are as living as any characters ever are in books. But they belong to bookland, and are thus conventional; whereas Tolstoy's characters belong to life[1].' It is true also that set beside the reality of this the highest Russian fiction, Balzac's characters when most real, Flaubert's, Stendhal's, all belong to bookland: while upon the other hand all that is most real in Scandinavian novel literature (setting the influence of Ibsen apart) all that is best in Pontoppidan or Knut Hamsun or Peder Nansen or Obstfelder or any of the other Northern writers who really take nature (and not a theory of nature) for their model, one may guess to be inspired by Russian fiction.

We in England are very far from appreciating the importance of this new and for the first time naïvely real study of human nature: for even more than across the Channel our literature is suffering from a paralysis of vitality, an inhibition of growth in the direction of significance and actuality, through the domains both of fiction and poetry. But though it has small recognition here, I call this new fiction essentially a 'new learning.' It is in this respect the just antithesis of the 'new obscurantism,' that we may be sure that it is destined one day to restore that knowledge of and interest in human nature which it has been the worst result of the new obscurantism temporarily to eclipse. The optimistic thesis that Nature never sows a poison but she plants the antidote not far off may be left as a battle-ground for the botanists. It is hard to be so optimistic as to affirm that the antidote always grows in equal profusion with the poison. In the present case the new learning is but a small and unconsidered plant, taking the whole range of human intellect and interest. But it is certainly satisfactory to note its existence. To dwell at great length on this new field of knowledge would be talking in the air. For it may be affirmed that the vast majority even of intellectual people are aware neither of its existence (as something new) nor of the gap in knowledge which its part is to fill.

In a simpler age knowledge of human nature is inevitably at first hand. And in reading history we are amazed how instinctively people often thereby go to the kernel of any ques-

[1] Mr Maurice Baring in the *Quarterly Review*, July, 1909.

tion with minds unclouded by precedent and theory: or again how man contends with man, human being with human being, when *we* should classify the matter in dispute by the name of some constitutional question or legal right and so denaturalise it altogether. We are reminded of the contests of individual heroes in Homer, when we hear an Edward I saying to one of his barons, 'By God you shall either go or hang,' and he replying, 'By God, king, I will neither go nor hang.' In the judgments of an eastern potentate, of a Harun-er-Rashíd in the early khalifate, or of an Abd-er-Rahmán of Kabul in our days (at least as Mr Kipling portrays the Afghan ruler) we have the example of an untaught knowledge of humanity going straight to the kernel of an individual question. But we in the west have long outgrown the possibility of things like these. It would in our limited monarchy have cost a greater effort of courage to speak to King Edward VII after the fashion of a Bigod than it did to speak so to the arbitrary Edward I. So in all other matters. And in quite recent years we have too grown so sophisticated and so 'lettered' (in a certain sense) that literature throws a shadow over the most familiar intercourse of man with man.

In one sense the popularising of education has had the effect of making us less cultivated than our forefathers. But it has made all of us readers, and readers to a considerable extent. The modern politician of whatever class finds it impossible to think quite outside the four walls of the journals. And in private commerce between man and man—still more between men and women—reminiscences of fiction hold, I suspect, a much larger place than most people conceive. Our novels have insensibly accommodated themselves to the popular taste: while for really popular fiction the demand is very great. Observe for instance the girls employed in shops, in workshops, in post offices, etc. at their luncheon hour or returning home by train when their day's work is done. Sixty, seventy per cent. are devouring each her novel. From a purely literary standpoint what they read is improving to them on the whole. I mean that it is to a large extent written by persons of education and taste. There is not now a special class—at any rate no large class—of caterers for the half-educated. The novels which rest on the laps of these girls you might see—or a year

earlier might have seen—in the drawing-room of any person reckoned cultivated. They are stocked with what critics count as literary excellences: a vocabulary may be in one carefully, if quaintly, chosen; a certain ingenuity of plot in another; in a third at least the gift of mimicking a semi-classic novelist; a real power of description in a fourth; in a fifth vast diligence in presenting the framework of life; in a sixth 'charm'; in a seventh the language of passion; in an eighth the appearance of sentiment. But considered for its educational value in this one supreme thing, in knowledge of mankind, the most part of our fiction is deplorable: and the same holds true of fiction in France. Both the two ancient homes of 'letters' seem of late to have retrograded in this matter. M. Anatole France, for example, who is the conspicuous representative of fiction over there, seems to have been born into a world which never heard of Flaubert. He is literary to the finger tips, in the sense that Sterne was so (to whom M. France owes so much) and Goldsmith, almost all the eighteenth century writers, who lived where little breath of reality troubled the 'charm' of their style. Their 'styles': they had many—rough and jovial with Fielding and Smollett, tender and exquisite with Goldsmith. None of them except Richardson (and he by accident) was haunted by the spirit of reality, that *daemon* which once raised it is so difficult to lay. Most of the writers who are most conspicuous with us are, like M. France, stylists, masters of phrases (makers of phrases at the very least), searchers after quaint effects, bizarreries, delicacies of thought, or scandal-causing novelties: they have laid the awkward *Poltergeist* Reality by a triple incantation; so that people are beginning to forget that it ever troubled the earth. That seems to be growing more and more the case with us just now; and the little influence which Tolstoy once had on English fiction to have died away into silence. The nearest the nearest came to the portrayal of 'man' seems to me to be the conception of a character, and so much art as to make each personage speak more or less as he or she would think. This is still far removed from the dramatic play of speech on speech which occurs in real life, and which reveals character not to our intellects but our instincts. (Thus we come back to the artistic reason once more, for the word 'instinct' I use only in obedience to custom.)

There was a short time during which our novelists thought it needful at least to propitiate Reality: so doing they recognised its existence at least. They thought to propitiate it by a photographic minuteness in details, in the furniture of life. They called that carefulness realism. They recognised the existence of real Realism in Ibsen; but lest they should become its votaries they invented all sorts of reasons (outside reality) why Ibsen was great—talked about the instinct of the theatre, the 'sense' of the stage, I know not what. The essence of the matter they would not see: the first and great commandment of Realism, which is no newer than Shakespeare's sentence about the mirror, that they would not hear, because they knew that by it they stood condemned. Now they have thrown off from their consciences the burden of acknowledging there is such a law; and with a sort of hysterical joy welcome everything which may help them to forget reality—all that is fantastic and mannered and full of artifice and ingenious devices. But that 'two-handed engine' the shears of Atropos stands at the door through which must pass all these ingenuities to a fruitless oblivion. Thus is it with us at the moment or seems to be: we ourselves set apart from the travails of the age and from the hopeful signs of new birth which we may detect in other lands. For this which I have described as the 'new learning' is certainly, among intellectual growths of the immediate time, the most hardy as well as the most hopeful, sure to survive, whatever else is bound to perish.

And though it argues very ill for our mental alertness and intellectual vitality that we have so little gone out to meet the new fiction, even in our sluggish state are evidences that it must in time conquer us also. Even with us there are signs (standing below the level of literature) that a revived interest in human nature is on its way. The extraordinary love of gossip (chiefly relating to the highly-placed) which exists to-day and is fed by innumerable journals—this is evidence as far as it goes. Every paper has now—what once only the *Morning Post* gloried in—its columns of court news and fashionable gossip. Numberless are the paragraphs, articles, snippets of news which inform us concerning even the little great, the heroes of the moment, cricketers, aviators, the novelist, the

playwright of the season: themselves these half-heroes show no reluctance to speak of themselves, to furnish the information required. And so they play their part, unconsciously helping to whet the hunger after 'humanity' in life, which the mechanism of an economic age has once more by reaction raised in us. Side by side with these are to be reckoned those countless 'made' books (hardly of literature) which relate the histories of the half-great ones of the past, or of really great men in the spirit of the great men's *valets-de-chambre,* these are for the historic sense the counterparts of the paragraphs 'mainly about people' of to-day. Just because such writings as these are below the level of literature and innocent of art, they are more hopeful for the future than what actually exists among us to represent the New Learning.

BOOK II.

APPLIED REASON.

CHAPTER I.

THEOLOGY. THE SUPERNATURAL. THE JUDGMENT OF EXISTENCE.

We now enter a region of enquiry where the task of the rationalist is both easier and harder than it was in our first book. It is easier, because, the problems which meet us in real life are always in themselves simpler than the abstract problems we encounter when we are considering the workings of the reason itself; almost in the same way that the calculations of pure mathematics are apt to transcend in complexity those of applied mathematics. The conciseness of the study moreover both in applied mathematics and applied reason (applied rationalism) favours concentration of the mind. But our work is also harder than before, because, unlike the physicist, we enter the territory of polemics—religious polemics first and then political—wherein the habit of argumentation has indeed been much cultivated, but the pursuit of reason little. Among the whole range of controversial, or as they are not ill named 'burning questions,' it need not be said that theology is the most disputed, and disputed with most acrimony. It also naturally precedes all others; most political questions—and political parties themselves—having had their rise in theological differences. It is obvious therefore that theology should engage our attention first.

When a man has experienced some great and sudden alarm of fire, it generally (I have read) takes such hold upon his imagination and his memory, that if a light be flashed before his eyes while he is asleep, he will jump out of bed and begin huddling on his clothes mechanically, not yet fully awake.

This is without doubt a state of semi-hysteria in him; for the violence of the effect of that flash of light bears no proportion to the immediate cause. Now Society generally is in this condition of hysteria—or semi-hysteria—over all theological questions and even on all problems which surround the subject of theology and touch it not too nearly. Whether this be a reflection on modern memories of the fires of Smithfield I do not know: something of the sort I doubt it is; at any rate if you take 'the Smithfield fires' in a wide, a symbolic sense, to include all the million times in which orthodoxy has been able to make it uncomfortable for unorthodoxy: harrying it to church under penal codes, depriving it of its share in the government of the country, turning it the social cold shoulder. For that is a lesser and after all not so small a form of persecution.

Be its origin what it may, this hysteria has acted and reacted. The mere word 'reason' sends a shudder down the spine of the passionately orthodox and begets a *malaise* in him: as do all words connected with the 'supernatural' (soul, spirit, spiritual) with the passionately agnostic. Anyone who feels himself to be so affected, would do well for his mental health to inhibit himself from all polemic reading, all conversation on the irritant topics. Polemics will but aggravate what is in reality a mental disease in him. Unfortunately it is for such folk and by such that polemic literature comes into existence. It is a kind of dram-drinking of the mind; and no Act restrains its wide dispersion. If we were to allow ourselves to judge by and to be daunted by the mountainous literature of theological polemics, we should be obliged to abstain altogether from such matters, and assume them to be insoluble. But we may make this reflection. We see before us men of the same nationality; of all sorts no doubt of mental ability, but of no such marked difference in this respect between the two camps; of like education and surroundings—roughly considered. Yet on theological questions we find our contemporaries differing not on details, but fundamentally, as it would be impossible for men to differ on morals, say, or on the purpose of society and continue members of the same polity. For one party is persuaded not only of the main doctrines of theology—of the

existence of the supernatural, for example—but that those things have importance in everyday life, a large part think them of supreme importance. But the other division deem that the ideas, which the first section hold for certain and many for fundamental and integral to a theory of life, are mere hallucinations and of the nature of dreams, if with any root a historical one solely and remote from all actuality whatsoever. There is something in this more than natural. An inhabitant of another planet—some Martian—if he could descend upon ours, would he not rightly judge that in this matter society in the sum was not quite sane? But if he knew all the past history of religious controversy, all the burnings, torture-chambers, inquisitions, midnight-alarms which Reason had had to undergo, whenever she sought to raise her head and find herself among these mysteries, he would cease to wonder though he might deplore. For after all, on this as on all other things, there must be means of coming to a verdict, not of certainty but (as we urged in Book I. Chapter I.) of greatest probability. In every other matter it is the experience not of individuals as individuals that counts; but the sum of society's or the world's experience. A lazy man who never saw the sun rise holds the same doctrine touching sunrise which his fellow-mortals hold. On the other hand a man who has seen wondrous things in delirium is ready to accept his doctor's assurance that they were not there in fact. In theology therefore however much men differ, there must, as in everything else, be a *corpus* of facts on which a judgment of greatest probability can be reached. So would our Martian reason.

Let me explain how at the outset I would apply here the principle of greatest probability. It is obvious that the primary question of theology, the question of the existence of a God, touches profound depths of metaphysics; seeing that most works of metaphysic have been written more or less round that question. Now we started upon this work on the principle of remaining outside the profounder metaphysical enquiries. It is also certain that the average man does this likewise; and yet the average man always has an opinion *pro* or *contra* on the question of the existence of a God. If he professes that his opinion can only be justified or refuted on

profound metaphysical grounds, he must have taken it on authority, not through reason. But as metaphysicians have differed among themselves in this matter and their interpreters again have differed about them (some people, as we saw, seeing in Hegel a pietist, some an atheist), the probability is that these deep metaphysical researches, could we follow them out, would still be indecisive.

I am speaking here for the average reasonable man and for our purpose here. Metaphysicians themselves cannot act on this principle of greater probability. The metaphysician is bound to follow reason to her remotest heights. But on a lower plane it is evident that the principle of greater probability remains intact. If it can be shown that using, I will not say everyday reason (for that might be confounded with the mere utilitarian judgment of common sense) but reason that lies on this side deep metaphysics, the balance of probability—touching say the supernatural—is one way or the other, the conclusion cannot be refuted on the authority of some deep metaphysical judgment; because (to argue from results) the balance of probability is that such argument would be met by some other no less cogent.

We shall of course, throughout this portion, deal with judgments which can be laid upon the table, judgments which are quasi-demonstrable. Any given individual who has sounded the metaphysical depths of this question may find one set of arguments convincing, the other worthless. He must then abide by his own individual judgment. The course of our enquiry is no policeman to impress him into our ranks.

For my part I am persuaded that the matter is not insoluble, as the vast literature of polemics would lead us to suppose. The conditions for coming to a conclusion (of greatest probability) on these questions are doubtless hard. They ask that we should first forget most of the controversial arguments we have heard or read on the matter; otherwise the memory of them will continually distract our thoughts from the real issue. And the second condition is harder: nothing less than that we should purge from our minds the polemic *virus* itself. And none but the goddess Reason herself can enable us to do this. This however is certain: either we must be content to

travel for ever the old dreary round, using and abusing the ancient words and phrases, 'faith,' 'inspiration,' 'superstition,' 'survival,' 'anthropomorphism' and the rest; or we must make some prodigious and heroic effort, some purgation of the mind and soul, which will enable us to examine that which we call belief in the Supernatural almost as if we had descended to it from some other planet, from out of some race of beings more reasonable than men. We must begin by putting aside all theory of origins, origins from above or below, divine inspiration or the illusions of dreams, and set to work first of all to study the phenomena actually before us, content if need be to remain for some while undecided concerning the cause of these phenomena. Surely that is the most reasonable way of dealing with any disputable matter. But as a fact in the case of the Supernatural we seem always to rush to a discussion of origins, before we have learnt to understand or come to any sort of agreement upon the phenomena themselves.

There will I suppose be no dispute that the existence or non-existence of a God forms the primal question of theology. As however the word 'god' is used in a good many different senses, and the distinguishing among them would be a matter of time, it seems best to enquire first touching a simpler idea, the existence or non-existence of the Supernatural. By the Supernatural I understand a being or beings superior to men. The 'super' of that word cannot mean superior to mere brute Nature. For man is that already. Shall we say that the supernatural beings are thought superior to man, and in a sense to Nature too, in that they are (as a rule) discarnate and having no bodies are not subject to death? As bodiless or discarnate they cannot evidently be reached (as a rule) through the five human senses. I do not mean that the supernatural beings are supposed never to be seen, still less never to appear to any sense. The Jehovah of the Jews was I believe never seen by mortal eyes save by those of Moses on Sinai. But he appeared to the senses now as a burning bush, now as a voice. Moreover messengers from this supreme Being (*angeloi*, angels) themselves supernatural beings often appear. In Christian theology Christ ('the risen Christ' is certainly a god, if not *the* god of Christianity) appeared in the Gospels and in

Middle Age tradition; and so did countless angels and dead saints: all of whom would come under the definition of the Supernatural. In Greek mythology the gods appeared from time to time: Ares and Athene fought in opposing ranks round Troy: the Virgilian Venus appeared to Aeneas, etc. At other times, by the affection of some other sense (as of smell) the Supernatural was made manifest[1]. I am careful in this definition of the Supernatural. In polemical matters one must speak by the card: for what a controversialist will concede you one moment he will take back the next, if your conclusions are not to his liking. Otherwise there need be no dispute that the general meaning of the Supernatural is 'one or more discarnate and immortal beings.' The only difficulty in definition arises in the case of some of the spirits of earth and flood of past mythologies or of savage beliefs to-day. It is difficult always to speak of these as personalities: yet the word 'being' fits them well enough. The whole category of gods, devils, ghosts, fairies, sprites, nymphs, and so forth, which are spoken of as supernatural beings or belonging to the idea of the Supernatural, seems to me to possess but these two characteristics in common, (1) they are quasi-personal, and (2) they are essentially elusive to the five senses[2].

The primary question for Theology therefore, Have there ever been such discarnate beings? becomes more logically, Has man ever had cognisance of such? But in common parlance existence means experience—of someone.

Theories about the Supernatural do not in any way affect the question of the existence of the Supernatural. This point is of the first importance in this matter; and yet it would not be necessary to make it if we were dealing with any less 'tortured' question than theology. It is recognised in logic that 'judgment of existence' is one thing, 'judgment of content' another: or one may say that 'experience' is one thing, 'knowledge' another. And lest these abstract terms prove

[1] Mansit odor: posses scire fuisse deam.—Ovid.

[2] The word 'supernormal' is much in use now-a-days and figures very largely in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research. It does not seem to me a good word in itself, in that it carries within it some judgment as to the origin of the things described. At any rate it is distinct from the word supernatural, in the fact that for me the latter always contains the idea of personality.

unconvincing to some, let us take a typical example of the difference between existence and content or between experience and knowledge. There was a time when primitive men supposed that the stars were a sort of holes bored in the heaven, the brazen firmament of heaven. We know that the stars are vastly distant suns. In content, in knowledge, there is no resemblance between these two ideas—holes in the firmament and distant suns. Yet no one doubts that our ancestors saw (*i.e.* experienced) the stars that we see; in other words that their judgment of existence was our judgment of existence.

Or to labour the matter a little farther—for though it is obvious enough when clearly stated, its neglect is a capital feature of theological polemics—we may say that the substantival part of a proposition cannot be destroyed by turning attention to the adjectival portion. A substantive may be, yet almost all the adjectives we apply to it may be misapplied. We cannot of course in all cases make the distinction so clearly as in the instance just given of the stars. Take for another example when a ship's company shall affirm that they saw a sea-serpent, which in the end turns out to be a school of porpoises. In this case the judgment of existence is the passage of some creature across the water.

And this last example seems to indicate fairly well what the 'judgment of existence' would be in the matter of the Supernatural were it affirmed. It would be the passage (as one may say) of a non-sensuous personality across the consciousness of a man or men: an impression of the existence of other beings or another being than man. Such a thing is not so unknown in everyday life but that we can easily form a conception of it. Whether what is called telepathy be actually true or not, we can without much difficulty conceive the idea of telepathy.

It is necessary to be exact and maybe tedious in this preliminary discussion. In the first place, as was said in Chapter I., all controversial questions (religious or political) are in practice made impossible of solution by being kneaded into a mass, treated *en bloc*. And we said there that reason can only come in after we have separated 'questions' into their constituent propositions. Now in modern theology the idea of the supernatural,

though it can be separately considered, is in fact always merged in the idea of a single God. And here obviously the judgment of content appears also. Besides that, with something of the same proper deference for the feelings of the religious which has introduced the word 'agnostic' in place of 'atheist' (in defiance of the logical thesis *de non apparentibus*), with something of the same feeling of delicacy, the word 'Personal God' has been introduced into Theological controversy; it being gentler for a man to say that he does not believe in a Personal God than that he does not believe in a God. That adjective however must imply the possibility of its opposite an 'impersonal God,' a God lacking that element which we call personality. If however any principle is to govern our use of words, that phrase seems a contradiction in terms. I have never read of any creed or religion which professed belief in an impersonal god, nor can I imagine what an impersonal god would be like, nor to what characteristic it would owe the name 'god,' nor how the impersonal god would be distinguishable from no god at all. If we look throughout the religions of the world (setting apart certain vague phrases which Europeans have used about Buddhism[1]) we shall find that neither unity, nor omnipotence (nor even great power), nor benevolence, nor complete spirituality (a completely discarnate existence, I mean) is a necessary attribute of the word 'God'; but that personality is so. And all the Anthropological school must agree here. For their theory is that the idea of God arose from the transfer of personality from man to—a somewhat, or somewhere—outside himself (Anthropomorphism).

If there be *a priori* reasons why it is impossible for those personalities called men to receive impressions of any kind from discarnate personalities—in fact through any channel but that of the five senses—then of course further discussion of this matter comes to an end. And if anyone is on metaphysical grounds convinced of this *a priori* impossibility—on some such ground as the *nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu*—then for him individually, at any rate in relation to

[1] I have no doubt people could be found who have said vaguely, or in the stress of controversy, that the Buddhists believe in an impersonal God. But I am sure these persons could not define what like an impersonal god might be.

this treatise, the question comes to an end. 'In relation to this treatise,' because we abstain here from ultimate metaphysical discussions. Such metaphysical grounds must however be more profound than the fundamental thesis of positivism, which is not metaphysical and is logically unsound, the thesis, viz., that there is no reality in phenomena which are not capable of demonstration. For the fallacy of that thesis was shown in our First Book. We saw there that so far from science giving us the only reality, every *datum* of science which depends upon the idea of number is on that account an unreality.

The metaphysical and *a priori* reasons against the existence of the Supernatural, reasons founded on the *nihil est* etc. proposition, would be as fatal to telepathy as to the supernatural. I am not urging this on the theory that telepathy is an established truth, but to clarify the debate. The above statement I know would be denied by many. 'Telepathy,' they would say, 'if it exists, is the result of a force dependent on the human organism, which it is true has not yet been identified and classed. But the Supernatural would be a force proceeding from beings who have not an organism.' Here comes in again the old confusion between existence and content. This judgment concerning telepathy is a judgment of 'content,' and it assumes a like judgment of content for the Supernatural. The judgment of existence in the case of the Supernatural and of telepathy is the same. For we have only to assume as an hypothesis that the sense of the supernatural does in fact proceed not from discarnate beings but from beings superior to ourselves in some other planet, acting telepathically (through the luminiferous ether if you will); and the judgment of existence remains unaltered.

Moreover the distinction sought to be drawn between telepathy and the Supernatural goes too far. On the purely naturalistic basis it would be impossible to deny what we call mental forces; that somehow or other what we call the mind does affect what we call the body. And as we know no material instrument through which the affection is brought about—or rather as the assumption of 'an instrument' only postpones the difficulty, like the cosmology of the 'poor Indian'—we are in no

position to say whether such affection may not be produced by discarnate as by incarnate minds.

To those, however, who are so possessed by the positivist habit of mind that they cannot think out of it and so cannot follow the reasoning of the last paragraph, the hypothesis of telepathic communication from beings in Jupiter will be sufficient to break down their argument on our present question—the judgment of existence. Theory for theory, it is as tenable that 'the gods' are inhabitants of Jupiter as that telepathy is an 'organic' force.

If then there be no *a priori* principles which remove the *idea* 'impression of the supernatural' and the *idea* 'impression of the remote' (telepathy) to a category apart, isolating them from the whole body of ideas, ideas of sensation, ideas of memory and so forth which make up that total which we call the world, our procedure in reference to the supernatural (or idea of the supernatural) and telepathy (or idea of telepathy) must follow the usual course. In other words it must be guided by evidence. Not of course of evidence as lawyers understand the word. The world could not be carried on, on condition of sifting all evidence in a court of law. It is on no such by-me-sifted evidence that I believe there was once a person called Joan of Arc, or that there is an island called Madeira, or that two years ago two persons were tried for murder at Monaco. I cannot say with any approach to accuracy on what evidence I believe these facts: nor I suspect, if he is honest, can the reader. And yet doubtless we both believe them absolutely. The reason why I do not accept telepathy with the same certainty is that it has been before the world too short a time. It is obviously something out of the way; not a common experience. A great many people I know do believe in it; and of course positive evidence (neglecting the negative[1]) is that on which as a rule we found our belief. But there are other exceptional circumstances attending this matter, to be spoken of anon. Still I admit the balance of probability seems to incline that way. In a few years more the impartial man will perhaps no longer hesitate.

[1] By negative I mean passively negative, the equivalent of 0 not of $-x$.

I know that there are a great many honest folk who persuade themselves—and the more readily when the scent of polemics is in the air—that they believe things (say the existence of the metal *helium*), because it is a fact which fits in with all the known laws of the Universe; but that they disbelieve in the supernatural because it conflicts with all the known laws of the Universe. But I will ask them if they have a clear recollection of having at any time mastered the catalogue of the known laws of the Universe; and then again whether they have concatenated these into a logical sequence: because that condition also is necessary. The number of folk, with a working knowledge of some branch of science, who vaguely fancy that they have gone through these two processes, is prodigious. But if you looked into their minds you would find that what had set up this belief therein was that they had assimilated certain of the scientific laws (which depend we saw mainly on the idea of measurement), such a law say as the conservation of energy; that by habit of mind the fundamental naturalistic thesis had become rooted in them—the thesis that science means reality—and that this habit of mind had come to stand in their thoughts for 'the known laws of the universe.' The fact being that there is no known law of the universe which makes it more likely that *helium* should exist than that it should not; and the reason of their belief in *helium* is that they believe the evidence. And the reason why they believe in *helium* and not in telepathy is not because as they would say the proof of the existence of *helium* can always be forthcoming: for certainly the proof of the Monaco murder cannot always be forthcoming, and they believe in that; but because telepathy is associated in their minds with spiritism, and spiritism with the Supernatural; and it belongs to the fundamental dogma of naturalism that the Supernatural is an illusion. But that fundamental dogma rests on the still more fundamental thesis just referred to, that 'science' means 'reality': a thesis which we have shown to be a fallacy.

This however can fairly be urged for a suspense of judgment in the case of telepathy longer than we should ask for in the case of some indifferent matter, that it involves in a considerable degree the question of the Supernatural, that *that* is a

question highly polemic; and so soon as polemic questions enter on the board the trustworthiness of witnesses is enormously lessened.

The above argument applies to the present moment, to telepathy and the evidence for telepathy; it applies to the evidence for the Supernatural which is contemporary. But it has no force as applied to the evidence for the Supernatural throughout the history of mankind. Throughout the history of the world at large there have been no reasons of this sort in operation. We merely transfer the atmosphere of to-day to the history of the race, when we apply the contemporary reasons for suspecting evidence to invalidate the evidence from the whole history of belief. The religious wars of ancient days were not the kind of polemics which we know. They were not wars against sceptics: they were wars between the votaries of different divinities: wars by the servants of Jehovah against the servants of Baal, by the votaries of Jesus of Nazareth against the votaries of 'Mahound.' Both sides believed in the Supernatural: there was neither motive nor tendency on either part to affect such belief. And if it be urged that these wars would provoke a tendency to exaggerate belief in the Supernatural, I answer that there is no psychological connexion between exaggeration and invention; and to suggest the cause of the one as the cause of the other is to show ignorance of human nature; in fact to deal in mere dialectic. The naïve theories of the eighteenth century that religions were invented by priests and kings for the enslavement of mankind cannot indeed (as we said long since) be refuted by any formal demonstration. But to adopt them does in fact put the holder outside the possibility of weighing the evidence on this subject.

The conclusion therefore is that the evidence for the Supernatural throughout the history of the world at large is of quite a different character from (say) the evidence for telepathy here and now. And it is a body of evidence which is really overwhelming. But be it remembered we are concerned as yet only with the judgment of existence[1]. (I recall once more the

[1] The passage in Lucretius to which we referred (p. 163) on the necessity of trusting to one's senses and rather as he says giving a false explanation than

example of the stars, lest the difference between the two judgments should have escaped the memory of the reader.) If the supernatural were not a polemic subject we should recognise without difficulty that there was a vast body of evidence for the belief in (for the experience of) quasi-telepathic communication between mankind and some discarnate being or beings; while there was no valid evidence (only *a priori* theory) to infirm the experience.

In all the common affairs of life (that means in affairs where no polemic enters) we habitually accept the positive evidence and neglect the negative[1]. To reverse the process would make a chaos of knowledge. If A has been to Johannesburg, it proves nothing against the existence of such a place that B has not. If A, B, C have seen eagles, it matters not that D, E, F have never seen these birds. If one man can distinguish the cry of a bat or the chirp of a cricket, it is of comparatively no importance that another cannot: if one man finds pleasure in music, that it says nothing to another. So we always judge in life as a whole: to judge otherwise would be insanity. In the case (in any single authenticated one) of telepathy, we should judge in the same way. If out of twenty men, ten were conscious of a presence behind a locked door, ten were not; then it would be the verdict of the first ten which would carry conviction: I mean if we judged in the ordinary fashion. In this case probably the 'man in the omnibus' would judge not by the ordinary rules. He would allege that these ten men had a motive for telling lies. But he would only judge so (rightly or wrongly) because the breath of polemic had passed over the scene. And it is absurd to judge human nature at large in this wise; because as has been said the breath of polemic in the matter of the Supernatural is a modern invention. Man had no motive for pretending a sense of the Supernatural if he had not got it.

I pause once more a moment to recognise that our argu-

surrendering the reality of experience itself, is probably the recognition of the difference between the judgment of existence and the judgment of content, and that the incorrectness of the latter could never invalidate the former. But experience, trusting to 'one's' senses, must include a reasonable reliance on evidence. (See below, p. 214, note.)

[1] See p. 204, note.

ment cannot be completely demonstrable. As was said long since (in Chapter II. of the previous book) and again just now, if anyone adopt the invention-of-priests-and-kings theory of the origin of religion, he cannot be driven out of that position by argument. The polemically-disposed agnostic will be more inclined, I dare say, to adhere to this theory now, when he sees how necessary it is to his position. For he will find that a vast number of the arguments he has been wont to rely on for a negative conclusion of our enquiry rest on an unhistoric preoccupation with the present, the lack of that dramatic instinct which might help him to see with the eye of the past; they rest on a survival indeed more or less conscious of the Voltairean thesis. He will himself sometime have urged probably that the religious wars that have deluged the world are reasons why we should give up the belief in the supernatural. Accepting the Voltairean thesis they are so, but not otherwise. Otherwise it would be as reasonable to say, 'Look at the passion of love, the *μύρι' ἀλγέα*, the ten thousand ills, the wars, devastations, rapes, murders, diseases it has brought upon mankind. That alone is a reason for decreeing that there is no such thing.' And anyone can detect the absurdity in such an argument. Thus what our polemic agnostic has urged as a reason against the existence of the 'supernatural idea' is really evidence of its existence. It may be true in experience that persecution tends to make people hold on tighter to their opinions. Not the less, the certainty of any truth or fact how common soever makes people disposed to persecute those who differ from them. And if a man came into a company and declared that a pair of curtains which to the others looked red was really green, his companions would be inclined not to argue, but to beat or jeer him out of his opinion.

Yet one and all of the arguments which we have been bringing forward have validity only for those possessed of some knowledge of human nature: therefore they are not demonstrable, and can be denied. And other theories of human nature can be introduced to account for the belief in the supernatural (the Voltairean is one) which cannot be disproved. It is only the artistic reason which can decide between them.

The standard argument against the reality of the 'supernatural judgment' is that, by some congenital defect in human nature, man was once and for all induced into this error: and that only since science came to its own has this defect been remedied. And the error of mankind touching the rotatory movement of the earth would be cited as a parallel instance, should it seem strange this thousand-years-enduring disability of mankind to distinguish between reality and dreams. Essentially this theory is the old positivist thesis reappearing in a new guise. But it is supported also by the confusion (now I hope the 'old confusion') between the two 'judgments'—existence and content. For the question we are discussing is a judgment of existence: that of the earth's rotation, of content. Nobody doubts that—as in the case of the stars—our ancestors had the same experiences of day and night which we have. They interpreted their experience wrongly; that is all. In the case of experience of a personality, a parallel wrong interpretation would be that the beings were discarnate, supposing they were really (telepathically felt) Jovians. But that erroneous judgment of content would not touch the judgment we are dealing with here. The experience itself is simple; it could not be an inference. The fundamental part of this thesis, however, will be discussed in the following chapter. I will only say here that if we are to make such assumptions as of the incapacity of fully-developed men—and surely Virgil (for example) was a fully-developed man—for having like *experiences* with us, at whatever age in the world they may live, it will be found that our whole theory of knowledge will have to go by the board.

Lastly, though we have drawn our argument hitherto from ancient beliefs, there remains the fact, always ignored by the agnostic, that the belief in the supernatural is not a historic question only, but is shared by thousands of cultivated as of uncultivated persons at the present day. In the Preface of his most remarkable *The Dynasts* Mr Hardy writes:

> 'The wide prevalence of the Monistic theory of the Universe forbade, in this twentieth century, the importation of Divine personages from any antique Mythology as ready-made sources or channels of Causation, and excluded the celestial machinery of say *Paradise Lost* as peremptorily as

that of the *Iliad* or the *Eddas*. And the abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same.'

In regard to which a reviewer of *The Dynasts* in the *Edinburgh Review* writes as follows:

'It is no impeachment of a man's character, nor even of his religious instincts, if in these times of distracted counsels he knows not which way to look....The vulgar optimist is a far less venerable figure than pessimists of the type of Leopardi or Mr Hardy. But though the attitude which our author takes up throws no reflection on his character and is some evidence of his poetic temperament, it does at the same time indicate a sort of hysteria not consistent with a perfectly sound judgment....Mr Hardy seems to want to bluff his philosophy. How could the "wide prevalence" of any theory "forbid" the importation of divine personages?'

What is the meaning (our critic next asks) of the passage about the masculine pronoun?

'In simple language, we suppose it means that, as all thinkers have long since abandoned the idea of a deity, it was *impossible* (even for poetic purposes) to assume either a God or supernatural presences or powers. Are then Goethe, Coleridge, Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning to be rated out of the order of "thinkers"? Or among metaphysicians was not Kant a thinker, nor Fichte nor Lotze, to come down to our own day? Surely this is bluff if ever bluff there were. And bluff of this sort springs out of hysteria.'

If count of heads even among contemporaries were to decide the matter, though we were able to reckon up (which is impossible) not the votes but the intimate convictions of folk, I know no reason to suppose that the negative would outweigh the positive. Now what people really *think* about true and false always depends in the last instance upon their experience; what they *say* may depend on fashion or what not. Only on the theory that we may neglect the experience of those who have had 'no scientific training' (the old positivist thesis once again) could any large majority of agnostic votes be obtained. And if it were obtained, it would have no value: for, as was said (p. 207), we never draw conclusions from the negation of an experience.

It has been often asked by scholars of our day—how is it that Lucretius, whose object is to get rid of the gods from all interference in human affairs, yet does not deny their existence

altogether, but relegates them to some region of *far' niente* out of touch with ours? It was not for fear of religious persecution. There was not enough of religious feeling in Lucretius' day for that. Gaston Boissier has shown how just about that time there was less religion among the intellectual Romans than at any time before, and possibly any subsequent time. And there was no priestly caste there whose interest would oblige them to fight against atheism. The reason, it is generally believed, why Lucretius does not make his gods disappear into non-existence was that he did not deny the gods had been seen, or rather the *simulacra* of the gods. Lucretius' (or Epicurus') notion about the appearance of images of things is known—a theory certainly not scientific, yet in a sense partaking more of 'reality' than the undulatory theory of light. Lucretius supposes that from every object detaches a succession of infinitely thin coverings or skins (*membranae*) which, floating through space, bring the image without the substance of these objects to men's eyes. These floating bodiless outsides are the origin of visions, of ghosts, and of the gods. Now in regard to these two supernatural ideas, ghosts and the gods, it is evident that the theory makes a separation between them. For human beings have existed; the *membranae* of human beings might therefore float about, giving a real experience of ghosts, and yet ghosts might not be. But the *membranae* of the gods could not float about unless there were or had been gods. The Latin poet, then, more attentive to evidence than the modern agnostic, does not deny the judgment of existence in the matter of the supernatural. It is as if he placed his gods in Jupiter; in which for the telepathic judgment there would be nothing illogical.

It will be answered, 'This is a case of the visible images of the gods. As, whether there be gods or no, I presume you do not think the gods have ever been seen, it is against, not for, your argument.' Individually I have small doubt that the gods have been seen. But, were it otherwise, it would not destroy my position. For, as the etymology of the word shows, all 'ideas' tend to be thought of as things seen. My own view is that they tend to take visible form and *be* things seen; but that is by the way. The tendency to regard any idea (impression of a god in the present argument) as a thing

seen, would be enough to create an image, a *simulacrum* which would 'embody' the idea.

The main argument of this chapter may be resumed in the form of a single proposition, too Euclidian in its conciseness to carry conviction to the average mind but which I believe to an exact thinker would alone be sufficient.

That a man should not have experience of things which exist is a usual circumstance, and no deductions can be made from it. But that a man should have experiences which do not exist is much rarer. Nothing for example can be deduced from the fact that a man hard of hearing does not hear the sound of church bells, nor that I have never seen Madeira. But that a man should hear the sound of bells in still air, or that I should see an island in the Atlantic which had no existence: such events are much more rare, and at once ask for an explanation of some sort. Now it is a recognised (and indeed obvious) rule of logic that we are not to explain things by remote and rare causes, if near and familiar ones are at hand. By this rule therefore it is more probable that if a certain number of people (even a minority) suppose that they have telepathic communication with supernatural beings or a being of some sort, they really have some communication, than that they are mistaken: supposing I mean the evidence on the other side is of a passively negative kind. Of course this positive conclusion only touches the judgment of existence, not of content. It would not follow that the people I speak of should have any just or quasi-scientific knowledge of the being or beings with whom they were *en rapport*, or that their theories concerning them should be the true ones.

Another argument which is of perhaps more real weight than any of the foregoing, but not of demonstrable value —indeed it gives us an excellent and characteristic example of the use of artistic reason—is this: man as a fact has 'invented' nothing: his invention is what it is etymologically—a discovery, no more. But the idea of God or 'a god' is too original a one to spring out of nought. I know that a number of anthropologists and writers from the positivist standpoint have proposed to show whence the idea of God has sprung, how it has evolved. We shall examine their theses in another chapter.

Here I must however say generally of them that they defy contradiction. But on this account: that their authors and recipients lack imagination sufficient to perceive how ineffective their theories are. It asks indeed no small effort of imagination to make a *tabula rasa* of the human mind in the matter of the gods, in the matter of the Supernatural; to imagine the word 'divine' expunged altogether from human vocabulary and men wanting even a tendency to entertain such an idea. What in that case would create it? Why should men imagine other personalities than their own? 'They get the idea from dreams, from images seen in dreams,' is the common explanation. And the sort of cases which the anthropologists cite in illustration of their theory are of this kind. A chief, who dreams that his servant has insulted him, punishes the man the day following. This is as near as one can guess what the primitive man who had no tendency to a belief in the Supernatural would be apt to think about dreams—till he learnt the difference between dreams and reality; then he would think so no more. The chief's interpretation of his dream is perfectly realistic, perfectly (in the cant use of the term) rationalistic. There is here no tendency to invent the Supernatural. 'Not so,' is the anthropologist's answer; 'out of a series of such inferences man constructs a supernatural world.' It is impossible to argue the point: it is a question which the dramatic imagination must decide. Whoever does not perceive that the god-idea is too original a one to be constructed out of inferences and deductions—supposing any 'judgment of existence' could be so constructed—for me lacks this instinctive faculty: he is unconvincible and invincible, but with the invincibility of ignorance.

Except then for those who have *a priori* metaphysical reasons for deciding that no communication between incarnate and discarnate personalities, in simpler language between men and any kind of spiritual or supernatural being, is possible, the cumulative evidence that some such communication has taken place seems to me overwhelming. And I do not know that by adding words I can add to its persuasiveness. I suspect too that the number of persons excepted by my exception is small. One reason why I deem so is that I do not think such metaphysical *a priori* reasons exist. And another reason is that

I am convinced that many men who have persuaded themselves that they are persuaded the supernatural is obviously impossible would not say the same in regard to telepathy. They would say (probably) that they did not believe in telepathy. But they would not say that no amount of evidence would convince them that telepathy was true, on the principle of Hume's well-known dilemma—that it is contrary to experience that telepathy should be true, but not contrary to experience that human testimony should be false[1]. Yet so far as our present discussion goes, telepathy and the Supernatural are on all fours.

I can, however, conceive one reason (not yet touched on) which might hinder many readers from accepting the conclusions we have arrived at, though otherwise they were disposed to do so. 'It cannot be so simple as that,' they will say. 'A question which has been discussed in countless volumes, as has this of the existence of the Supernatural, must be *plus malin que ça.* There must be some flaw in your argument somewhere.' I will remind such persons that up to now we have only answered one of the propositions into which the

[1] This famous argument, which Hume modelled on Tillotson's argument against Transubstantiation, is formally sound but practically fallacious. It is sound in form because Hume has defined a miracle as a 'violation of the laws of nature.' But that definition implies the possibility of knowing *a priori* what are 'the laws of nature;' whereas Hume is perfectly aware and would be the foremost to assert that 'laws' in this sense only mean invariable sequence of phenomena. The invariability, however, is not given by individual but by collective experience (p. 197), and therefore in the last instance depends for its evidence on human testimony. We have, therefore, the same term on both sides of the equation or of the supposed antithesis: consequently the antithesis of Hume's dilemma does not in reality exist; so that the dilemma is a fallacy.

As a fact those very examples of alleged miracles (at the tomb of Abbé Paris) which the philosopher triumphantly cites as evidence of the worthlessness of human testimony, would to-day be accepted as facts and therefore the testimony validated. It would of course be said that they were hysterical cases cured by auto-suggestion and so forth. But that explanation in no way infirms the value of the 'testimony' to their existence.

And yet, for all that, human reason has decided rather for Hume than against him, and the aphorism is in spirit not much more than a truism. In any individual alleged quasi-miraculous event, the balance of probability is rather that the reporters have been deceived or deceiving than that the wonder should have taken place. That does not mean, however, that *no* evidence could overcome our prejudice in favour of the evidence on which rests our belief in the laws of nature.

question of the Supernatural divides itself—the proposition of experience; and that in the first chapter of Book I. it was pointed out how we in fact in common practice make controversial questions *insoluble* by combining half a dozen separate propositions into one question. Further, as we shall see, very special difficulties meet us in this case, if we follow that habit, and are not careful to distinguish between each proposition and its neighbours. Meantime, the ensuing chapter may in some degree remove the prejudice raised by the brevity of this one.

CHAPTER II.

THE SUPERNATURAL—THE JUDGMENT OF EXISTENCE (CONTINUED).

§ 1.

AT the end of the last chapter I said that what would most raise distrust of its conclusions was that they seemed to be too simple, the arguments for the existence of the Supernatural too obvious. I gave the reasons why, in my judgment, the question has hitherto been needlessly complicated. Even so, I daresay the impression will remain, that we have simplified it unduly. To correct the notion, as far as possible, I will devote this chapter to an examination of the arguments upon the other side.

These negative arguments have never been systematically set forth: that will increase our difficulty, but not indefinitely. That delicacy for the feelings of the devout which has created the word 'agnostic' and 'personal God' (as implying its opposite) has interfered with the systematic exposition of disproofs of the Supernatural. Mr Mallock, I think, imagined a character who had written 'A Disproof of God's Existence;' but the manuscript was burnt by a maidservant, and it has had no successor. Besides delicacy for other people's feelings, a sense of justice would no doubt hinder people from writing a book of that sort. For in no question can a man have the negative side so much at heart as the positive. Critics in attacking some classic or semi-classic author ought to bear that in mind, even if the writer in question is a red rag to them: and I think most do.

It must however be added that this self-restraint the agnostics impose upon themselves sometimes festers in their minds. This is I imagine why writers like G. H. Lewes and Professor Karl Pearson turn to rend metaphysic with such savagery.

The offence of metaphysic in their eyes is that it has often stood behind theology, much as Mephistopheles stood behind Faust in his duel with Valentin. *Nun zugestossen! ich parire.* If they do not state 'their disproof of God's existence' in so many words, there is really not much difficulty in surmising what it would be. The fact of reticence, then, only places us at a disadvantage in face of the controversialist, not in the search for truth. There is a much greater difficulty in separating the negative argument on theology from the 'positivist thesis,' out of which it generally springs, and which in fact it generally takes for granted. But we cannot for ever be going over old ground and flogging a dead horse, by showing the lack of foundation for the thesis that only demonstrable or scientific reason can give results, and only demonstrable or scientific knowledge can be real. We cannot for ever be going over the ground which disproved a theory, according to which the musician who had pleasure in music could not reasonably know that he had this pleasure; nor Napoleon, in divining the purposes of his adversary, possess real knowledge.

The passage which we quoted from Huxley's article on Pseudo-Scientific Realism (p. 116) glancing at the possibility of worlds where all the laws of our world were inverted, which the telescope may some day discover, but has not yet: that I surmise was written with an eye toward theological questions but an eye not specially wide awake. I have, however, no doubt that the average agnostic, who was not very imaginative nor endowed with any sort of instinct of the supernatural, would put the matter—the existence of discarnate beings—as if it were much the same as a question of a place where stones fell upward, and so forth. 'Is there,' he would say in effect, 'anywhere in space a being with (as it were) the name "God" on the door-plate; and if so where? And how did you find out that there was such a being?' But the person who spoke in such wise would only feel he was making a 'point' because he had two ideas buried deep in his mind: the first our old friend the positivist or naturalistic thesis; and the second—really a corollary of that—the notion that all past ages of the world did not count, because only in this age have we begun to distinguish true from false. This corollary as applied

to the supernatural, involves another error which we have treated of in the preceding chapter—the confusion between the judgment of existence and the judgment of content. To suppose men in all past ages incapable of a true judgment of existence is to suppose them constituted quite differently from ourselves: a supposition no one would ever make unless driven thereto by polemic feeling. This becomes evident when we revert to our old illustration of the stars. No polemics enter there; therefore it would never occur to anyone to question that our forefathers saw the same stars that we see and saw them of the same form and appearance—that their judgment of existence was our judgment of existence on this point.

Mill argues much in the same way as I have imagined the average scientific agnostic arguing. It would be quite possible, he says, for men to behold God in the act of making worlds. That would silence the sceptic. No telescope has shown us Him, that is certain, in 'the Sword of Orion' or elsewhere. And what the apologists call 'evidence,' design in nature, is none such: Paley's watch stopped a century ago—finally at any rate since *The Origin of Species* saw the light. Such would be Mill's argument. But the truth is, all that Mill's eye, looking through Huxley's telescope, could possibly see would be a Being making worlds. Such a Being would really be of no use to the theologians (though they have persistently thought he would be); for such a being might be a devil quite as well as a god. Or he might be merely unendowed with any special moral or spiritual powers. If all the discoveries that have been made in electricity, magnetism, telegraphy, etc., were the work of one man, he would be almost as superhuman as a world-maker. Yet we have no reason to imagine such an one remarkably endowed morally or spiritually; unless we suppose that those who would have (by our hypothesis) to be rolled together to make this one man, would as a committee stand above the heads of their fellows in these regards.

This argument brings us rather too near the question of 'content' for the present stage of our enquiry. While trenching on that as little as I can help, I take it—I have already taken it—that the sense of the supernatural (save among the rudest people) has generally pointed toward a moral superiority in these

'unseen ones,' the Immortals. So that Mill's world-maker would not necessarily serve past races for a god better than he would the modern theologian: though no doubt a primitive folk, even a classic people, would think such a being did serve their purpose even more than the modern theologian is apt so to think. They confounded power and goodness more even than men are apt to do to-day.

When Lewes writes that 'organic phenomena' are always found in connexion with certain combinations of oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen; and that we have therefore the right to assume that 'vitality' is dependent on this combination, he is also obviously thinking theologically, *i.e.* polemically. For nothing but the polemic instinct could have suggested such clearly unscientific assumptions. In the first place 'are always found' should be 'have always been found'; in the second place who could possibly assert that constant (known) connexion proved dependence? In the third place the identification of organism with 'vitality' is of course an assumption of the very matter in dispute.

Nothing but the polemic virus could make a writer of repute pen a statement such as this. It would be as reasonable to say that, as English judges always officiate in wigs, the administration of the law of England is dependent on wigs. What 'vitality' is we do not know. But even if Lewes' statement were scientific and not an absurdity, vitality and 'personality' are not the same. So that if Lewes wished to touch the supernatural thesis (which doubtless he did) he would have to make on his side two identifications: organic substance = vitality = personality[1]. Mr Karl Pearson writes: 'Our only experience of thought is associated with the brain of man. No inference can possibly be legitimate which carries thought any further than some system akin to his.' But the supernatural we are discussing does not take the form of an inference but an experience: there is no likeness in form between inference and experience. So that if we are to touch our question we must

[1] We saw that Lewes talks (which is just the language of thirty years ago) of the *dependence* of mental states on neural states.

He also calls neural vibrations the 'raw material' of consciousness—they being, in fact, a rough way merely of *measuring* consciousness. It would be as reasonable to call algebraic formulae the raw material of the Forth Bridge.

make the substitution of 'experience' for 'inference' in Professor Pearson's sentence and read, 'Our only experience of thought is associated with the brain of man. No experience can possibly be legitimate which carries thought any further than some system akin to his,' which is a simple way of dealing with a controversial question.

It is moreover worth while to notice that neither Lewes' nor Mr Karl Pearson's argument touches the hypothesis of telepathy from Jupiter. So, even if they had the validity they lack, they would not shake the 'judgment of existence' we are considering.

A dozen passages might be cited from writers of the same school of thought parallel to the two just given from Lewes and Professor Karl Pearson. They express rather a habit of thought —one might even use the French expression *idée fixe*—than a train of argument. The authors of the passages cited might have known, had they questioned their minds, that they belonged to the category of persons described at the beginning of the previous chapter, who for their own mental health should leave polemics alone. But no doubt there are plenty more, naturally reasonable, to whom, as they have acquired the positive habit of thought, those passages, and Mill's or Huxley's way of regarding the supernatural, would seem convincing. Their habit of thought is at its root natural to all of us. It is the same instinct which would make a child regard a stone as a real thing, the air as not a real thing. We instinctively regard phenomena—sensible phenomena—as 'real' and thought as only semi-real. And one of the chief purposes of philosophy or metaphysic is to correct that tendency. Yet, so far from being true is what Auguste Comte asserts, that thought passes from the religious through the metaphysic to the positive stage, philosophy itself began by following the same sort of instinct that the child would have in considering the stone more real than the air—if a little further forward. Philosophy began in attributing essential reality to some sensible phenomenon (generalised). Only in its later stages, at first through definite 'ideas' (generalised), such as number, did philosophy with the Greeks finally recognise that thought is the beginning of all things. Because we recognise that the other habit, the un-

philosophical habit, of mind is quite natural to reasonable men, it belonged to the scheme of this treatise (as it would not belong to a professedly metaphysical work) to take account of it and show the ground of its fallacy: though that could be done but shortly.

For a controversialist it would be open to maintain that the passages cited from Lewes and Professor Pearson were statements thrown into the air and that have no bearing on theology. But I doubt nobody would believe this. The second passage—from the *Grammar of Science*—allows us to put our finger on a fundamental assumption of the positivist school that 'the supernatural sense' has not an existence in itself, is not an experience but an inference. As against that theory of theirs it must be said that they have, in forming it, abandoned the principle which they would be the first to assert in science: that one must begin by knowledge of the phenomena one philosophises upon: they have become hyperscholastic in their methods, trying to make a thing *be* what it best fits their thesis it should be, by defining it in their own way.

It is true that the way to have acquired the knowledge they dispense with was not the way of demonstrable knowledge: it was the way of artistic knowledge, the dramatic sense, the way Napoleon might divine the plans of an opponent. If Napoleon had suspended his operations till psychology could furnish him with formulae of the working of Archduke Charles' mind, he would not have been fundamentally more foolish than is the man who—used to scientific methods and not to the dramatic sense—thinks he can assume facts which he should know he has never verified, because they fit in with his ready-made theories. The way by which those who choose to consider the 'supernatural sense' as an inference are able to give their theory a colour, is by confounding the two judgments—'existence' and 'content' or 'experience' and 'knowledge'—on which we have already written so much. We can see how this may be done by returning to our old illustration of the sea-serpent (p. 201). Speaking roughly of that incident a man might say that the mariners 'inferred' that they had seen a sea-serpent; but were mistaken. This is a rough but an inexact way of stating the case. The mariners had, as we saw, a real experience. The

confusion between experience and inference is natural to a careless thinker, but it can be only a *mala voluntas* toward reason which, when attention is called thereto, will be unable to distinguish between the *nature* of the one and the *nature* of the other.

In the first chapter of this treatise we spoke of men's habit, whenever polemics are to the front, of charging sideways at their adversaries' case; so that the opposing parties run round each other's positions as squirrels round a cage. No better example could be given of the practice than this custom of the agnostic school of treating the 'supernatural idea' as an inference not an experience. The chain of their reasoning, such assumption being made, takes this form. 'We can (by the positivist thesis) only have experience of sensuous phenomena (real experience: the rest being dream-like). Disembodied spirits are not sensuous phenomena: therefore experience of them is impossible. Therefore if people not mad have come to believe in disembodied spirits, it must have been through some false inference.' The fact however remains that those who have the 'supernatural idea' or *sensus numinis* have it in the form of experience. Now the only things which take the form of experience and are not are hallucinations. So that—from the positivist standpoint—the only deduction consistent with the facts of the case is that thousands or rather millions of persons to-day, 'whose pulse as ours doth temperately keep time,' and almost the total population of the globe a few centuries back, lived and live in continual hallucination, in other words are and were mad[1]. It is natural that the agnostic has not willingly committed himself to this thesis.

In time the inference theory gets crystallised into some such a phrase as, 'Man takes a set of emotions and says it is a God.' But here by a sudden rebound non-sensuous phenomena (the

[1] When I speak of the total population of the globe having experience of the supernatural, I speak in the same general way that we speak of other experiences. The total population of the globe to-day has not constant experience of sunrise; some folks' experience of sunrise is very rare or even non-existent. We do not (save in polemic matters) boggle over these deductions. Granting, for the argument's sake, that in the matter of the supernatural the majority accepted the experience of the minority; so has it happened with mankind in the case of the experience of the sea.

emotions) reappear in the equation; and the 'naturalistic thesis' goes by the board. For if emotions are of that kind of realities that you can of them 'make' such an external and quasi-experiential idea as a god, then the principle which ruled out the non-sensuous has been abandoned. Yet the making of a God out of emotion is no better accounted for. It is true we often ascribe our emotions to others. But we do this because we have already got from the others the 'idea' of a personality which is not our own. This idea of personality got from the individual is a distinct thing from the emotions we attribute to him. And it is no help to the adverse argument to say that our personalities, all personalities, are no more than a *series* of experiences and emotions. That may or may not be philosophically true: at any rate it is a thesis. (The two judgments are confounded once again.) Here we are not dealing with theses but with 'ideas' (experiences). And no one out of Bedlam could maintain that our idea of another man's personality is the same as the series of *his* experiences and emotions. So that the statement we are criticising (that God or the gods are made out of emotions), having dropped the support of the naturalistic thesis, can only justify itself on historical grounds. If the theorist can show that the gods were generally personified emotions, so: if not the statement is in the air.

We do behold the process of turning the emotions into beings in many religions, as in the case of Φόβος, *Virtus*, etc.[1]. From such isolated examples it would be difficult to argue a general rule. In the case of Jesus of Nazareth we have an undoubted instance of a historical personage becoming (or always having been) a god. That instance would not be enough, however, to support all the identifications of Euhemerus.

On the whole the Jupiter-telepathic theory of the supernatural does much less violence to reason and the facts of the case, than does the inference theory. For the inference theory must start from a principle which as we saw in the last chapter, would in itself make chaos of our knowledge[2]; and it must end by demonstrating that the majority of men to-day, almost all the world not long since, are and were out of their senses.

Thus it is that all this series of arguments built on the

[1] Or what might be so represented; but see *post*, Chapter XII.

[2] The principle that *experience* was not the same for men in all ages.

foundation of the positivist thesis, which we have seen is the positivist fallacy, only seems to vary from that or to improve on that, because they involve in one the two problems of 'existence' and 'content' till the issue is obscured. If the agnostic had limited his efforts to the latter problem, in other words had he contented himself with showing that, though the supernatural was 'in existence,' it was not the same *thing* which the most part of the orthodox and the religious suppose it to be, he would, I doubt, have been on firmer ground. But that question belongs to the ensuing chapter.

§ 2.

It is I believe the same essential (naturalistic) hypothesis and the same fundamental confusion between existence and content which shape all that class of studies on the history of religion, of religious ideas, mythologies, and so forth, that have issued from the school of writers whom I will call the anthropological school. Lord Avebury's *Prehistoric Times* touches on the subject: it is one of the earliest works of this school. The greater portion of the two volumes of Dr Tylor's *Primitive Culture* is concerned with 'Animism' considered as the basis of Mythology and Religion. A great part of Spencer's Sociological section is devoted to this matter. We have also Mr Andrew Lang's *Myth, Ritual and Religion* written very much under the influence of Tylor's work; and Mr Frazer's *Golden Bough.* Mr Grant Allen comes closer still to the matter in hand with his *Evolution of the Idea of God.* Then we have a popular treatment of the subject in Mr Edward Clodd's *Childhood of Religion.* One feature in which all these works agree is that they put an extraordinary trust in the evidence furnished by customs, rituals, and so forth, primarily as these are collected (by missionaries and others) from existing savage nations. This is, to begin with, the cashiering of the dramatic imagination and hence of artistic reason, in favour of 'statistics' and demonstrable reason: and the principle in itself ranges those who adopt it on the side of the positivists and the positivist thesis[1].

[1] Thus though Mr Andrew Lang has, I believe, changed his views as to the origin of religion since he wrote *Myth, Ritual and Religion*, his work (which he has not withdrawn from circulation), by its starting point in savage beliefs, frames itself (*s'encadre*) with the positivist or anthropological series.

These methods also involve more or less the fallacy of 'the chestnut and the chestnut-tree' spoken of in our first chapter (p. 25). The writers of this school can hardly be reproached in that they never keep distinct the thesis of existence and the thesis of content: for in that they are at one with practically all writers on religion, whatever their school or party. The fact however has made me hesitate whether I ought not to defer the consideration of their works to the next chapter; and we shall certainly have to refer to them again there. Nevertheless there is a fundamental theory at the base of all these writings, viz. that the religious sense is delusive and the cause of delusion; the 'idea of the supernatural' itself an illusion. It is this that brings the writings into question here. Howbeit, what with the confusion of the two judgments, and with the anthropologists giving so little precise explanation of the bearing in their eyes of the facts they throw upon the tapis, it is not easy to extract from these books any clear chain of reasoning. Perhaps the writers' unwillingness to formulate a distinct negative in part accounts for this (see pp. 202, 216).

Spencer's theory of Ancestor Worship as the origin of religion, the belief in the survival of forefathers as the origin of the supernatural idea, would not in itself touch our argument of existence. For dead ancestors quite as well as any other discarnate beings might constitute the *vera causa* of the supernatural judgment. But it belongs to the essence of Spencer's theory that human personalities cannot survive death: no doubt on the same grounds put forward by Lewes and Mr Pearson in the passages quoted and criticised above (p. 219), in other words the true naturalistic theory. This Spencer in effect takes for granted; he 'takes it as read' into his ancestor-worship theory as a whole. His concern therefore is to 'account for' the belief in surviving ancestors or generally in survival after death. And this he does account for mainly by the theory of the dream-image giving rise to the notion of such survival. Spencer's theory of the 'dream-image' is well known and need not be detailed. Moreover, an intelligent reader who happened not to have heard it could reconstruct it from this hint alone. At the same time I must for my part confess I have never been able to understand the importance Spencer attaches to this theory.

To account for a belief in the spirits of the departed a much more 'trivial' experience would suffice. A man dies. Some virtue has evidently gone out of him. One may say indeed that the essential virtue has gone out of him. His body however is there. It looks somewhat different; but it has not diminished by a hair or an ounce of weight. What then was it gave him, five minutes since, the essentials of a *man*, his 'remains' now not differing in nature from a log or a stone? This seems an obvious question for the savage, the primitive man, to ask. That would be enough to suggest to him the soul, or as the anthropologists prefer to say, the ghost. To what extent the dream-image might enforce that notion is almost indifferent: the origin of the notion is so clear and natural. It is such an obvious rule of logic not to look for out-of-the-way reasons when simple ones suffice, that I can make no very plausible guess why the dream-image plays such an important part as it does in Spencer's theory. For it clearly has the disadvantage of assuming to read the thoughts of primitive men. Whereas the inference we have described would be natural to any man. And the two or three stories which are most favourable to the dream-image theory and to the reading its interpreters desire have a remarkable way of reappearing in the writings of Spencer and his school. So I am led to believe the evidence for the part played by dreams in savage thought is not overwhelming[1].

I can however surmise a reason for Spencer's appeal to the remote rather than to the obvious to account for the idea of 'the soul.' It belongs to the 'case' of the anthropologists generally that the religious idea and all the beliefs appertaining thereto have their origin a long way from us, in mental conditions that we have in the main quite outlived; and that they persist to our day as 'survivals,' parts of some atrophied mental organ. A theory which, be it said in parenthesis, argues something approaching supernatural powers in the anthropologists that they can realise these conditions of thought with such ease and certainty. An out-of-the-way origin for ancestor-worship obviously fits the better on to that thesis. Moreover the more

[1] I am speaking now of evidence that the dream-image is responsible for the notion of survival, the idea of the soul in fact.

natural inference (to call it an inference[1]) that we gave, touches very close on a philosophical reason for believing in survival after death, viz. the indestructibility of the 'personality,' at any rate the greater reality of 'personality,' the *ego*, than of the phenomena it helps to create.

There is another point in Spencer's ancestor-worship theory not easily explained: though the difficulty does not lie in the path of our present enquiry. In his *First Principles* Spencer tells us that religion is essentially ('may be defined as') 'an *a priori* theory of the universe.' His ancestor-worship theory and the researches which support it fit however with the definition which most people would give of religion—that it is the worship of discarnate (spiritual) beings, superior to ourselves. There seems no necessary or even natural connexion between these two ideas—'spiritual beings,' '*a priori* theory of the universe'; and to identify them would be impossible. If religion 'might be defined' as an *a priori* theory of the world, ancestor-worship could not possibly be so defined: so ancestor-worship cannot *penes* Spencer be religion.

As however I am not getting up a case against the anthropologists or any one of them, I leave this contradiction on one side, only thankful that by accepting ancestor-worship as religion and the origin of religion, Spencer does in fact range himself with Tylor, whose definition of religion—'the belief in spiritual beings[2],' is simple enough. For of course Spencer's dead ancestors have become spiritual beings or *spirituisimiles*. Tylor, on his side, is (I imagine) not less at one with Spencer in assuming that his spiritual beings are not *verae causae* of the supernatural sense, but the children of inference and illusion.

What Tylor's chapters show and are designed to show is how extremely wide-spread is the belief in spirits among people in a low state of culture. The evidence is chiefly drawn from accounts of savage life; but these are illustrated not seldom by examples of what may be called savage belief surviving among a more cultivated folk. One has a general sense in reading them that these chapters are written for the 'faithful'; for

[1] It is not inference, in fact. For the experience of personality in ourselves (experience of our *ego*) is what gives substance to the belief that the larger part of the dead man must persist somewhere. [2] *Primitive Culture*, I. p. 424.

those, that is, who have already accepted the naturalistic thesis. But of course they can only be considered here for the evidence they directly produce against our 'judgment of existence.' The evidence is not collected on any very scientific basis: for there is nothing to suggest what ratio the facts presented hold to the facts which might bear upon the question. Such a ratio or comparison would indeed be unattainable, seeing that the facts in the second category are practically infinite[1]. With the whole world to range over and (when we include 'survivals') with no limits either of time or space, a vast number of facts are thrown upon the carpet for us to pick up, and infer from them what we will. So far as regarded the faithful, Tylor may have felt sure that only one inference would be drawn. Possibly he thought that only one could be drawn from them. Possibly he did not perceive that in order to argue the illusive origin of an idea, you have not alone to show that it was once in a sense more wide-spread in early days and tended to shrink in later ones; but you must show that it tends with time to lose all significance. That is the only possible means of—I will not say demonstrating—but suggesting the inference that the supernatural judgment is what Tylor calls a survival only. It is not in fact quite easy to understand what Tylor supposes a survival to be: or how he passes from suggesting the idea of surviving to suggesting also the idea of non-existence. What I mean is this. The human appendix whereof we have heard so much of late would by Tylor's definition class as a survival. But those who have had appendicitis are among us to witness that the appendix has existence. And one cannot see outside the world in which one lives. Supposing as a hypothesis that the supernatural was more of a reality (if one may use the illogical phrase) to our primitive forefathers than to us: so long as it is a reality ('exists') to-day the argument of existence remains

[1] It is on this account that a negative thesis is really implied in investigations such as these of the Anthropologists, especially in such a work as Mr Grant Allen's *Evolution of the Idea of God* referred to later. For difficult though it is to imagine on any 'lay' subject folk spending vast energy and time in making collections of errors (*e.g.* erroneous notions touching the metals gathered from all people over the wide earth), the collection of not-erroneous opinions is still less imaginable: the collection for instance of savage beliefs that fire would burn and water drown.

where it was. 'As civilisation advances,' wrote Macaulay in a famous passage, 'poetry almost necessarily declines.' But that hypothesis if it were accepted would not support Bobus' contention that poetry 'was all 'umbug.' There are still people who genuinely believe in poetry; and poetry has 'existence' here and now. Neither the fact (if it be a fact) that among uncivilised folk there were more who believed in poetry than now, nor the theory that some day nobody will believe in it, can alter its 'existence' at the present moment. Though I will admit that for the faithful (the Bobuses in this instance) it would tend to confirm them in their fidelity.

Even by one of the faithful however (if he were also logical) Tylor's evidence should be seen insufficient, seeing that he makes no allowance for specialisation, nor for concentration. We may illustrate what we mean by an example. Few people among civilised folk have been more 'superstitious' (as it is called) than the ancient Romans. We know that they had discarnate beings, greater and lesser divinities, located everywhere and attached to every action of life: divinities worshipped publicly; domestic gods worshipped in the house; a god for birth, a god for death, a god for marriage; a divinity for child-bearing; a divinity for suckling; a divinity for the child's first cry; and so on, in almost endless profusion. Will it be maintained that the sense of the supernatural, the 'religious idea' was more powerful among the Romans than it was among the Arabs in the conquering days of Mohammedanism? Here we see that the moment we bring the argument implied in Tylor's endless chapters to the test of an historical instance it breaks down: the moment the vague 'statistical' evidence can be put side by side with 'knowledge,' that is completed by the historic (*i.e.* the artistic) sense, the statistics crumble away or collapse like a house of cards.

And this is why I say that the facts germane to the question *not* included in Tylor's category are practically infinite. That the instances of spiritist or spiritual belief scattered through his pages should have scientific value, we need to know the elements in a savage's life which are *not* of his religion. Our Elizabethan forefathers believed in Puck and that Fairy Mab ate the junket and tangled slatterns' hair at night. But what

part did Puck or Fairy Mab play in men's lives of those days, in their life in the market, in the fields, in the ale-house (except as a theme of talk), in their marryings and givings in marriage, what—for this is after all most to the point—in church and during such religious devotions as they had? Most of these relics of the Middle Ages were put out of fashion by Puritanism; and so disappeared from general belief. Very likely many of the Elizabethan dramatists believed in them: almost certainly Milton did not. Yet was the 'supernatural idea' of greater force with the former than with Milton? Thus it is that the statistics of the anthropologists thrown down without criterion or any use of the historic (artistic) sense, afford no means for the kind of comparison we want, or next to none. A vast proportion of the whole depends upon the haphazard reports of missionaries—that is of men *ex officio* interested in this one special side of life, the spiritual or spiritist side of the savage's life. We should as easily find out from them the true place which supernatural ideas take in the savage's mind, as from the report of a cook or a gastronomer the true place which eating takes in the hotel-life of Europe. And it would be as fair to argue from Tylor's statistics that the 'supernatural idea' was in primitive days or is among savages of supreme importance, as to argue from the number of *plats* in a French hotel menu that the guests had better appetites than have those at a country ordinary with us.

In truth if mere statistical evidence or argument from statistics were the mark, a much simpler one would suffice than the mountain-load of facts in Tylor's book. It is this. Two thousand years ago the immense majority of the inhabitants of the earth were polytheists. Only the Jews among historic folk had by that time reached monotheism, to which during their earlier history they had no more than a tendency. To-day, on the contrary, what with Christians, Jews and Mohammedans, almost all advanced folks are professedly monotheists. As, then, the number of gods has diminished from an indefinite amount to one, is it not a fair statistical argument that the gods are on the way to vanish altogether?

The power which the statistical idea (the foundation of exact science as we saw, pp. 108 *sqq.*) exercised over men's minds thirty

years ago is shown by the tribute which Mr Lang pays to the anthropological method in his *Myth, Ritual and Religion*; as Dr Frazer, not perhaps so uncritically, in *The Golden Bough*. For both Dr Frazer and Mr Lang were raised in the traditions not of statistics but of literature, not of demonstrable reasoning but artistic.

Just because the charming writer of *Myth, Ritual and Religion* was so to say worshipping in the House of Rimmon, performing rites whose significance I think he himself could not grasp, Mr Lang's book has always stood to me for a concrete example of the profitlessness of the anthropological method. No one would accuse the accomplished author of so many tales, poems, histories and excellent translations as Mr Lang has given to the world, of lacking imagination or historic imagination. Only, caught up in the stream of tendency, he put off these gifts when he came to write upon beliefs. It is not from want of good will—for I have read Mr Lang's *Myth, Ritual and Religion* twice with care and some portions a third time—but I individually have been able to glean from this book *no* idea as to the essence of belief or the real form in which it presents itself. Here I speak only as an individual; but I try to put myself in the place of that visitor we spoke of from another planet come down to study these matters among us; I try to imagine what notions he would receive from all the facts here produced. In certain places Mr Lang does indeed draw a hard and fast line between 'religion' and the beliefs which gave rise to those countless tales, histories, traditions, rites, and customs which are mixed up Walpurgisnacht-like in his two volumes. But one does not know whether, when that was done, such distinction was a concession through delicacy, or whether it was to admit the idea of the '*a priori* theory of the universe' to stand outside all this animism. What our planetary visitor would want, what Mr Lang's readers possessed of dramatic imagination would want, is not that: it is the distinction among this vast 'statistic' between the beliefs which were otiose and the beliefs which were real; between fancy (in truth) and the creative imagination. What the Martian would expect to be told and is never told, is how comes it that the notions of mankind touching the personalities outside man ever were so vague,

general, confused, contradictory, that in their supernatural world, 'anything might be made into anything.'

Mr Lang himself uses the image of a Walpurgisnacht to express what he finds of mythology, of belief in the savage mind. It is for him 'a jungle of foolish fancies, a Walpurgisnacht of gods and beasts and men and stars and ghosts, all moving madly on a level of common personality and animation, and all changing shapes at random as partners are changed in some witches' revel.' Elsewhere the same writer uses the graceful image of a mist moving up among mountain pines to express the formlessness and utter intangibility of early mythology. If that be a true account and a deliberate utterance (and, be it noted, the Walpurgisnacht passage occurs in the middle of Mr Lang's second volume), the rational conclusion would have been to leave aside all these primitive creeds or savage religions, which can nowhere speak coherently or audibly with any human voice; and turn to those creeds which have a literature, that is to say those creeds which are human and can be studied through imagination, the one instrument of research in human things. In the Walpurgisnacht passage just quoted I note as specially significant the word 'common'—a 'level of *common* personality and animation.' Yes: if stars, the sun, the moon, the winds, a tree, a stone, a mountain, a *grigri*, are all equally alive and possessed of the same kind of personality, then indeed the mythology is in such confusion that no further attention to it is worth while. But the initial error lies in supposing that such a state of things ever existed or could exist. Our impotence to make distinction between the personal character or power residing in one object or another, derives not from the beliefs themselves, but from the state of our knowledge concerning them. Because it is practically impossible for us to read the savage mind, we slur over,—when we give ourselves to these anthropological studies we slur over the *crux* of the difficulty, and think that by piling statistic on statistic we get a body of 'facts' which will arrange themselves in reasonable concatenation, in some crystallising way. The study of religion, of the belief in the supernatural, is the most difficult possible: it asks a double measure of imagination; an historic imagination or dramatic sense as delicately trained as the ear must be

trained for the criticism of music. The only just parallel to the statistical method of the anthropologists here would be of a man who thought that by making an unrivalled collection of musical instruments he was qualifying himself to write a history of music. His case would be all the quainter and the parallel the closer if in fact music was distasteful to him rather than otherwise[1].

In his *The Making of Religion*—a more fragmentary treatise—our author abandons part at least of the ground which he took up in *Myth, Ritual and Religion*: yet the earlier book remains as a kind of classic to a section of the anthropological school. In *The Making of Religion* we have a very distinct severance between 'mythology' and 'religion.' We are no longer in a region of pure anthropology; but we are no whit nearer (so far as I can see) the use of that true historic method for which I have pleaded, for which our Martian would surely ask. In this later work of his Mr Lang seems to divide savage creeds (still accepting the anthropological premise that savage creeds offer the aptest field for enquiry) into a 'religion' similar to, scarcely even more shadowy than, the religion which Mr Lang himself or anyone else might hold to-day, and those 'mythologies' which are, as I gather, in the same confusion for him as afore-

[1] The confusion in Mr Lang's work is, I think, partly the result of accident. Mr Lang, I imagine, set forth upon his studies chiefly under an impulse to confute the least scientific portions of Max Müller's writings on mythology; and I guess that in common with most of Max Müller's critics he came rather to lose sight of the original aim of the Orientalist. When Max Müller died it was a common note of criticism in the biographical notices of him, that many of his theories on the 'origin of myths' or of 'mythology' were extravagant and untenable, more especially that which referred this origin to an abuse of language and a decay of language. As a fact Max Müller did not profess to trace the origin of myths or of mythology. What his writings set out to demonstrate was the origin of the 'irrational element' in mythology. And considered as an effort to deal with that question Mr Lang's *Myth, Ritual and Religion* is, I should imagine (speaking in my ignorance of folk-lore) a not unsuccessful one. From such a point of view we have no right to complain if the author shows us a witches' dance of unintelligible stories and customs. And we may readily admit that the survival of misunderstood stories and customs into a later age is a more common cause of unintelligibleness in mythology than linguistic decay. Only of course this limited knowledge is no help to us in explaining the rational parts of a mythology or a creed. And it is evident to any reader of *Myth, Ritual and Religion* that, as he proceeded in his work, Mr Lang forgot the task he was originally concerned with, and came to suppose that he was in some way engaged with a synthetic process.

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time. He still (to use our above illustration) uses his bundles of musical instruments to classify his symphonies and his fugues; but he professes to make abstraction of some one musical element which is the same for them all. I affirm that we cannot study any 'human' phenomenon until we have detected therein some element of emotion; but I suppose this emotion to be discovered by the dramatic imagination (or 'historical imagination' if that word is better liked): I do not suppose it transferred directly from the student to his subject. The latter fashion is the way in which simple-minded folk read fiction—or for that matter history. They literally 'put *themselves*' in the place of hero or heroine, as the case may be. In consequence, if they have a conception of the external appearance of hero and heroine, the names for them, and of course certain events in their career, that is sufficient. But that is not the way that fiction should be read or appreciated. Even if *The Making of Religion* were designed by its author as a counterblast to *Myth, Ritual and Religion*, it is too fragmentary in its method to serve as such.

Mr Frazer's *Golden Bough* is more historic than either of Mr Lang's books: and in its purpose at least it is more synthetic. I suspect however that both writers have been rather praised than read. For no more in the case of *The Golden Bough* than with *Myth, Ritual and Religion* can I picture to myself a reader going through the mass of detail which the book contains and keeping his head perfectly clear until he had reached the last page—page 1405 it would be if the pagination were continuous throughout the last edition of *The Golden Bough*. If each rite, custom, story, cited, described, or referred to were counted up, the number would not fall short of 14,000. So huge a mass of material could only be dealt with on some very severe, some very exact critical or statistical system. I myself have been unable to discover the severe criterion. Our Martian would be even more puzzled than we are to know precisely what Mr Frazer sets forth to prove. Nominally, of course, it is to establish the origin of that custom which long subsisted in the sacred grove of Nemi (the same from which Aeneas is said to have plucked his 'golden bough') that therein a tree should be guarded by a 'king-priest' so called, in reality

a runaway slave, whom any other runaway slave was free, if he could, to kill and then to reign as long as he might on the same condition 'king-priest' in the other's stead[1]. It seems like cracking a nut with a steam-hammer to marshal your fourteen thousand or so of odd facts to establish the origin of such a custom. But when we find that by a sort of side-wind, and as a *Beilage* to the central scheme of the book, the Crucifixion is glanced at, and Jesus of Nazareth is associated with the runaway slave at Nemi, we may guess that Mr Frazer's vast erudition has received some enforcement at the hands of his controversial zeal[2].

For the thinker who preserves his common-sense, is not overawed or bewildered by the masses of anthropological statistic, nor by a certain trumpeting with which they are introduced as constituting the new and only scientific method, a hundred commonplace experiences will arise in his mind that prove the worthlessness of statistic uninterpreted by the dramatic reason. In the biographies or autobiographies of distinguished women you will often read how such an one in childhood attached herself to some particularly hideous or shapeless rag-doll, preferring it to all her other toys. By anthropological interpretation such a 'ritual' would argue a low level of intelligence: on the contrary the person of whom this is related is generally above the average, especially in imagination. I am sure that, upon the whole, the more imaginative a child, the more likely is he or she to prefer that his toys should be rude, and more especially will he (or she) insist on this when such toys *have to be endowed with a personality*, even if it should be only an animal

[1] '...The still glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees—
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign
The priest that slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.'

Macaulay's *Lake Regillus*.

[2] I am the more tempted to suppose this from finding an unusual laxity in Mr Frazer's concatenation of evidence, never quite stringent, when we come to this part. To take but one example. The author claims the inscription on the Cross as a proof that Christ was on this occasion recognised as the slave-king in the still surviving Babylonian Sacaea. But he omits all mention of the objection which the Jews raised to the terms of the inscription; for on his hypothesis such objection would have no meaning.

personality: that for instance an imaginative child would prefer to ride a-hobby-horse on a plain stick; that the addition of a horse's head would be an offence to him, but not to the unimaginative child. In like manner the more imaginative the girl, the more she would be likely to cherish some misshapen doll. This is but one example in a hundred. I will not enlarge upon it. But let the reader reflect on this instance alone and on its relationship to the statistical method of the anthropologists.

By the anthropological method it is a matter of profound significance that Mab and Puck disappeared from popular belief in the sixteenth century, but of no significance at all that the sense of the supernatural was probably much stronger under the Puritans than it was in Elizabeth's days: for Mab and Puck belong to 'statistics': and there is no statistical way of measuring the sense of the supernatural. Two things combine to produce such an attitude of mind in the anthropologists: first the want of that historic sense or dramatic sense which alone can give artistic knowledge; and secondly (as we hinted a while since) a real and profound dislike of the subject they have undertaken to discuss. They are almost in the position of a sensitive young lady obliged by an unlucky fate (*inevitabile fatum*) to study the natural history of black-beetles. So that if the anthropologist had by nature the use of the historic imagination, distaste for the subject would prevent it from coming into play in such a case. Now I will admit (nay, have in anticipation admitted) that there is a certain rationale for this distaste of theirs, founded in causes lying partly in the past, partly in the present —none other than the Smithfield fires and the reflection of them in modern minds. But what I here call the rationale of their prejudice has no relation to the use of right reason on the matter at this time.

I do not mean however that out of these voluminous anthropological works *nothing* emerges of weight against our judgment of existence which the man of good will toward reason can separate from the irrelevant matter. The theory of 'anthropomorphism' emerges: the theory, which is also a fact, that man has a constant tendency to project his personality outside himself: so that the 'sense of personality' which (suppose it conceded) man is apt to have—which the sanest and most trustworthy man can

be on occasion credited with when alone—is but this projected personality returning to him again. So I can imagine the case stated by a reasonable anthropologist. The most part of them go far to destroy the negative value of the anthropomorphism theory by misuse of it. Having first assumed that anthropomorphism creates the idea of the supernatural, they speak of every instance of the belief in the supernatural as an example of anthropomorphism; so that the effective examples disappear. We do not however need to guess at savage brains to find instances of this tendency. When we kick a chair against which we have knocked our shins, anthropomorphism emerges in its purest form. It would be quite fair to argue that in such moments of passion we revert to an ancestral type, and that the feeling, which though a mere instinctive emotion we can analyse, is an example of one which is much more constant in primitive man. This is a consideration which might lead to the theory that the belief in spiritual beings was survival and illusion. It asks some aid from the chestnut-chestnut-tree hypothesis: but as it stands it is not without force.

And it certainly cannot be met completely—at any rate not in this place. Because to deal with it adequately we should have (in a frequent phrase of Hume's) 'to go into the matter rather deep'; and we have not space to do that. Here we must content ourselves with pointing out that 'anthropomorphism' is (apparently) also the instinct which enables us to detect the existence of our fellow men. So that clearly 'anthropomorphism' is not necessarily a source of illusion: wherefore to assume that it is so on the supposition that anthropomorphism gives us 'the sense of the supernatural'—this again is to argue in a circle. We shall in a future chapter be able to go a little deeper into the question of anthropomorphism[1]. I have no doubt that primitive man discriminated much less than we do in his use of the anthropomorphic instinct; so that he did ascribe a certain personality to inanimate things, as children do. Sometimes the habit children have of making a pet of some inanimate thing is specially emphasised, as in a case (cited by Ribot) where a boy-child was found showing a picture-book to his hobby-horse. This at least *seems* more emphatic than if a girl showed a

[1] Chapter XII. of this book.

picture-book to her doll. I also long ago (on p. 6) referred to the instinct which makes children take likings and dislikings to all sorts of inanimate objects—chairs, sticks—down to the letters of the Greek alphabet. I shall argue however in a future chapter that this instinct is not necessarily erroneous; that the mythopoeic faculty corresponds to a reality, which is seized on by the poetic sense, and which only the utilitarianism of our modern life and education pushes into the background. So that once more the imagination is nearer to *real* knowledge, the scientific reason nearer to *useful* knowledge. On this theory all argument from the fundamental illusiveness of the anthropomorphic instinct falls to earth.

In any case a preceding paragraph—that on rag-dolls—is enough to show that we cannot interpret the minds of children or savages with the rude self-confidence that anthropologists and many psychologists display. Take the case of a girl showing a picture-book to her doll. Is it not pretty evident that the motive force of the act (as of all her actions in relation to the doll) is simply the maternal instinct? The maternal instinct corresponds to a reality in a world of realities. There are such things as mothers and babies. The anthropomorphic act is but the 'occasion.' So it may quite well be with anthropomorphic acts of religion.

In truth, except by a whole army of 'supposes,' the anthropomorphic instinct can hardly be made the parent of the religious instinct or sense of the supernatural as we know it. There is such a thing as the 'dissipation of energy' in the mental as in the physical world. We know the story—it is a touch profane—of the Italian found beating a Jew for the old mediaeval, the *kyrioktonic* reason; and who on remonstrance that the *event* he was avenging happened near two thousand years ago, answered: 'It may have happened a long while ago, but I only heard of it yesterday.' In this as in other matters the anthropological school are like the Italian. The beliefs of our primitive forefathers (represented by savage beliefs to-day) happened a long while ago: but anthropology is so new a study that we (so to speak) only heard of them yesterday. Consequently they seem much more important and actual in the history of thought than they are.

To sum up then. If the anthropologist is satisfied with the theories he produces to account for the supernatural sense, it is because he has never tried to master the phenomena he had to account for. He has probably never tried to use his dramatic imagination to enter into the mind of a devout person either to-day or in any past time where we have a literature of religion. The effort would be profoundly distasteful to him: and he probably lacks the dramatic instinct which would make the effort a success. Thus it is that taken in the sum the negative arguments of the anthropologists are difficult to answer, not on account of their strength but of their weakness. It is impossible to *prove* that they are wrong. For the dramatic sense knows not demonstration: and if the anthropologists chose to entrench themselves in the ancient invention-of-priests-kings-theory they could not (as has been often said already) be driven out of their entrenchments. More of that theory can be detected as the foundation of their arguments than probably they themselves suspect. The old authoritarian (orthodox) school presents no such a problem to the rationalist as do the writings of some members of the antithetical and agnostic school or church. The first belongs in spirit to a different time from ours, to a time whose logic was the last argument of kings. These—not old scholastic lumber but—new books on the polemic question, which profess to reason and do not, which speak the language of research, but begin by assuming the matter in dispute, are well calculated to drive the logician to despair. How comes it, he asks himself, that such a world of industry has been expended and wasted in collecting facts that support nothing but a foregone conclusion?—seeing that no sort of criterion is offered us to show what proportion the accumulated facts bear to the total body of relevant facts which must be in existence; nor yet the logical concatenation of the facts presented, the support they really give to any thesis; nor the necessity of interpreting them as our authors interpret them. Why set out to ransack the whole surface of the globe and all the known history of mankind for facts in support of a theory of 'animism,' or for something vaguer still, illustrations of 'superstition' maybe, until the researcher have decided and demonstrated the bearing of 'animism' or 'superstition' on the question at issue? How

is it they have not realised that the body of possible facts must be infinite, seeing that their field of search is infinite—the whole surface of the globe and the total history of mankind? Wherefore the facts they present could never be probant. What, to take another example, are we to make of a book like Mr Grant Allen's *Evolution of the Idea of God*, a laborious work of 438 pages, which sets out by rejecting as foreign to its subject the enquiry whether the ideas it is going to treat of have any 'objective validity[1]'? I cannot myself imagine an enquiry into the history of any idea which mankind has possessed on such a condition. Let us try and conceive an enquiry into 'the evolution of the idea' of the State, or Pain, or the Moral Sense, or Number, or even Time and Space, which rejected as foreign to that enquiry the question whether these things had real existence (for so I interpret the phrase 'objective validity'). It is not merely the irrationality of the eminent writers who proceed after such fashions that staggers me—nay, more, fills me with something like despair. *Nemo mortalium*—the proverb is musty. The most eminent persons are allowed to be irrational at times, as Homer is allowed to nod. It is that the writers should have expended such vast industry on a subject whose rationale, whose place in the scale of reason, they had never seriously considered; and had not considered because the subject was not to their mind. One hears of persons counting the recurrence of words in an author they had never read and had no disposition to read. But one does not like to think on these things.

Without doubt to Mr Grant Allen personally the question of the 'objective validity' of the idea 'God' was already decided in the negative. That proposition is almost implied in his title *Evolution of the Idea of God*. But what a colossal waste of time to trace the evolution of an idea which has no 'objective validity'! Who would ever do so through interest in the idea itself? I cannot find a parallel to such action, because, outside

[1] I quote Mr Allen's *ipsissima verba*. 'Regarding the problem in this light' (as a psychological one) 'as essentially a problem of the processes of the human mind, I set aside, as foreign to my purpose, the enquiry into the objective validity of any one of the religious beliefs set before us as subject-matter. The question whether there may be a god or gods, or if so, what may be his or their attributes or functions do (*sic*) not here concern us' (p. 2).

the range of the Supernatural, there are no ideas which on any hypothesis are both unreal and have evolved. At any rate I can think of none. Could the idea 'Nature abhors a vacuum' be traced in its evolution? Possibly: I cannot say. There are plenty of erroneous ideas which have had a history; if that counts as evolution. Would anyone care to occupy 438 pages with a mere catalogue of them? I deem not. Or if anyone did, it would be with a side view towards theological polemics, and in order to show how easily mankind may err. No motive but a polemic one could, in truth, have armed Mr Grant Allen with industry to complete his book. And no motive but polemics can have set the anthropologists upon collecting their wilderness of facts out of the vague inane: uncriticised facts whose only result could be to show that man is capable of forging ideas out of nothing[1].

If they had only looked a little about them and tried to square their theories with obvious facts! What skilled it for instance to dub religion a 'beautiful fairy tale,' when the phrase did not correspond to any reality? For to one type of man, such as the writers themselves, the existing religious systems are either indifferent or distasteful and far from 'beautiful': while to another type of man—their opponents—religions are so far from being a fairy tale that they are ready to persecute or be persecuted because of them. Ought not the writers of this school to have seen that they could not in one mood say that religion ought to be discouraged on account of the bad passions which it aroused, and in another mood say it was a thing of no mark or likelihood, a mere survival, analogous to the belief in Puck or Queen Mab? They argue like Locke's 'poor Indian.' Some fervent Christian of our days, Newman say, has his total life absorbed by interest in the Supernatural, because on the anthropologists' theory he was so taught by his spiritual pastors and masters: they, because they were taught by *their* spiritual pastors and masters. And so the chain goes back, till the source of all this teaching is found to be a mistake, made countless years ago by Newman's ancestors, a mistake of the dream-image for reality, or the mistake of attributing personality to

[1] See p. 212.

the mountain and the wind. Thus is our solid earth of knowledge taught to balance itself on the tortoise of conjecture.

Copernicus has not been dead four hundred years, nor Galileo three hundred. Through countless ages before them men imagined that the sun went in diurnal course round the earth: and still the belief is enforced by the apparent phenomena of every day and buried deep in common speech. Yet a man of the education and intellectual calibre of Newman would find it needed a strong effort to realise the Ptolemaic astronomy; as, for example, he might wish to do while reading Dante. Howbeit, on the other hand (by the agnostic theory), Newman spends his life in cultivating an hallucination set on foot by phenomena far less constant than sunrise, and whose general unreality men must have detected not four hundred but thousands of years ago.

CHAPTER III.

GOD AND THE GODS.

We have now spent 48 pages on the first of the two questions into which the judgment of the supernatural divides itself. And I am not sanguine enough to believe that they will convince many persons who were not convinced before. Yet I am persuaded with greater assurance that could the planetary visitor we imagined, that Martian, come among us, who with full knowledge was in a position to use his untroubled reason, he would solve the question almost at a glance in the sense that I have indicated. I am persuaded that almost at a glance he would see that to accept as hallucination and the stuff that dreams are made on a belief which is of the nature of experience, which is a kind of 'sense' in fact and is so general in human nature, would be to make any theory of knowledge impossible and a chaos of our world.

Our business now is to touch upon the 'judgment of content'; no longer concerned with the mere existence of supernatural beings, but with men's knowledge of them.

In all times reverence to the gods has been counted a virtue; though 'pious' had not quite the same meaning with the ancients as with us. If Aeneas displayed the virtue in a double sense when he bore his father and the Trojan gods away from Ilium, it was to the second act more specially that he owed his epithet *pius*. But then the *Aeneid* is, as Boissier reminds us, essentially a religious epic: if less so than Milton's much more than the *Iliad*[1]. The theory of reverence for the gods in general did not prevent (among the classic people) vast aberrations. In *Prometheus Vinctus* Zeus is held up to dishonour more than honour: and in Sophocles' *Trachiniae* a

[1] About on a level in fact with *Gerusalemme Liberata*. Cf. Boissier, *La Réligion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins*, I. p. 259.

character is allowed to say that the ways of the gods to men are—

'For us a misery to them a shame.'

Comte's famous theory of the 'three stages' of human thought is denied by the history of philosophy in Greece, which begins from a purely material standpoint: and Spencer's definition of religion, 'an *a priori* theory of the universe,' is negatived not less. For in early Greek philosophy the gods generally stand outside all speculations upon the origin of things[1]. Religion and philosophy only join hands in Plato and Aristotle, and separate soon again in Epicurus, while the sophists of Socrates' time and Aristotle's were a kind of universal sceptics, striking at the foundations of all morality and all faith. Yet it was Socrates and not one of them who was executed for impiety. It was not until the heyday of Christianity and Catholicism that religion was unmistakably identified with morality and 'impious' became a term of unlimited reproach. Officially, as one may say, the notion has been handed on almost to our time[2]: all the sceptics of the eighteenth century cloaked their scepticism in insincere and deceitful phraseology, which did not save them from having such words as 'infidel,' 'atheist' hurled at them by Tories of the Johnson type. Nowadays the inevitable reaction has come, though still as we saw with plenty of public consideration for the pious, in those words 'Agnostic' and 'Personal God' which stand so much in the way of clear thinking. But in thought there is a general habit among the 'illuminati' to identify religion and superstition, a more general habit still among both historians and critics—historians such as Mommsen, critics such as Brandes (those royal Danes[3]) to eliminate religion altogether from life, to ignore it as one ignores some palpable blemish on the face of a friend. Historians of religion itself, a Renan or a Gaston Boissier, always accept or imply the inferential never the experiential character of the supernatural idea, its utilitarian not its veracious aspect; and this is the usual tone in enlightened private society. Finally to a vast number, for whom Nietzsche

[1] Exception, I suppose, should be made for the teaching of Xenophanes.
[2] At least in England.
[3] For Mommsen must have been by descent a Dane.

is the spokesman, religion is the accursed thing—something at once mischievous and absurd, as a magnified monkey might be. Through so vast an arc may swing the pendulum of human reason and unreason.

The one extreme which is but the effect of reaction and is, as was said, a sort of hysteria we can neglect. For the other, the earlier theory, it has been refuted by experience. No polity —this too was said above—could bear such wide internal differences among its members in a more practical matter. We have found in practice that for a man to be a good citizen or a good head of a family it is of no vital significance that he have or have not religion. And we shall see more anon, viz. that there are social instincts and moralities toward which religion stands cold and may easily be hostile. These things show that the instinct which in most ages and peoples has condemned the 'impious' man like other instincts may err.

Lorenzo was intolerant and in error when he said,

> 'The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'

Yet I confess I should myself suppose by theory of the man who had no 'ear,' I do not mean merely no ear for music so called, but for the greater music of ordered words, that there must be some moral defect in him. Experience has shown me the contrary: for as a fact the men the most highly endowed morally that I have happened to know have been wanting in precisely this sense. Wide is the difference between inclination and achievement, between 'to do' and 'to know what were good to do.'

Nevertheless it is not true but that a moral sense is involved in religion and the judgment of the supernatural; precisely that moral sense which, whether for cause or consequence, is likely to be wanting in a democratic age—the sense of greatness. For if tyrants often from interested reasons banish good men or put them to death, the mob in democratic times and countries has done so much oftener and disinterestedly (unpractically at least) merely from the offence to its vanity caused by hearing such an one called 'the just.' And it is especially to this kind of vanity, characteristic of a mob, that

the sense of greatness (which is the religious sense in germ) is the antithesis. Most men themselves great, and almost all of them who are great through their imagination, have this sense of greatness, which produces in them a humility in sharp contrast with the self-satisfaction of Bobus of Houndsditch pronouncing on the ''umbug of poetry and art and all that.' This contrast, the humility of great men, would be the paradox of paradoxes on the supposition that great men represented the highest existing attainment, the summit of all the personalities known to nature. Like other senses, humility of this kind often misses the mark (for it is a 'characteristic of' the artistic reason, not part of that reason itself). But even in commoner folk it will show itself on occasions that are not common or commonplace; as when the lover full of his own shortcomings sees only perfection in the beloved. This instinct Plato long since translated to its religious value. One may sometimes blush for the manifestations of humility by great men: as when we see Shakespeare prostrating himself before some young nobleman of his day. But as fevers take sharpest hold of strong constitutions, so is this excess of hero-worship a sign of magnanimity. This likewise is true: the sense of greatness, while it is the antithesis of vanity, is compatible with the noble virtue or blemish of pride. To see that it is so we only need to turn from among Shakespeare's self-depreciating sonnets to that proud one where he takes the name of Jehovah—

> 'I am that I am. And they that level
> At my abuses—reckon up their own!'

A moral sense is in itself a reason; and the sense of greatness, it has just been said, points to great things outside our common experience. But without any other evidence for our 'judgment of existence,' without the evidences accumulated in the last chapter, without all other experiences of the supernatural, it would not alone be valid. Granted the judgment of existence this sense points thus far toward the judgment of content that for 'the supernatural' of the last chapter it gives us 'God or the gods' as the most important part of that supernatural. Yet it would not by itself be valid for this reason, that it is not wholly a virtue; for it is in a certain sense

unsocial and likely to foster a contempt for common human nature (that one must confess is conspicuous too in our Shakespeare); and so if it is the antidote to the greatest democratic vice, vanity, it is not to the greatest aristocratic vice, contemptuous pride. Christianity, of course, with its doctrine of humility and its 'blessed are the poor in spirit,' was designed to be a reconcilement of these opposites; designed to be, and with many individuals doubtless has been so. But a doctrine or an injunction cannot hope to change human instincts. However, we are not yet concerned with any definite creed, only with the religious impulse in human nature. Whether unsocial or not, the religious sense is in being, and has, we have seen, its correspondence in reality.

The 'divine' then is the first and almost inevitable corollary of the supernatural judgment of existence. Though strictly speaking that first judgment only points to discarnate, to spiritual beings, their superiority to human nature is always subsumed by the supernatural sense. From the point of admitting the divine it is however a great leap to assume, as modern creeds do, or profess to do, a vast gap, a huge interstellar space between men and some *one* Supreme Personality. Polytheism is no longer professed. But evidently we are on surer ground, looking through the whole gamut of the manifestations of the religious sense in mankind, when we talk of 'the gods' rather than of God. This is not saying that the hierarchy may not legitimately point to One supreme Divinity: nor that in a pantheistic sense the gods of experience may not be regarded as emanations, facets, phases of that supreme One. (This is rather a matter for the individual god-sense and for the undemonstrative reason in the arcana of its knowledge.) But I hold that for the human race at large and in experience (at any rate within the experience of the present writer) it is rather of 'the gods' than of God that we should speak. I say within the experience of the present writer, because I know no Arabic, and cannot enter into the mind of an eastern monotheist. But in the west I am convinced that true monotheism is very rare. I scarce understand how the average Christian can persuade himself that he is a monotheist, when if he looks into his mind he must find the 'idea' of at least two distinct divinities, God the Father and God the Son: nor do I believe

that to such an one the phrase 'three Persons and one God has or can have any meaning whatever to-day. Among the ancients the gods were often confounded or half-identified with the statues of the gods. In such cases they possessed for the worshipper a sort of second individuality, a something beside their essential *selves*. In the Middle Ages, again, the Trinitarian doctrine was bound up with metaphysical speculations as to entity (*οὐσία*) and as to universals, and (as I hold) an Aristotelianism misunderstood, which have no place in current thought. No modern—save the ignorant Catholic peasant—thinks in either of these ways. So that the god *is* the person, the personality *is* the god. Phrases such as 'Three Persons and one God' belong to a different age from ours, to a time when men could write *Est impossibile? Certum est*, and the more incomprehensible was the formula the more sacred it was held. The Third Person of the Trinity has certainly but an unsubstantial existence in the minds of most worshippers. But the two other Persons have very distinct and very distinctive existences[1]. Yet for my part I am disposed to question whether either the one or the other in *experience* assumes the character of a really ultimate divine idea, a supreme god. In the case of Jesus it would be impossible for the most orthodox Christian to identify Him with His Father or with an abstract Supreme God, unless he entirely forgot or ignored such sentences as 'Not my will but Thine be done,' or the terrible 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

The 'Modernists' and other more liberal Christians make a distinction between Jesus of Nazareth and the 'Risen Christ'—the later being Jesus divinated (apotheosised) after death: a perfectly reasonable idea which is in harmony with the most potent element in the Japanese faith, the worship of ancestors, *an* element too (though not, *pace* Spencer, the sole or even chief) in the religion of the Greeks and Romans. To this 'modernist' Christianity the identification of the Risen Christ with the 'supreme God' is impossible.

[1] Aubrey Moore in *Lux Mundi* (a contemporary apologist for the Trinitarian doctrine) makes of the three persons of the Trinity but different manifestations of God suited to human apprehension. So at least I understand his essay. Doctrinally maybe, many devout Christians would accept this view; though I am told it amounts to the heresy of Sabellianism. But practically (experientially) they would not.

It may be urged that we are now passing beyond our province and attempting to read the 'artistic mind' and demonstrate in the region of the undemonstrable. In other words it may be said that each man must make his own religion out of the measure of his experiences, and that it is impossible to settle *a priori* from outside what these experiences might be. We cannot say *a priori* that men have not *known* that they were in communication with the supreme of all possible divinities, the Most High God.

This is perfectly true. And in a state of things possible to imagine—if all the charlatanism which has found its account in supposed messages from the supernatural, all the persecutions to enforce unity of belief, all the heated propagandas had never been—we might be in a condition to-day to gain our knowledge in the natural fashion from the experience of those who have had experience. Such an ideal state is unhappily far from us. Unless then we leave the matter at the point to which we brought it in the last chapter, resigning so much as speculation on the side of the 'content' of the supernatural judgment, agreeing that beings outside humanity there are, but of what kind and in what relation to man no plausible guess can be made, then we must proceed in the way we are doing and in a degree *a priori*; yet with the aid of the dramatic sense, not in the merely statistical fashion of the anthropologists. We have the creeds with a literature and our historic imagination to guide us. But I own we must proceed with cautious steps. We shall walk most safely if we begin at the periphery and pass to the kernel; begin with the vaguest impression of the supernatural on the minds of rude men, and pass with the historic creeds to the more cultivated.

The agnostic, for whom the sense of the supernatural is subjective only, in other words delusive, when he deals with any individual creed, is logically within his rights if he accepts the account which dogmatic theology gives of that creed. This is also the most convenient method for controversial purposes; and controversial purposes are not absent from his thoughts. But it is not the way of knowledge. It is as if a man were to insist on judging the facts of meteorology by the proverbial wisdom of fishermen and sailors. 'These people,' he might

say, 'have much more to do with the weather than you. *Their* theory is this and that. Why should I go behind their first-hand knowledge and ask how you may theorise thereon?' But weather, the winds and tides are acknowledged to exist, to be matters of experience: nobody wants to prove *them* illusions; so that nobody does in fact take up such a position in respect of them. Nor can we take up such an attitude here, that is if the result of the two foregoing chapters be accepted—that the supernatural too is an experience. For experience is one thing the rationale of it another thing. If for example we should find a number of persons, whose word we have no reason to doubt, professing to have communication or communion 'with God,' and yet that the ideas of these people touching the Being they are in communion with differed very largely, we are not compelled to suppose the 'God' is the same Being in every case. The variety is indeed not inconsistent with the monotheistic hypothesis, as (in Wendell Holmes' illustration) Thomas' ideal John will differ from Robert's ideal John. But if on other grounds the monotheistic hypothesis is not very tenable, a polytheistic hypothesis fits the circumstances of the case much better. We cannot, of course, in an argument of demonstration only, pronounce what might be the method of communication between supernatural beings and ourselves. But it seems natural to suppose that such would be of the nature of an 'impression,' and not unnatural to suppose that the capacity for receiving or giving such an impression would depend on sympathy of personality between the incarnate and discarnate being: in a simpler language, that like attracts like. So there would be room for an indefinite variety in impressions from the 'immortals,' in what in modern language (because we have adopted the monotheistic thesis) we call communion with God.

All the facts which the anthropologists have collected are as consistent with the reality of the supernatural as with their own opposite theory. Indeed they are consistent with almost any interpretation. For statistics are only of value when we are certain as to the 'ideas' which they as it were incase. The anthropologists themselves supply the ideas which they profess to find in the rites, ceremonies, traditions, myths which they report. (We gave a hint of this in the illustration of the rag-

doll, p. 235, and shall see more clearly hereafter.) But if they had been Christian apologists they might have been as far out. For the apologists for religion have hardly ever been that simply, but apologists (also) for a vast number of subsidiary doctrines inhering in the form of religion which they professed, and which tradition or habit or the demands of orthodoxy required them to keep inseparable. We saw in one of the chapters of the previous book how Newman in his *Grammar of Assent*, while he is ready to analyse the beliefs of a protestant into their component parts, persistently speaks of 'Catholic Truth' as if it were one and indivisible; though obviously it too is as capable of separation into separate propositions as the French Republic into different Departments. We saw how, when Newman wants to find historic premonition of this 'Catholic Truth,' he adopts the principle of the anthropologists of going rather to savage beliefs than to literary ones; no doubt unconsciously for the same reason which (unconsciously) influenced them—that there is nothing to hold the imagination in check, and we may find there what we want to find.

'It may at first sight seem strange,' Newman writes, 'that, considering I have laid such stress on the progressive nature of man, I should take my idea of religion from his initial, and not his final testimony about its doctrines; and it may be urged that the religion of civilized times is quite opposite in character to the rites and traditions of barbarians and has nothing of that gloom and sternness on which I have insisted as their characteristic. Thus the Greek mythology was for the most part cheerful and graceful, and the new gods certainly more genial and indulgent than the old ones. And, in like manner, the religion of philosophy is more noble and humane than those primitive conceptions which were sufficient for early kings and warriors. But my answer to this objection is obvious: the progress of which man's nature is capable is a development not a destruction of its original state; it must subserve the elements from which it proceeds, in order to be a true development and not a perversion. And those popular rituals do in fact subserve and complete that nature with which man is born. It is otherwise with the religion of so-called civilization....And since this civilization itself is not the development of man's whole nature, but merely of the intellect, recognising indeed the moral sense but ignoring the conscience, no wonder that the religion in which it issues has no sympathy either with the hopes and fears of the awakened soul or with those frightful presentiments which are expressed in the worship and traditions of the heathen. This artificial religion, then,

has no place in the enquiry; first because it comes of a one-sided progress of mind, and next for the very reason that it contradicts informants which speak with more authority than itself[1].'

And two pages farther on Newman writes:

'Religion's large and deep foundation is the sense of sin and guilt, and without this sense there is for man as he is no genuine religion: otherwise it is at best counterfeit and hollow: and this is why this so-called religion of philosophy is so great a mockery[2].'

(Possibly when Newman wrote this last sentence he was thinking of the Encyclopaedists or of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Obviously, however, he sweeps away, with the same movement of the arm, Socrates, Plato, Kant and Fichte.)

No argument from past religions can be carried on on these terms, terms which allow one to select *a priori* the views and the characteristics in each creed which are proper to human nature and reject *a priori* what one chooses to call perversion. There is if no other this objection to the evidential value of Newman's proceeding, that it is after all only these 'civilised creeds'—those which are preserved more or less in literature—that we can know anything about. A mere haphazard selection of such among the rites of 'barbarian' people all over the world as suggest one particular idea is surely not evidence of a mental state—save to a Catholic or an anthropologist. The anthropologists call 'devil worship' that very thing which for Newman is evidence of the foundation of all religion—sense of sin. Who shall decide which is right? In other words who shall say whether the cutting themselves with knives on the part of barbarous worshippers (which be it remembered was more marked in the case of the priests of Baal than the priests of Jehovah) was meant merely to deprecate the wrath of a malign and powerful being or was the expression of men's sense of unworthiness before a Most High God? Surely Newman would not say that if malignity *were* a prevailing idea of the Divinity in the savage mind, that *that* was a sign of grace? There

[1] *I.e.* Catholic Dogma?—as expressed, for example, in Augustine's dictum, *Virtutes veterum splendida vitia.*

[2] *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 395–6.

remains the further difficulty that Catholic and Anthropologist alike assume that this extravagant sort of rites (which because they were extravagant are often the most remarked) is specially characteristic of savage religions as a whole.

There is another religion of which we have some glimpses beside the classical ones, some faint shadow in literature which is at all events of more worth than haphazard collections of 'rites': I mean the Scandinavian creed. Doubtless it was dying out when the Sagas were written, and in the Eddic poetry we have it probably reflected through Celtic minds. But I can find small trace of what Newman means by conscience (a deep and gloomy sense of sin and fear of punishment) in that belief. And it does not come under the reproach of being civilised. But in truth it is a useless task to criticise theories of natural religion which set out with a predetermination as to what religion is and must be in its essentials, and consequently only acknowledge the evidence supporting this foregone conclusion, brushing aside (as Newman does) the rest.

The chief interest which lies in this passage from the *Grammar of Assent* is that Newman's method is so exactly similar to that of his opponents.

When we have cleared from our mind both extravagances, I see nothing in the actual history of religion to negative that theory of the relation between man and the Immortals which seems *a priori* the most probable—that it is of the nature of what a telepathic communication is supposed to be, and on the whole more to be described as the impression of a personality than anything else. The closest analogy to the way in which the 'supernatural idea' may have for primitive man adhered in his material world has always seemed to me given by the history of language, and this we followed in the second chapter of the first book, seeing there how certain immaterial (spiritual) ideas must have adhered in certain material ones. Out of these (as we saw) the moral ideas grew, and in time separated themselves from their parents. We saw in the chapter I speak of that every moral or as one may say spiritual idea (analogously to our ideas 'great,' 'high') had once its material counterpart. Now although—taking *great, high* as examples—

these material ideas have material advantages which might allow a purely utilitarian origin to the moral ideas; for the man who fights from above fights at an obvious advantage over the man who fights from below: I am not convinced that the moral ideas *great, high* had only this utilitarian origin. For one thing, there is the fact that intellectual and moral growth from the animal to man goes alongside the growing power of looking upwards—*os homini sublime dedit,* as Ovid says; and there is the experiential fact that an upward gaze—the mere physical act of looking upward—inclines to high and supernatural thoughts; and this almost anyone may test by experiment. Kant's synthesis of greatness, *Der gestirnte Himmel über mir; die moralische Sinne in mir,* is a synthesis for everyone; and not in virtue of modern astronomy alone. If this deduction have any validity—the deduction of a certain natural relationship between physical and moral ideas, separated in time by devolution; then the parallel devolution of the supernatural idea out of Comte's first religious stage, the fetishistic, that would follow as a matter of course. And we should pass on by natural process to the 'invention,' *i.e.* the perception, of all the gods of the pantheon.

The first state of change consists in that the material which 'holds' in itself (as in solution) the supernatural idea is rarefied. The highest gods no longer represent the material and tangible objects of nature, but rather the powers of nature, the wind, the sea, the sky, the tempest. By all the historic (all the literary) religions this stage too has been left behind. But the traces of it are apparent. Not long since these traces were exaggerated by comparative mythologists. Forty or fifty years since, all the philologist-mythologists were engaged on making equations among the divinities of the Aryan family and natural phenomena: Zeus = Dyâus, the sky, Athene = Dahâna, the dawn, and so forth. A great many of these equations have had to be abandoned, I believe. James Darmesteter (though I know not on what grounds) turned his back on the proofs he had brought forward of the nature-origin of the Avestic religion (Preface to the *Zend Avesta* in Max Müller's 'Sacred Books of the East'). But Otto Schrader, writing much later and in a soberer mood

than the old comparative philologists, still allows some equations to be unshaken, Zeus = Dyâus for example[1]. Indeed it would ask a word of very high authority to convince one that the Homeric Zeus to whom men pray,

κύδιστε, μέγιστε, κελαινεφές, αἰθέρι ναίων,

who is the cloud-driver who makes thunder with his nod (while the hair falls over his forehead) was not at one time the wind and the sky[2].

Be that as it may, the Zeus we know is a personality chained to no natural phenomena. The monotheist or the pantheist will be the most disposed to cling to the idea of 'nature-worship' in the sense of the comparative philologists of forty years ago. For to such the different gods of a pantheon are manifestations of the One or the Universal. But the theory (or one may say the fact) of 'nature-worship' is perfectly consistent with a polytheistic belief. If Zeus and Apollo are real beings, the 'impression' of them might as easily combine itself with, at first might as necessarily adhere in, some definite physical experience, as might the impression of a One, a Universal God.

Nature-worship is not inconsistent with 'ancestor-worship' either. For we have only to suppose the dead forefathers of the tribe to have lost their names and been forgotten as individuals, and yet not less to impress the living with their personalities: and that impression just as much as any other might undergo the necessity of being attached to a physical experience.

The word 'ancestor-worship' however is a misleading one and should be replaced by 'worship of the mighty dead.' I rather suspect it was chosen for polemic purposes. It is incorrect, because it is never pretended that the individual ancestors of each member of the tribe are adored by each member: at any rate what is defined as 'ancestor-worship'

[1] *Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan People*, trans. Jevons, p. 414. [*Sprachvergleichung u. Urgeschichte* (1883).]

[2] Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον. *Il. a.* 528.
Thorr, the Norse thunder-god, draws in a peculiar way his brows over his eyes. *Edda Snorra*, 50.

goes much beyond that. It is known that among many savages —and the same may be guessed for primitive man—immortality, survival, is not predicated of everyone, but only of the chiefs. In this case, then, so-called 'ancestor-worship' is worship of the great dead. And into this *category* of worship Christianity undoubtedly falls—though for most Christians confusedly.

The truth is this. The difficulties which beset the propounder of a theory of religion probable on *a priori* and *a posteriori* grounds lie not in the task itself, but in the ambiguities of language, which make it always possible for the man of ill-will toward reason to misunderstand or misrepresent the thesis. He can always as the French say *chicaner sur les mots*. And the mist of controversy which lies about this subject, that too doubtless obscures men's intelligence even when they try to think without bias. To dull or controversial minds it may seem necessary to draw a hard and fast line between 'impression' and 'revelation': an imaginative mind, which can appreciate realities, will find no such need. Let me take an example. The dull and controversial mind is wont to make great capital of the fact that ghosts when they appear are seen in the clothes they wore in this life, or maybe in the armour—'armed at point exactly, *cap-à-pé*.' 'Were the clothes, then,' asks the sceptic, 'translated into a higher sphere? Was Hamlet's armour beghosted too?' This objection is childish, but you hear it often. All that a disembodied personality could do would be to impress on us a *personality*: its tenement of clay must be added by the receiver's mind; and if of flesh, of clothes too. When we think of a friend it is his 'personality' we think on. The thought of this personality may exist in our mind with but the faintest picture of the man: but if any clear picture we have, it is certain our friend will be in garments which we have been wont to find him wearing. It is not likely that—granting telepathy—telepathic power would avail to make us see him in some new fancy dress. Whether, then, ghosts be ever seen or never, this controversial argument on the matter is of no weight.

Or again when some negro in a revivalist camp, some negro whose mental state is scarce raised above a fetishistic religion, declares with all seeming sincerity that he has 'laid hold on

Christ,' it is natural that the controversial agnostic should ask, 'Do you pretend that such a low type of mind is likely to apprehend a divinity you represent as so spiritual? Yet he quite sincerely thinks he has done so. If then for you his apprehension is illusion, how will you persuade men that all (seeming) apprehension of the divine is not illusion also?' This I say is a natural and plausible argument, if we accept the theories of orthodoxy as the last word in the matter, in the same way that a landsman might accept the meteorology of an old tar as the last word in meteorology. But if you assume that the low-class nigger might quite well get *en rapport* with some ancestor higher than himself, but not very high in the scale of spiritual beings, the difficulty ceases. The experience is *there*: the name (Jesus or Christ) which he gives to his experience he has learned from others.

You may speak in what language you choose as to whether the gods have been seen or heard. If a certain bodily form (as for instance of the Greek Apollo) give the true idea of the divinity, of *a* divinity (for the naming of the gods is as the naming of the planets), I do not see why that very form and presence should not have come straight from the divine mind to human minds. And in a telepathic communication from my friend—if such be possible—assuming I heard his voice I should believe and say to myself that I heard the voice of my friend and that he spoke to me. That would express my *experience*: the rest is metaphysics. You may demonstrate to me that this chair and this table of mine come rather as impressions from without into my consciousness than from a table and a chair in themselves (*an sich*). To urge such an objection against the common use of language would be a chicanery with words. And in like manner to say that the Apollo of men's beliefs is not in himself so formed, so named, that too is mere juggling.

The real difficulty in all these matters lies not here, but in the difficulty we have in trusting the evidence: no reason, as the controversialists pretend, that all the evidence should be untrustworthy: to push it to that point is to push it into an absurdity, for people do not *falsify* what has no existence. But in all ages there have been some motives to exaggerate and

distort; in our controversial age they are very great. This is why (speaking individually) my mind rests with most trust and satisfaction among those religious ideas which are of the general sense of a people, so only that (as with the classical ancients) it is a people with whom a man can be in spiritual sympathy; and rests with less trust among modern creeds that are emmeshed in a net of dogma and a skein of controversy. I can perceive thus much, that in what is called monotheism to-day, one man's conception of 'the Most High God' resembles a good deal the Jewish conception of Jehovah. To another modern mind 'the Most High God' is identified with Jesus of Nazareth: I mean what is the current conception of that Jesus. Now into whatever mind these 'ideas' enter naïvely and naturally to such they are trustworthy. But on this matter I can form no judgment, nor how far polemic may have distorted the ideas for every mind. But I know that when I say 'the Immortals,' or more particularly think of Apollo, I have a supernatural idea, bland and instinctive and untouched by the ugly finger of controversial theology, a thought apt to raise a man out of the slough of 'public opinion' where most wallow so deep—

οὐ γάρ τι σοι ζῶ δοῦλος, ἀλλὰ Λοξίᾳ.

Yet I have for that no desire to interfere with the supernatural idea of another.

We have no title to pronounce on others' (individuals') errors; as in this of the supernatural we cannot search the secret places of their thoughts. But I think that, taking mankind in the mass, we can very well guess at the chief causes of aberration from what was really instinctive in the 'supernatural idea.' Man has an incurable habit of pushing his notions too far, of making the sublime overleap itself and fall on t'other—the less sublime if not quite on the ridiculous. He imagines a hero, an Achilles: to make him more heroic he makes him invulnerable or almost, which is to make him infinitely less heroic. On a lower level he fashions his Amadis de Gaul, and gives him a magic lance which has only to touch an adversary to unhorse him. He finds his heroic reformer Jesus of Nazareth, true son of the Divine, and to make him diviner still makes of him—despite all evidence—a god from all time; which is to

make him much less godlike. But Achilles remains a hero: and one can see that most of the time that Homer is dealing with him he has forgotten the invulnerability. And the divinity of Jesus here and now (the Risen Christ of the Modernists) is unaffected by antiquarian speculations. In each case we can take the essence and leave the accidents. In the feelings with which we are dealing—instinctive hero-worship—we have still human nature at its best in its treatment of the sublime. Meaner motives come in inevitably, utilitarian ones: meaner motives but not in themselves mean. To the instinctive adoration of the Great succeeds prayer to the Powerful and all the mingled kinds of adoration, half-spontaneous, half-interested. Once again it is only the mind dulled by polemic which cannot allow for these things. The idea of Providence has doubtless done much moral hurt to the religious idea. But only in its abuse: faith demands it in some measure. Whoever says (or thinks) *Magna est Veritas et praevalebit* invokes the idea of Providence, the supremacy of the Good. We cannot believe in the Good and not believe in the ultimate triumph of the Good. It is in the application of this necessary idea that evil arises. *That* however is so huge that one cannot but wish sometimes that a touch might obtain of the Lucretian idea of the gods, to think them at least not always occupied with human affairs. If they but telepathically (as one may say) gave of their nature to us, enough would remain for effort and idealism. Who insists on more may end by getting less; and the current creeds of Christendom lie before us as a warning.

If in fact we can make, demonstrably and *a priori*, a guess at the relation of this providential kind between man and the Immortals, the only analogy on which we can go will be between the lower animals and ourselves. But we should have to take the best of ourselves: for man is half a brute and half a god. It is a saying of Bacon's, full of wisdom, that the lower animals look up to man as he to God[1]. I can for my part conceive the Immortals with their caprices, throwing the good things of life in larger measure to their favourites, but with

[1] 'To *man*.' Perhaps if dogs could philosophise upon their creed, 'man' would come to stand for a supreme entity with them; and even their divided experiences come to be looked on as facets of *monanthropism*.

less of understanding why men value them so highly; but, as I know them of a larger build than we are, not withholding, not able to withhold the true effects of their neighbourhood and commerce with men—that aura or diviner air which must accompany them wheresoever they are. That is the natural gift of the gods to mortals, the love of greatness, and ignorance of low wants and mean ambitions: not the gifts for which prayers are offered up, that this man may pass an examination for which he has not duly prepared, or this may find a balance at his bank despite the fact that he has spent it: nor even that a man shall find favour with his beloved, or that that dear head may be shielded from the arrows of death. That is what men ask Providence for, what they desire of a Providence: naturally enough, if the events responded to the notion. Only they do not: and the course of things is incalculable or inevitable. But the other gifts are, as I have said, enough for effort and idealism.

When I said in a former chapter that because a certain controversial atmosphere surrounded the theory of telepathy, it might well wait for acceptance, I had in my mind the series of experiments reported in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, those communications through Mrs Piper and others to be read of there. The supernatural judgment itself implies the essential of telepathy, communication between personalities without sensuous means. And merely from my own experience I have little doubt that some such communication (in the form of impression) does take place between human personalities. I notice that in one of his novels Anatole France says that when such apparent thought-transference is detected, it is always really a rapid inference from some unnoticed trifle. The assertion is dogmatism. That may be M. France's experience; it is not mine: and as M. France cannot have shared my experience his *ipse dico* does not convince me. It is of course mere speculation—or hardly more than that—that dogs do by constant intercourse acquire something of the character of their masters and mistresses. At any rate it would be impossible to put proofs of such a thing upon the table. If there were anyone sufficiently free from prejudice to investigate the matter for himself, he would at least find the question interesting.

But there would be no use his entering into the study unless he knows himself well enough to feel that he can do so impartially. And it will be for his own interest solely. Almost any definite fact that he can bring forward will be capable of various interpretations. It is only the finer shades of these facts which (if he is impartial) may make the balance incline this way or that.

But if the companionship with man begets as it were through the pores of the mind something human in a dog's nature, it is also true that the dog loses thereby something of his essential canine nature. He no longer hunts in bands nor keeps the unwritten law which governed his action in the wild state. And so it may well be with men. Like poets, who are the strayed children of futurity, all others the companions of the Immortals lose probably something of their humanity[1]. And thus it is that most excellent types of character are often quite without the religious sense.

The dogmatic creeds of Christendom, I said just now, are before us as a perpetual reminder what may chance when men try to push too far their notion of a supernatural Providence, turning surmises into formulas. But I speak only of what is public and demonstrable in these creeds, not pretending to penetrate men's thoughts nor know what shape these dogmas may assume in individual minds: to the formulators of the formulas even, the supernatural 'idea' was very probably much more reasonable than it shows on paper. When, for example, Archbishop Parker and his colleagues composed among the articles the nineteenth and therein proclaimed what was 'the eternal purpose of God,' they could not really have persuaded themselves that individually or collectively they had been admitted to the high councils of Olympus. They thought they knew: but *how*, which of them could have said in very words?

[1] The late Father Tyrrell in his *Modernism* writes: 'Apart from society and social tradition a man can no more make a religion of his own than a language of his own' (p. 97). The analogy does not seem just. One does not see why an individual should not receive direct communication from the courts of Olympus. And historically Mohammed seems to me to have made a religion of his own, at any rate as much as for a time Copernicus must have possessed a solar system of his own. This is not saying that in either case the materials were invented *de novo*.

They were the victims of a process: and what the process was we can partly reconstruct. In polytheistic times it was not so presumptuous of a man to suppose he had received a message direct from a god. For my part I doubt not but that some did. Now the Jehovah of the Jews really belongs to polytheistic days. He is the only *true* god: but not the only god. Men are to 'have' (worship) no other gods but Jehovah. It was in fact the vast but not ignoble egoism of the Jews which, along with their religiosity, turned Jehovah into the one and only god, the maker of heaven and earth, and that made his messages to Israel the laws for all the world. This idea was handed on to Christendom. And to this may be traced the whole idea of 'Revelation' in the orthodox-Christian sense—a 'body of truth' communicated some nineteen centuries ago, an unaltered unalterable dogma which the Church or the Bible is there to maintain.

The Church or the Bible; or the Church *and* the Bible. The self-proving formula of the churches—the Anglican Church, the Catholic, what you will—is the essence of simplicity: the Holy Scriptures show the institution of the Church; the Church assures the authority of the Scriptures. This formula has to be slipped in between Archbishop Parker and the answer to the question 'how' that we asked above. But for the 'Bible Protestant' revelation is no better grounded. For him it involves the theory that the scriptures came down from heaven in their English translation. It is the English translation on which he relies. If he once admit the possibility of a mistranslation, his assurance is gone. And he has no Church behind him to guarantee the infallibility of translators. Or if the Bible Protestant admit the possibility of there being lost gospels his certainty is gone. Yet if he have an inward assurance that Providence designed that just those we have and no other gospels should come down to men, then what need has he of any further witness? What need has he of a revelation at all, being so near the counsels of God? So for the Bible Protestant the logical goal is illuminism, Quakerism. Illuminism is indeed a belief quite reasonable on one condition: that the *Illuminati* cease to talk of God, but instead say 'a god.'

This notion of revealed dogma from the 'Most High God' and for all time is one which I with difficulty persuade myself that a reasonable man could hold, unless through the effect of constant repetition, 'mere reflex and reverberation,' as Carlyle expresses it[1]. For the constant repetition of an idea is like the repetition of an action, which may once have required thought but needs it no more. The proper origin of the dogma of revelation I believe to lie in polytheistic ideas and those of a certain stage of civilisation, when each tribe had its own god, and rival gods were at war. Thus to worship other gods than the tribal god or gods was an act of disloyalty and a sore offence against 'the only true god' or gods of a people. The Greeks and Romans, with the spiritual sense of the one and the justice of the other, outlived this notion—at any rate in large measure. But the Jews with their unspirituality and defective culture clung to it, and kept it long after Jehovah had become really a one and only god to them. Thus Jehovah remained preëminently a 'jealous god'—jealous of forms of worship and right theories touching his divinity. In this wise the more acrid dogmatism arose, and was perforce inherited by Christianity[2].

Howbeit no people but must be in a measure jealous for the preëminence of their gods. The notion of a fixed and unique revelation I would characterise as an unreasonable illogicism: but there are other illogical ideas of the supernatural which yet one may call reasonable. Such an one is that instinct and practice which Max Müller christened Henotheism, and that means the alternating exaltation to the first place or to a solitary throne of different gods of a pantheon, according either to the special mood of the worshipper or his individual predilection. This I say is illogical and at the same time reasonable; as it is illogical and yet reasonable of the lover to proclaim that his mistress is the queen of womankind. For a man while contemplating perfection cannot at the same time dwell on

[1] See further below, pp. 273 *sq.*, 288, 331.

[2] It is strange how a preoccupation with the 'truth of dogma' obscures men's sense of the truth of *things*. Thus do we find Aubrey Moore—an honest-minded theologian—arguing in *Lux Mundi* that the principles of the Stoics could never give morality; and clenching the argument with these words, 'Marcus Aurelius himself was a persecutor.' Have then the principles of *Christian* morality prevented men from being persecutors?

imperfection. To one, Zeus must be the best of the gods or *almost* the only god: to another Apollo: to one the Jew's or the Calvinist's 'one god' (Jehovah), to another Jesus, to a fifth maybe Mary, the mother of God. There is nothing unreasonable or inadmissible in this on the positive side; nor (though of course a positive implies its negative) so long as the negative side is not unduly insisted on.

A positive implies its negative; and a great admirer of *Lohengrin* may say in his wrath that nobody can or ought to admire *Der Trompeter von Saeckingen* or one of our musical comedies. Even he, it is to be hoped, would not be for forcibly restraining others from attending performances of such pieces. In all religions—which have all been more or less state-affairs—beside the natural intolerance of the positive for the negative, there have been vested interests affected by any neglect of the state creed. On the whole, however, tolerance has been the note among the Aryan religions; its opposite has always been due to the influence of Judaism, which appears almost equally in Christianity and in Mohammedanism. The former certainly had great excuses. It was the egoism and the intolerance of the Jews which made them so disliked by the Western people, to the extent of being reckoned *hostes humani generis* by many. And by an error of knowledge (in great measure) the Christians were at the outset tarred with the same brush. Nevertheless the after history of the Christian churches and all the formulas of Christian faith show that Christianity at no time allowed a place for other divinities besides its own: and its freedom from intolerance at the outset must have resulted much less from want of will than want of power. It used all weapons to discredit the classic creeds, ridicule not least effectively; and ridicule is for iconoclastic purposes one of the mightiest of weapons, especially against a state creed, which is sure to be rusty and musty in many parts. Ridicule was used quite as effectively as denunciation by the Reformers against the Catholics; our word 'hocus-pocus' is a standing memorial of this. But ridicule is a petard which has the disadvantage of exploding in both directions. Ulrich von Hütten furnished as many shafts to the sceptic as to the reformer. Even so to-day nothing is easier nor more pleasant to hired pens than to

ridicule the maxim 'Art for Art.' But as that maxim is only a specialised form of 'Truth for Truth,' the jest may carry farther than (not they perhaps but their readers) intended.

For my part I believe that the most fatal blow that ever was struck at the religiosity of mankind was when the Christians decided not to reform but to overthrow the Aryan creeds, those which had grown in the natural soil of the Aryan character; and instead of grafting the new Semitic one on that, to clear the ground, uprooting all it had borne hitherto. Not that such a complete clearance did take place: but the vegetation which survived and mingled with the new crop was rather the old one turned to weeds than anything like what a healthy graft might have produced. Every day yet you find examples of the impossibility men have of contemplating the classical creeds in a just light, side by side with the Christian. When for instance you find Epictetus saying to a young man who wished to join the (quasi-monastic) sect of the Cynics, 'You will be beaten like an ass. And you must love them that beat you as a father or a brother[1],' this is set down as a beautiful sentiment from the mouth of a sort of armchair moralist, never for a moment worthy to be compared with the saying, 'Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' But after all, one does not see how a moral reformer can reform *save* by uttering beautiful sentiments and living a life which accords therewith: both which Epictetus did. He can hardly be reproached for not having enforced his teaching by miracles. And surely it is harder for a man to think these high thoughts, to make these great renunciations, than for a god to do so.

The almost utter impossibility of shaking off the habit of considering other creeds as if they had never been blinds us to the great amount of uniformity that exists in the religious ideas of the world. The contrary I know is commonly asserted. But then the people who so assert may be divided into two classes. Either they are without and instinctively unfriendly to the supernatural idea, so that they judge superficially, with biased minds: or they are deeply attached to their individual creed, and judge with a mind not less biased on the opposite

[1] Or as a father or a brother [accusative] of all men (of mankind).

side. It would, I am quite sure, be impossible to a very devout Christian, even for a Modernist, to admit that a Japanese *might* feel the same devotion to some one of his great dead which the devout Christian has to Christ. Yet it is clear, as was already pointed out, that these two creeds are of the same nature—accepting I mean the 'Modernist' view that Jesus on earth was a man among men, but as 'the Risen Christ' is a god.

We may, I think, go farther than such individual comparisons and recognise in all creeds, all supernatural creeds, two conflicting tendencies, almost necessary ones, as they correspond to two different elements in morals, the sense of the divine and the instinct of humanity. We can enter intimately enough into the religious thoughts of the ancients to trace these two elements there. Though Zeus is addressed more often as the Saviour than is Apollo, it is certain that he appears in a less humane shape than either Apollo or Athene does. Zeus belonged more to the Greek race as a whole than did these two beings of 'culture.' And in a general way to the Greek race as a whole we may believe that Zeus represented an abstract 'righteousness,' but one which had a tendency to merge itself in Destiny, not taking much account of the prayers or sufferings of mankind. But for the cultured peoples there was something barbarous in the moral laws which were satisfying to the Greek race (the Palaeo-Greek race) as a whole. So it is that Zeus to the Athenian mind often figures as the barbarous and vengeful king: that Apollo and Athene are the real 'Saviours,' the intermediaries too (Apollo especially) between the throne of Zeus and men.

The two forms in which henotheism manifests itself in religion nowadays is (it need scarcely be said) in the exaltation of either the First or the Second Person of the Trinity to be practically the supreme or the only god, to receive in fact all the prayers of the worshipper. For no acute student of existing religions and the minds of the religious by his side can have much doubt that whatever force these last may use to hide the truth from themselves, the two first persons of the Christian Trinity are conceived as quite different in character. The first is essentially the Jewish Jehovah; not (generally) the Jehovah of the Book of Judges, who is to all appearances harsh and

bloodthirsty, but the Jehovah of the Prophets: or again rising above even that conception in majesty and godlike attributes. But hardly ever is He imagined as essentially a humane god. Of Jesus of Nazareth, on the other hand, humanity is the primary attribute. It is reasonable to suppose that these two rather conflicting ideas are necessary to make up the ethically divine idea. But of human beings it is certain that they lean toward one or the other, not to both equally: that out of such leanings Christian henotheism arises. And I have no doubt that upon the lines of this existing cleavage all modern theologies could most truthfully, that is most scientifically, be studied.

We might for distinction call the one leaning or tendency Jehovine the other Jesuine or Christian (for 'Jesuit' has been forestalled); and we should notice that the essential character of the Reformation was a Teutonic reaction back towards a Jehovine worship. Those churches of to-day which inherit most from the Reformed Churches of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, German and Scandinavian, Lutherism I mean and Scottish Calvinism, are still essentially Jehovine. All the Puritan party was so: and Milton showed himself only more logical than most that he leaned toward the teaching of Socinus. Socinus was the logical completer of Calvin, though Calvin would not think so. The religious strength of the Counter-Reformation was in its Jesuine or Christian sentiment. The Society of Jesus sprang up to vindicate and characterise it. It was Clovis' cry once more, 'If I and my Franks had been there!' Doubtless the Spaniards in the Netherlands or of the Armada felt the same in their fashion; and Protestant writers have probably done injustice to their genuine enthusiasm.

On the other hand, among many religious bodies of to-day reckoned ultra-protestant, such as the Methodists, such as the Salvation Army, the teaching is altogether Jesuine, not in the least Jehovine. So far as the First Person of the Trinity figures in the sermons of those schools (or again of the more vehement types—Primitive Methodists, Plymouth Brethren, Revivalists and so forth) He figures, by the best that I can learn, rather as a vengeful fate, a representative of the Eumenides, from whom Jesus is the Saviour, to whom He is

the essential contrast. Jesus performs for men, according to these creeds, exactly the part which Apollo and Athene performed for Orestes.

It is easy to see, not from the analogy of the Greek religion alone but from our knowledge of human nature, that this henotheism in Christianity follows the lines of a perpetual tendency in religious thought. It is a case of one of those contradictions which we find in all life and which according to the Hegelian system are necessary to lead on to a higher synthesis. So long as the divine idea is kept steadily before the mind, the impersonation of it must continue to move farther and farther above the level of earth until he is lost in the empyrean. But then that divine idea is also experience of personality: and all personality must be analogous to human personality. Therefore there comes to work an opposite impulse to bring the divine idea into relation with and sympathy with mankind. A perpetual antithesis is created which cannot in our present state be satisfied: and individual men or whole groups of believers hover between the two poles—that of the divine majestic God and that of the God-man capable of human sufferings and human needs. The same principle is still at work when henotheism has created a monotheism: so that now the Christ of the Christians shows more remote, now more familiar. The incomparable and cold dignity of a Milton expresses the Jehovine worship in its purest form. The immense familiarity of a Spurgeon, button-holing as it were his god, of an average Salvation Army preacher or of some revivalist in a negro camp shows the other extreme. The tendency of the Roman Pontiffs is toward the first: but St Francis' tendency is most evidently the Jesuine-Christian one: not on the score of his boundless humanity alone but in a certain naïvety also. His biographer recounts the child-like pleasure which the Saint took in preparing a *crêche* and dramatising the scene of the nativity. A great many of the mediaeval Latin hymns breathe the same air of naïvety and familiarity; a something Moody and Sankeyish is in them, which only time has robbed of all touch of vulgarity, time and the obscurity of a learned language which covers up so many things. The miracle-plays with their buffoon devils expressed the same tendency in a harsher key.

These things come but as alleviations to the unspeakable solemnity and gloom which marked mediaeval religion as a whole; a solemnity and sublimity unequalled in the history of belief, as it shows in the *Dies Irae*, the *Divine Comedy*, the immensities of our cathedrals, their music and their echoes. All that was remote from everyday feeling, and in that sense unhuman.

These two tendencies then, we may say, since they are, should be. The thing which should not be is the insincerity into which apologists and exegetes are driven in trying to explain them away or to minimise them. The insincerity, for example, of that phrase which you may often hear in the mouths of apologists for Christianity that Christ 'was allowed' at the last hour on the Cross to think himself deserted of God. Allowed by whom? By himself, seeing that he was *ex hypothesi* a god and one with God.

Nobody is compelled to be consistent and thoroughly logical. The Understanding, as Hegel would say, is never thoroughly consistent and thoroughly logical: and there is undoubtedly through all life a running paradox which compels every idea in some sense to contradict itself and to contain something of its opposite. We might call that law of life 'polarity.' In the very study of words you find it: words which have exactly opposite meanings often have identical roots: black and *blanc* (Fr.) for instance, as Max Müller pointed out long ago. So *sub* and *super*, ὑπὸ and ὑπὲρ ('below' and 'above'). The Latin *carus* (dear) is connected with a Sanskrit *carû* (pleasant). But from the same root springs the Sanskrit *cayata*, 'to punish, to revenge oneself upon.' The Greek κοτύλη, κότυλος (cup) and κωτίλος (κωτίλλω), 'chattering,' go back to a root which signifies 'to talk' and 'to hide.' We have a Sanskrit root *pu* (*puyati*) which signifies 'to be clean,' and also (*pujati*) 'to be dirty.'

The alternative forms of belief at which we have glanced are examples of the same law of polarity in another field.

These are some of the aspects of theology in the widest sense of that word whereof our imagined visitor from Mars would, I think, take account as he passed along on his enquiry.

He would see, as we have seen, that the real and metaphysical division between different creeds by no means lay there where popular theology has placed them. And, though he would perceive the eternal divergence between the two essential tendencies of the divine idea in history and in human nature, it might seem strange to him that so much controversy should have arisen over the mere historic personality of Jesus of Nazareth. He would see that the 'idea of Jesus' must come as a direct intuition to the mind, and, to the believer at least, must represent the idea of God or of a god. That being a direct intuition would be necessarily independent of historical evidence. He would see in fact that it was impossible to accept and to deny the importance of the historical Jesus in one breath. If the Jesus-idea was convincing to the individual, independent of and apart from critical examination, then it existed independently of the historical Jesus of Nazareth: if it was not independent of history it could only be attained by the natural historical methods.

And thus, in studying the 'reality' of Christianity, he would by no means give a first place to those questions which have raised the greatest dust of controversy.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOD OF METAPHYSICS.

ONCE more in respect of the foregoing chapter I maintain that should the views we have set forth on the 'content' of the Supernatural Judgment seem strange to most and distasteful to many it will be because 'habit of thought' stands in their way. This habit of thought has been engendered by dogmatic theology.

How shall we define dogma? 'By metaphysics,' writes Mr McTaggart in his *Some Dogmas of Religion*, 'I mean the systematic study of the nature of reality; and by dogma I mean any proposition which has metaphysical significance.' I see no reason why we should not accept this definition. When the same writer goes on to argue that dogma is necessary to religion we may still follow him; providing we 'distinguish' between antecedent and consequent necessity, the *causa causans* and the final cause.

Any ultimate principle or reason upon which men act would, I suppose, satisfy the definition just given of dogma. There lies I imagine between me and agreement in Mr McTaggart's full meaning when he says that dogma is essential to religion, the distinction (which it has been the main purpose of this work to insist upon) between reason and verbal argument. A man cannot sit down upon a chair without reckoning on and thus mutely asserting the Uniformity of Nature. If it was as likely as not that a minute hence the chair would be attracted to the ceiling instead of to the earth it would be safer for him to remain standing. Some people talk as if only science in quite modern days had affirmed the fixity of nature's laws, the complement of which notion is given by the absurdities which the anthropologists discover in their readings of the savage mind, whereof we spoke in the penultimate chapter. We saw

how the anthropologist tries to persuade us that for primitive or savage men anything may at a moment's notice change into anything else, clouds I suppose become mountains, mountains rivers, according to the caprice of the spirits which inhabit them. Existence would be impossible to men who really thought thus: and the anthropologists have made the common mistake of recognising only abnormal ideas (born of literary instinct and the love of the marvellous) because the normal ones were so familiar to them[1]. For the ordinary purposes of life and by mere necessity primitive man must have been an as firm though silent upholder of the fundamental thesis of Hume's *Essay on Miracles* as was Hume himself. Now the reason why men are apt to think that the uniformity of nature has been discovered by science is that science for the first time has formulated it in an argumentative or dogmatic manner. I know not precisely how far Mr McTaggart thinks it necessary that (say) the 'existence of a god' should be so formulated to become a dogma. (For of course *dogma* and *dogmatic* have not quite correlative meanings.) But I should gather (especially from his Chapter II.) that he never allows any certain place for our artistic reason nor distinguishes clearly between inference and experience in religion, following in this last position the practice of almost all modern writers on theology to whatever party they belong. This is as much as to say that modern writers on theology do not clearly distinguish between the judgment of existence and the judgment of content.

We have to bear in mind the analogy of the just-enunciated position of the dogma of the uniformity of nature, before we give an unreserved assent to the theory that dogma is essential to religion. It is essential to it in the sense that here as everywhere the doctrine of the excluded middle holds good. Nature cannot both be generally uniform and generally capricious. So

[1] A recent writer on 'Fallacies and Superstitions' in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1909, thus expresses the anthropological predisposition: 'We do not,' he says, 'propose to maintain the hypothesis that untrue beliefs are normal. *Among primitive men they* [*untrue beliefs*] *are certainly the more common.*' Were that so, true beliefs would be to primitive men something out of the way: and we should have that powerful factor, love of the marvellous, tending to make men form just judgments. I am sure the writer did not desire to arrive at such a conclusion.

that the man whose practice shows that he holds it for generally uniform may be said to hold the dogma of the uniformity of nature. Even so, as religion depends on the sense of a *numen* or supernatural being, it must dogmatically affirm that a *numen* or *numina* is or are. It is quite possible again that this assertion might be found logically and metaphysically to involve a definition of 'God' in the terms which modern theologians use or Mr McTaggart's somewhat different definition; precisely in the same way that counting three 'heads' of cattle (which is philosophically the affirmation of the 'unit') involves the Binomial Theorem. I am not metaphysician enough to decide the first question, nor mathematician enough to pronounce on the unchallengeable certainty of the Binomial Theorem. But I can understand the motives which induced mankind to act on the three orders of experience: to worship the gods: to expect that seats would rest steadily on the ground: to count (when convenient) by units. Current theology, however, and the metaphysics of theology do not commonly treat the above three dogmas on the same footing. And in Mr McTaggart's *Some Dogmas of Religion* I suppose him to adopt the current assumption that religion came downwards from metaphysic into practice, did not ascend upwards from experience into metaphysic. This I say is the current view, not only of metaphysicians but of theologians more strictly so-called: not probably of the practically religious or devout: or, if theirs, held only notionally and for a reason which is given below. Supposing theology to be real knowledge and yet to have come downwards from metaphysic (from theory) to practice, *i.e.* experience, it would in this differ from all other forms of real knowledge. Therefore to hold the metaphysical origin of all supernatural belief is for a rationalist very nearly tantamount to holding the inferential and non-experiential view concerning the supernatural, the view whereof we spoke in the first chapter of this book. Why then, it may be shrewdly asked, do the devout admit a theory which rationally is likely to lead to that of the fictitiousness of supernatural belief, the fictitiousness of the *sensus numinis* generally? The answer is that they are hypnotised by their theory of 'revelation': for 'revelation' *ex hypothesi* separates their knowledge of the

supernatural from all other forms of such knowledge; their *sensus numinis* from any *sensus numinis* natural to mankind. Thus, in trying to separate itself from polytheism, orthodoxy has fallen into the arms of the metaphysicians. Some of the metaphysicians have done their best from the metaphysic standpoint to defend orthodoxy, to identify the God of orthodoxy with the God of metaphysics. But it has been an uphill fight: for once metaphysic has thrown overboard all appeal to experience, and separated theological knowledge from all other forms of knowledge, the inferential theory seems really forced upon reason: and the inferential theory implies that theological knowledge is fictitious—is not knowledge at all, in fact. In the book I have been speaking of, Mr McTaggart's *Some Dogmas of Religion*, we see the complete divorce which metaphysic makes between theology and experience, in that Mr McTaggart defends a doctrine of the immortality of the soul which would make almost necessary the existence of 'gods,' but shows that the *a priori* reasons for believing in a God are in his judgment fallacious—he admits the Immortals and excludes the Gods.

Quite independently of any theory of supernatural knowledge, however, we see that the orthodox view of 'revelation,' however venerable is untenable: a mere consideration of the relation of words to thoughts will show this. What reason then remains, save the theological (or metaphysical) 'habit of thought,' why we should distinguish the content of the supernatural judgment from all other forms of knowledge? If it were a matter of mere dialectic it might be urged that there are but two parties in the field: that it is our duty to stand aside and let metaphysical theologians and revelation-theologians thresh out their differences between them. But Reason, we agreed long ago, is not the same as argumentation or dialectic: she is no partisan or policeman wielding formal logic as a truncheon. She ignores the plea that no party can be found to uphold such and such views: she is a party in herself. If she determines that revelation in the orthodox meaning is a non-sense, the theory of it has no further interest for Reason, save as an explanation how it comes about that the orthodox devout and the metaphysicians have arrived at an agreement upon the same error. She herself, throwing off the

burden of custom and of fixed ideas, finds that difficulties which once seemed formidable are so no longer. In fine she sees that the starting point of metaphysical theology—the Athenê Panoplos notion touching theology—must be given up; although it has become so fixed in men's minds that to-day the unbeliever submits to it as much as does the believer. So fixed is it to-day that, while no man of science, no sane thinker would dream of saying that to confess that no ultimate theory could be formulated on the nature of electricity was tantamount to confessing that there was no such thing, yet the agnostic constantly speaks and quite genuinely thinks in this way in dealing with theology. He quite naturally and instinctively believes that the man who can be posed by a difficulty, who has not a metaphysical theory ready for any theological question which may arise, is in reality a charlatan, hiding his unbelief under the pretence of assurance.

Let us then return to the opinion of the uniformity of mental processes—to that great principle which is the (unformulated but necessary) dogma of formal logic, that all men do in fact reason alike; not less than that they gain their direct knowledge (their perceptions or intuitions) through the same channels. From which it results that if we find (as we shall) that theology involves paralogisms or even antinomies, we shall find too that it does so through the same necessity which obliges almost all knowledge in the end to come face to face with some blank wall in metaphysic. Till we arrive there, the processes whereby man has out of his experience evolved his theory of the *numina* or *numen* is the same process whereby he has evolved his theories of other things whose names express both experiences and abstractions from experience. And this we easily understand so soon as we have called in our dramatic sense (our artistic reason) to help to unfold the 'argument': as follows.

The sense of superiority implies the sense of power: though an analytical logic will easily clear away part of the confusion in these ideas which beset the primitive mind. To primitive minds superiority involves power; but it may only suggest moral superiority. To us on the other hand moral superiority is the only worshipful quality: and logically this does not even imply power. The link between the two is an 'Act of Faith.'

But—as was said a few pages back—it is an Act of Faith which all men consciously or unconsciously perform. We have already often insisted, that whosoever says or thinks *Magna est Veritas et praevalebit* performs this act of faith. It is not logical to assume that good will in the end triumph over evil: or if it is so, that can only be shown by a very recondite metaphysical argument. But at the bottom of our hearts we almost all do believe that it will triumph; even when our metaphysical system denies the theory, our acts assert it. (This is exactly parallel to what would be the position of some medicine-man in a savage community whose business it was to persuade his comrades, who perhaps ended by persuading himself, that life was altogether made up of the marvellous; but who sat down every day to his meals in firm reliance on the uniformity of nature. Many of our modern marvel-mongers are in a like case[1]). We must, however, admit it is a paralogism to have so firm a conviction that good is stronger than evil.

This is the root of most of the illogicisms in theology. The original Act of Faith spoken of above tends to bifurcate; or to grow a second paralogism out of itself. So that to one class of minds the sense of power gained from the *numen* of experience will be so fascinating that good will be assumed as involved therein. But a more moral class of minds, *experiencing* the goodness, will assume the power. One or other of these illogical processes is, I maintain, inevitable, human nature being what it is. Therefore, as neither can be strictly defended, is there reason to gird so violently, as men are wont to do to-day, against the mediaeval Catholic or ultra-Calvinistic option for the first attitude? Those lines which Browning puts into the mouth of his Johannes Agricola, though in a manner shocking to our moral sense, are inspiriting too:

> 'God whom I praise; how could I praise,
> If such as I might understand,
> Make out, and reckon on His ways
> And bargain for His love, and stand
> Paying a price at His right hand?'[2]

[1] In cases such as these—as a rule-of-thumb—Pragmatism has its uses.

[2] Spinoza wrote—certainly with a different intention, but from much the same *logical* standpoint—'He who truly loves God, cannot wish to be loved by God in return.'

On these two tendencies we have already enlarged. *Then* it was from the point of view of practice, of experience, and to enquire into the 'content' of the supernatural Judgment. I refer to them again here because we are now concerned with the growth of metaphysical theology and its internal contradictions.

After all, the 'god' of metaphysics stands in no worse case than the 'matter' of metaphysics. With matter (too) it is impossible to support in the sphere of pure reason that which experience gives us; so soon as that experience is erected into an abstract idea. In the region of metaphysic it is easy to show that the qualities which we attribute to matter cannot be *in* matter (first the secondary qualities, colour, smell, have to go: but the primary qualities, shape, hardness, etc. soon follow): so in the end that matter can only be *in* or can only be 'thought' (Easy, I say. The proof is however not easy, and it is impossible to express in a sentence the sum of the idealist contention[1]). Not the less is it impossible for men outside the region of metaphysics to assimilate the idealist position, and 'matter' as signifying something unspiritual, external, the converse of 'spirit,' will always remain a very definite summary of experience.

Follow out the analogy of this in the case of the god of metaphysics. The idea of, the 'realisation' of, spiritual superiority will always advance; and the more enlightened men are the more it will tend to imply omnipotence: till men are brought up sharply by the existence of evil. Just so in our realisation of matter we are brought up sharply by the logical necessity of attributing colour or even pain to material objects. We continue however practically to believe that an orange is always orange (even in the dark). And men will go on believing, if not in the omnipotence of the Olympian courts, in the omnipotence or ultimate triumph of Good; though the mere existence of evil is a contradiction of the first, and the second can only be a theory or a metaphysical notion (as that 'good' is not 'in time') which lies apart from real experience.

[1] It is, however, given with admirable clearness at the opening of Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*.

In strict logic there is not even much sense in the assertion, Truth *will* prevail. The lover of truth proceeds in reality not on that hope, but on a sense that somehow truth is superior to untruth here and now: though it would be difficult for him to deny that error plays as large a part in men's actions here and now as does truth. Even if truth be on the whole the more influential, so long as error exists and men act in obedience to error as well as in obedience to truth, truth cannot be said to prevail. The army of untruth is in being, and seems likely always to remain so.

The real difference between the god of metaphysic and *e.g.* matter, in respect of the contradictions which the ideas involve, is that the contradictions in the theory of matter have never been imposed on men's minds by authority, or on their consciences by a theory that correct metaphysic was a moral duty: so that in the case of matter the inevitable reaction has not ensued.

I do not mean by that that metaphysics may not deal with the idea of God; or that the metaphysic God is an unreality. Only as this aspect of the question lies outside the proper limits of the present treatise—which it was decided might keep free from strictly metaphysical problems—the important thing to understand (and still more important to remember) is that this metaphysic God must lie outside experience properly so called. The most devout of the devout who felt himself to be, and was in communion with 'God,' could not thereby know that the Being in question was the highest of all spiritual beings; or he could only know it on the belief that he had direct verbal revelation to that effect. And I suppose that in reality there is no devout person living who can with his hand on his heart declare that he or she has had such direct verbal revelation: that a divine voice did make that statement *ipsissimis verbis*. Even so it would not be conclusive. For though 'God cannot lie,' a spiritual Being might well enough be mistaken in thinking himself unique and supreme. The proper principle of henotheism (p. 263) forbids us however to press this point. In any case, failing the communication *ipsissimis verbis*, the rest is tradition; and we have seen how the tradition

may first have gained force: though, as I have also said in the last chapter, the present form of it may be an act of quite legitimate henotheism.

To put the matter more shortly. It may be a righteous act of devotion for the devout man or woman to regard the Being with whom he or she is in communication as unique. But that act of devotion should never be confounded with the metaphysical notion that there is only one God. And conversely, metaphysics may be justified in postulating (on metaphysical grounds) a one supreme Being, an Absolute. But this metaphysical idea should never be confounded with experience obtained by acts of devotion. The confusion of these two separates has been the cause of almost all the confusion in theology.

We have already urged that on *a priori* grounds it is extremely improbable that there is the vast interstellar space which theology postulates between one supreme, all-wise, all-powerful God and humanity: even if the space be now partially filled by the spirits of departed men. To speak the literal language of theology it would certainly be filled in no small degree. For it is said that the spirits of just men are 'perfect'; and moral perfection implies god-like knowledge and power; if it did not so, the 'act of faith' which postulates a supreme god would have no meaning. But these 'just men' are such a recent creation in the universe of things: one can hardly believe in just troglodites and stone-age men. Everywhere the popular monotheism breaks down; because it is not a philosophic monotheism, but the 'henotheism' of devotional acts. And when you read the language in which Jesus is spoken of in popular and revivalist religion, you see at once that the effect of this henotheism is often merely to destroy all notion of majesty in the divine.

From the intrusion of the god of metaphysics into the domain of 'actual' theology (experience) has sprung, I imagine, the notion of a 'body of truth,' a notion which, though it had its birth in dogmatic theology, has existed so long that it has begot a habit in men's minds. Most of what we have written in this book is in one way or another a contradiction of that

theory of a 'body of truth': our method of dividing questions into propositions, for example, is implicitly the converse of it. How much on the other hand men have absorbed of this idea is seen in departments of thought far removed from theology; in political questions for example. No sooner is some new question made a 'plank' for either party, incorporated into its programme, than each member of the party begins to advocate it as an article of faith. There is no natural connexion between Unionism and tariff reform: and yet to-day hundreds of Conservatives who could not explain the rights and wrongs of a simple question in finance or in political economy are advocating tariff reform with passion and conviction, because (if you could look into their minds) they have faith in a 'body of Conservative truth.' It is in obedience to the same fundamental habit that scientific men talk of 'scientific truth' as something distinct from other kinds of truth: and then erect Science into a being charged with the custody of this scientific truth. Whereas there is no scientific truth, no 'body of truth' of that character: there are only scientific truths which are not in nature different from any other truths, save that they concern a special order of phenomena.

It needs only a little reflection to see how the politician's habit of mind has really been conferred upon him by theology: and that if he thinks that Toryism or Radicalism can do no wrong, he thinks so because long since theology had premised: 'There is one God, Maker of Heaven and Earth, who has given one true Revelation of Himself through His son and co-equal God, Jesus Christ.' These, the essential dogmas of Christianity, are never put forward as a series of propositions independent of each other, the truth of the more elementary of which would stand if the others were not true. It does not appear to reason to be otherwise, however. The question might no doubt arise, Can the less elementary propositions be so logically linked on to the more elementary that, though they do not appear at first sight to follow from them, they do so in fact? To express this in the language of metaphysic, that would mean, Are synthetic apodeictic judgments in theology possible? All the early metaphysic, the strictly theological and scholastic metaphysic, maintained not only the positive answer to this, but asserted that

the (so-deemed) essential dogmas of religion were such a synthetic apodeictic truth, re-echoing the faith of bygone ages in an infallible church. And we have said enough in former chapters of the creation of the Church of Science out of the Church of Orthodoxy (through the law of action and reaction) to see that Science as a being, and 'scientific truth,' as a peculiar property of the elect, have their origin at the same source.

When a sequence of ideas is linked together in a necessary chain of reason, as in mathematical truths, then we may be said to possess a body of truth. The forty-seventh proposition of Euclid's First Book rests upon the first, second, third, fourth, eighth, tenth, eleventh, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-ninth, thirty-first, thirty-fourth, thirty-fifth, thirty-seventh, forty-first and forty-sixth propositions. But the earliest of these is itself true; and would remain neither more nor less than true, if mathematics had never advanced beyond it. And so with each one in order. The 'body of truth' theorem of the theologians was that theology in its turn offered as rigid a series; only here the last term involved the first and the first the last more surely even than in mathematics. The first condition that theology might do this is that it should be a kind of knowledge (like mathematics) independent of experience, something fixed which we may learn to know more of but which (like space) is a direct and simple intuition. Theoretically 'God' might be of this character. But in that case he would be almost necessarily impersonal. For personalities can never be known by simple direct intuition: artistic knowledge, the artistic sense acts quite differently. Kant as we know inherited so much of the theological (the schoolmen's) system that the first question which he put himself in his *Critique* (which proposed strictly theological problems as its end) was precisely this: 'Are synthetic apodeictic judgments possible?' His answer was, Yes, because such judgments were found in mathematics, especially in geometry, which is the investigation of the 'entity' space. Might not investigation of the 'entity' God[1]

[1] It need not be said that for scholastic theology the first article of belief was that the 'entity' God was unlike all other entities whatsoever. Thus might it be explained how its various propositions come to be linked in a peculiar closeness.

lead to just such a similar series of synthetic apodeictic judgments[1]?

Kant's conclusion in respect of mathematics has been endlessly discussed and much questioned. As he had elsewhere (and rather inconsistently) decided that space was only a form of thought, the conclusion has little real bearing on theology. If it has a bearing on theology, then God becomes something analogous to the Kantian idea of space—if not a necessary *form* of thought, a necessary end of thought; in other words the Absolute, in which contradictions of thought are reconciled. And this, so far as I can see, is what God is in the Hegelian system. I do not think, however, that it follows from this that Hegel was in fact an Atheist. The question whether he was or was not would depend on Hegel's intellectuality; it would be a question for the dramatic imagination to decide: but I leave that to those who have competence in the matter. In my own view the love of truth is ultimately a moral and not

[1] I do not mean by this that Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* ever substantially touches the question: Are theological judgments synthetic and apodeictic, as mathematical judgments are? But Kant considered theology to come within the class of *a priori* knowledge (as all the theologians his predecessors did). And if in the *Practical Reason* Kant handed over to Faith the question whose answer he found impossible to Reason, he still considered that answer, that judgment the same *in se*, though arrived at through a different channel.

The crucial question as between the practical theology of the three foregoing chapters, and the metaphysical theology of say the *Kritik der Praktischen Vernunft* and the metaphysicians generally, is how far the telepathic sense of personality required for our judgment of experience is to be reckoned 'experience.' It is obviously not sensible experience: and for metaphysics generally the division is made between what is sensible and super-sensible: the latter for Kant being the province of faith, not reason. I am not myself disposed to believe that our experience of *human* personalities is wholly sensible experience, *i.e.* mere inference from the affections which they produce on our senses. I incline to believe that the foundation of our knowledge even of our fellow creatures is telepathic, or the action of mind on mind. And as one-half of our daily 'experience' in life consists of experience of our fellow-creatures, on this theory it would be impossible to rule the telepathic sense out of experience. The god-sense or *sensus numinis* then on its side becomes experience; and therefore subject-matter for reason not less than our experience of our fellow-men is so: only of the dramatic, *i.e.* artistic reason, not the scientific. A portion therefore of Kant's 'faith' translates itself into our 'artistic reason.' But a portion only. For besides the experience of this or that *numen* at this or that moment, lies the conviction that the Immortals *are*; just as beside our experience of this or that object of sense lies the conviction that external objects have an existence of their own, and continue to produce effects from causes even when no man observes them. This last belief also is an 'act of faith.'

an intellectual sentiment, and the trust in reason ultimately an 'act of faith.' So that the reconcilement of contradictions would be ultimately a moral act, and, if that could not now be performed, equally the 'duty' of the ultimate term of thought. The ultimate term of thought then (and I make the Pragmatists a present of this fact) would be of the *nature of* an action and quasi-moral. And I suggest (without affirming) that this idea was in Hegel's mind when he identified his Absolute with God.

These are however high metaphysical speculations and have not much bearing on the experiential idea of God. For, as we have said, no direct experience of a discarnate personality could show the identity of that personality with the Absolute or the metaphysical God.

CHAPTER V.

IMMORTALITY.

The instinctive judgment of mankind in favour of the 'Immortality of the Soul' is practically identical with the philosophic judgment in the same sense. What this instinctive judgment would be we saw in an earlier chapter. Differing from Spencer we maintained that the dream-image and all its train of inferences were unnecessary to give man the idea of survival after death: that the mere observed contrast between the man and the corpse would be enough to do so. 'Something' had evidently gone out of the dead man. And those who reflected would realise that the 'something' was precisely that which gave him interest and importance, was his 'personality' in fact. And by a little more reflection they would come to realise that this 'personality' in themselves was distinguishable —almost in experience certainly in thought, from the material part of them, their body, their limbs and strength.

There are folk whose minds have been so muddled by polemics that they declare they do not know whether they have a soul or have not. Well, the soul—for the purposes of this inquiry—is of course the personality, nothing more and nothing less. It is that which we really intend whenever we say 'I.' Metaphysicians have chosen to turn that 'I' into Latin and speak of the personality as the *Ego*. We all have this *I* and know that we have it. Before we know our bodies and the details of our bodies, before we know anything about the brain or the little brain, the nervous system, its actions and re-actions, we have in our consciousness the personality which we designate every time we say *I*. This is a metaphysical truth: but it is also a perfectly simple one. Nothing short of polemics could have had power to make men confuse with this truth all sorts of subsidiary questions, such as the question

whether this *I* can in the event be shown to be other than a series of experiences: and so on. The judgment of primitive man then would naturally make a distinction between the *ego* and the body which certainly *prima facie* seems to 'contain' it. The body may be in all manner of different conditions, active or passive, well or ill: throughout these changes the 'sense of personality' is continuous; in other words the *I* seems to remain unchanged. A subtle enquiry may of course show that the personality is considerably affected by bodily changes: but these are after-thoughts, after-enquiries. The instinctive judgment of men is that the *I* continues unchanged. Probably a still earlier instinctive judgment would be unable to make distinction between the body and the *I*. That condition of mind would correspond (to use our illustration from the history of language once again) to the condition of mind in which all abstractions—possibly all adjectives—were confounded with the things of experience; when (as one can imagine) people had to say 'bull' for strength, and 'fox' for red. A stage beyond that would bring the instinctive judgment that *I* and my body were not one, but two. In such a condition of thought a man would have a predisposition to assume immortality.

It is a great tribute to the confusing power of polemic controversy, that people have been able to accustom their minds to ignore all this, and have grown into the make-believe that man naturally and instinctively confounds his body with his 'self'; so that it needed a whole series, a whole concatenation of dreams, hallucinations, priestcraft, and I know not what to set on foot the doctrine of survival after death. I think the phenomenon of this confusion of thought is to be explained in the following way. Without question the doctrine of the 'immortality of the soul' has been the most potent influence of 'priestcraft.' We have only to let our minds run through the history of Middle Age and modern thought and to think of the infernos, the indulgences, the bed-side exhortations, the testamentary gifts to monasteries, the long procession of preachers of hell-fire[1], the preternatural gloom of Calvinism; to recall the terrors which the belief in immortality has

[1] See Lecky's *European Morals*, Vol. II. Chap. IV. p. 223 note (Pop. ed.).

brought in its train. Yes, even before Christianity the same weapons were in the armoury of the priesthood. Lucretius has shown us that the same ideas were used *in terrorem* among the pagans: they were the fount of 'superstitions'; and thus the very things which the enlightened class was most eager to throw off. It is precisely the beliefs connected with the underworld that Juvenal tells 'not boys believe,'—

'Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur.'

As the revolt against priestcraft fathered the invention-of-priests-and-kings doctrine; so it has fathered (what is really a facet of that doctrine) the make-believe that men naturally confound their 'selves' and their bodies: and that the idea of a 'soul' is either a priestly invention or the child of illusion.

I need not repeat once more that what we may call the historical justification of a thesis has nothing to do with its logical justification.

I pause for a moment to observe that we are speaking not strictly of the 'immortality' but of the 'non-mortality' of the soul (if one may make that distinction). I mean that the question in hand is whether death (which means the dissolution of the body) is necessarily also the dissolution of the soul. The proof that it was not would not also be a proof that the soul was destined to live for ever.

Short of a metaphysical argument, the point in favour of the non-mortality of the soul or *I* (I think most minds will admit a sufficiently strong one) is that no evidence to the contrary can possibly be produced. All evidence to the contrary must first make the unproved and unprovable, the unwarranted and unwarrantable assumption that the objective manifestations of the *I* are conterminous with the *I* itself, or that they are, in mathematical phrase, a constant function of the *I* or *ego*. Only after the building of this unreal bridge between the *ego* and the objective signs of the *ego*, can psychology of an inductive sort begin. And only on the evidence of psychology can the mortality of the *I* be so much as suggested. As this is at one and the same time a perfectly simple proposition, and yet owing to our confused habits of thought (confused through controversy), a difficult one; I will examine it at greater length. But the point at which we have

arrived might well, I think, mark the end of a Martian's enquiry touching the non-mortality of the soul.

As we all know, and as was noticed in the last chapter, we believe in other personalities beside our own; but, as was there said, we do this by a sort of miracle only; objective evidence of these personalities we have not and cannot have. Habit may help us to forget this: but then again the experiences of life are constantly correcting the forgetfulness of habit. We think we know all our neighbour's thoughts; we only guess at a few of them. 'Nothing is easier,' declares the unreflecting, 'than to say what you think': nothing—as R. L. Stevenson says somewhere—is more difficult. It is more than difficult; it is impossible, if for 'what' you read 'all.' I went, just now, beyond all warranty of knowledge when I said, 'We all have this *I* and know that we have it.' I have no evidence for saying so. The reader may not be conscious of any such continuous personality. Science professes to show that such a person's objective appearance—that by which I know him or might know—would be the same, whether he had this permanent personality or had it not[1]. All, then, that I know or can know is that I individually possess this *ego*. And all that our Martian would be justified in asserting is that anyone who had a consciousness of this personality, this *ego*, this soul, could by no means discover evidence or reason to believe that it would be destroyed by that phenomenon we call death, the cessation of certain functions in a certain organism. Death puts an end to all objective evidence of another man's personality. But in reality we have never had *evidence* of his personality: that *I* of his is only to us a matter of faith. If he is locked away in a Bastille the objective evidence is destroyed in like manner: he ceases to exist for us; only he himself knows whether he ceases to exist altogether.

The gap between the *I* and the objective manifestations of it, which is untraversable, will I grant be distressing to those persons who hardly seem to exist save in 'opinion,' who make themselves the echo of the voices in the air around them. They are required to find in *themselves* their personality and

[1] Science cannot really, of course, show this, because the *I* cannot in any manner enter into the purview of science.

thereby the guarantee (not indeed that they will live for ever) but that that thing we understand by death will leave the personality unchanged. In respect of such, Browning's contemptuous Galuppi Baldassaro seems to speak:

> 'But for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,
> Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop:
> What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?'

But as we know not the essential *I's* even of these 'echoes,' we cannot pronounce a judgment.

Revelation was supposed to come in just at this point and assure men, as from the courts of heaven, that there was an immortality of the soul. 'Revelation,' in the ordinary acceptance, means objective revelation; and it is difficult to see how objective revelation can show any such matter. How, for one thing, are we to know the real personality of the revealer? His objective credentials must be the power to work wonders. And how should the power to work wonders be evidence of special knowledge touching the personalities or souls of men? How should it even insure the veracity of the reporters?

But I say nothing against subjective revelation or telepathic communion either with other personalities or with 'the immortals.' All that side of the matter has been sufficiently dealt with already. And the fact that we have, that mankind has and has had, communion with discarnate personalities, is a further confirmation of the instinctive and yet reasonable judgment that our 'selves' and our bodies are not one but two.

Thus far for the argument for the non-mortality of the soul without the boundary of true metaphysics. The instinctive judgment of men is, as I have said, practically the same as the metaphysical judgment on this matter. But metaphysic states the proposition rather differently.

Metaphysic takes its stand upon the idealist contention, according to which it can be demonstrated that matter must in the ultimate analysis be mind. We spoke of this position above (p. 277), and there said that the steps of the argument were not easy, but were capable of explicit statement[1]. The

[1] I would rather here refer the reader to *Some Dogmas of Religion*, Chap. III.; but in order not to leave a complete gap I will attempt to summarise the same demonstration.

argument begins by showing that effects of the material world on us which constitute the qualities of objects cannot at the same time be parts of that material world. It begins with what are called the secondary qualities. The easiest demonstration is in the case of heat: and with that Berkeley begins his argument. The sensation of heat is personal to us: if increased to a certain degree it is replaced by a quite different sensation, that of pain. It cannot be contended that the heat (what we call heat) any more than the pain are really *in* the bar of red-hot iron, are really felt by the red-hot bar. But the bar is also red. Red quite as much as heat is a sensation of *ours*: it depends (physically) upon an effect produced on *our* retinas and hence communicated to the brain: epistemologically (or from the point of view of reality or knowledge) it is merely an experience of our minds. The same experience cannot be *in* the iron bar. Nor can the orange be orange to itself. So with smell. The rose cannot smell its own smell: epistemologically smell (more obviously than colours) can only really be in the percipient. These, colours, smell, heat, cold, etc. are what are called the secondary qualities. Nobody can, on reflection, maintain that they are really in the objects of our sense. But, as was said in the last chapter, the primary qualities, hardness, shape, etc. cannot in the long run hold out against the same disintegrating analysis. They too are perceptions which we have, not what the objects themselves really have in themselves. Thus on reflection external matter ceases to be what we supposed it. We cannot know it as matter: all we can possibly know are changes of state in ourselves, changes in our thoughts and feelings. In one word all that in the ultimate-analysis we can ever *know* is mind. And what we call matter is really only changes of mental state which are not self-caused, which bring with them the conviction of being caused from without. How caused who shall say? Berkeley, taking the theological idea of the ultimate, named the cause of all our sensations God. Modern idealism commonly calls the same ultimate the Absolute. As to what distinguishes these two names we spoke in the last chapter.

The essential result of this analysis and of the idealist contention is that the reality of our knowledge is mind and not

matter. Matter under analysis tends to dissolve and become nothing more than states of mind *plus* the sense of their being caused from without us. True, on a further analysis (of rather a one-sided type) *we* tend to dissolve into mere states of mind, into a mere succession of ideas. But without question the idea of personality, the *ego* in each of us (if one can say 'in') is much more ultimate than the idea of matter. Wherefore as what we call Death is simply a material change, a change in matter, it would follow that mind and the personality (*ego*) that mind implies cannot cease to exist on account of these changes of matter; because that would be tantamount to the dependence of the personality on matter: whereas we have seen that matter only exists through the personality.

This then is the instinctive human judgment—of the superior importance, superior reality of the *ego* or *I* over the body, which is the matter bound up with the *I*—translated into terms of idealist metaphysics. And the conclusion in each case is the same, that death which is a material change cannot produce a like change on the *ego* or the soul.

The practical difficulty in believing in non-mortality is in the impossibility which the above arguments imply of birth (which like death is a material event) being the creation of an *ego* or soul. So that non-mortality implies pre-existence. Now pre-existence is a notion which the plain man very unwillingly accepts. He contends that if we have no memory of our pre-existence we are, in fact if not in theory, created at birth. And that is the condition in which (theories and fancies apart) we actually stand.

This argument, however, is on a lower plane—is less essential—than the preceding one, and therefore (reasonably, in the eye of reason) cannot invalidate it. The contention that break in memory destroys an individuality is difficult to answer. At the same time we never do rigidly apply that principle. If we did we should have to say that any clear interruption of continuity in thought (such as dreamless sleep) destroyed personality. Logically it is no answer to this to say that the continuity of the body continues the personality: because the body is not in or a part of the personality; and we are talking

of judgments on the personality as such. All that can be said of the effect of the body in such a case is that it obscures our judgment on personality, tends to make it less logical and thoroughgoing: in a word its influence is purely negative and can never be otherwise. If a man by illness was wholly changed in character we ought logically to consider him another man: the continuance of his body in our consciousness might restrain us from following facts to their logical conclusions; but it could not add any fact concerning the man's *ego*, his personality. Logically the only reason for not being consistent and thinking our friend *another* man would be that after all we can never know his *ego* but only its manifestations to us: so that it is not wholly reasonable to suppose the *ego* of a new character though all its manifestations be different.

So far for a total change of character, an (apparent) total discontinuity of the *ego*. In the case of shorter interruptions in continuity we should certainly not be much affected by them. If a man lost all memory of his past for a whole day or for a whole week we should not on that account say that he had been recreated at the beginning of the day or week following. I do not say that this attitude of mind in us is strictly logical: but this undoubtedly is the way we do judge.

Something was said in a former chapter touching abnormal (seemingly abnormal) mental states, such as drunkenness, druggedness, and the like. I put forward there the suggestion that the drunken man has a divided personality, an inner one that remains unchanged, and an outer one that talks nonsense and is the only one objectively known. I was not then speaking by the chart, nor using 'personality' in any very exact sense. The division is rather between the essential *I* and the function of the essential *I* which manifests itself to the world. It is very easy to see how a drunken man, merely by losing a certain will of selection among the words he chooses to express himself, might retain all his reason and yet seem to have lost it altogether. Thought is always more rapid than speech, indefinitely—I will not say infinitely—more rapid: in a perfectly sober state we are continually carrying on a train or trains of thought *in addition* to the train of thought expressed in our words. We have only to withdraw or lay aside the will-

power to select just such words as express one continual train of thought, and we get a mixture of words which is pure nonsense; in this case with no essential change in the workings of the mind. In the same way, Baudelaire notices the tendency of a man under the influence of hashish to use a sort of telescope-words which seem to him perfectly sensible, but are nonsense to his audience. This is an instance of precisely similar nature.

Of course I can say nothing positively concerning the personality of the reader nor touching that of Baudelaire. If the former chooses to make the experiment, to get drunk or to take hashish and asserts that so far as he is concerned he believes that his whole personality, his whole self, was changed by the drug, I have nothing to say against it. Only his experience is of no value to me: I must form my opinions by my own experience. It will be said that the drunken man changes not only his intelligence but his character; from being gay, he becomes morose, or conversely; from being kind, cruel. But as a fact I believe that the most opposite sentiments or states of feeling can at the same moment co-exist in an individuality, and that it is will which determines which order shall manifest themselves in action. (See next chapter.)

On the whole the most reasonable *a priori* theory is that the connexion of soul with body, *i.e.* of our souls with our bodies, is something exceptional in the universe of being; not something normal as it seems to us. This we have said in effect already: we said that the condition of discarnate personalities would be a natural inference after reflection on the enormous differences in character which distinguish men who are scarcely above the brutes, and men (like Plato) who are scarcely below the gods. That paradox in human nature would be accounted for by the unnatural alliance of spirit with matter which obtains in our case, the unnatural control of our bodies over our spiritual selves: and this the higher types of mind —Plato's and others—have been apt to recognise. And though we are forbidden by our Experience to reject paradoxes merely because they are paradoxical, we are commanded by our Reason to explain them whenever they can be explained. So that our

incarnate state might be compared rather to a sleep between stages of real vitality than to anything higher. That would explain the break which it makes in our continuity. This seems to me a more plausible explanation than any doctrine of soul-transmigration: though plenty of philosophers of high attainment have accepted that[1]: and Plato himself does not turn his back upon it. I rather suspect, however, that the tendency to accept that notion lies in a false orientation of our minds toward the immediate experience—of the connexion of minds and bodies—and away from the reasonable theory that that connexion is quasi-accidental.

This is all that it seems necessary to say touching the Immortality of the Soul, within the limits set in the present treatise, that is to say, between the boundary of metaphysics on the one side and of ethics on the other. For it will be noted purely ethical questions and arguments never enter into these pages. This is because in the view of the present writer ethical questions never can be discussed by public and demonstrable arguments with hope of solution or of much enlightenment.

[1] Amongst the latest, Mr McTaggart in *Some Dogmas of Religion.*

CHAPTER VI.

PERFECTIBILITY AND PROVIDENCE.

When a dog greets his master after absence or is for any cause moved to an uncommon pleasure and affection, his gestures show that this affection and pleasure are in his thoughts obscurely associated with the pleasures of sex. A cat moved in the same kind of way will often sharply bite or scratch the master or mistress of whom it is fond. These two facts are of vast significance for the whole governance of the world.

The first illustrates in a 'brutish' way, but therefore the more efficiently, how that the affections, that the emotion of love, always obscurely turns towards the emotion of sex—for the whole animal world, including man. It also illustrates the converse of this, which for man is undoubtedly true, that the instinct of sex contains a germ or kernel of the purest and most unselfish kind of love and devotion: that which in mankind we call romantic love and that which (how strange soever was the occasion of it) Plato long since recognised as the highest emotion of the soul. I say we all (unless we affect cynicism) recognise this fact in human nature. But it may be said that the action of the dog (though in an inverse way) recognises it even for canine nature. For without question the dominant emotion in the dog's mind on finding his master again is pure devotion, what in mankind we should call romantic devotion. Yet even this pure devotion is associated with sex in the inmost of the dog's mind.

The difference between the canine and the human position lies in this. With men and women the vast majority who are capable of this unselfish and romantic devotion are so only toward some member of the other sex. We can hardly credit dogs with any appreciable amount of that sentiment in their sex-relations; while towards their masters they undoubtedly

make it manifest. They are thus very much in the position of the 'devout.' For the difference between dogs and men lies in this: that the gods of the first (ourselves) are very visible and tangible, whereas our gods the Immortals are hidden behind a veil. By the very devout—a St Theresa for example—the veil may be removed, (who can tell?) and their devotion be consequently as complete as canine devotion to human beings may sometimes be.

(Incidentally the action of the dog in the first instance cited would account for the fact that religious ecstatics often fall into sex scandals—would account for this quite naturally and without any assumption of hypocrisy.)

The second example chosen—that of the cat—is of a quite opposite tendency but of a significance not less great. In the case of the cat affection has once again excited a certain sex-instinct: but more keenly, the sex instincts of this animal being much the keener. Those on their side have turned not toward kindness but toward cruelty. And it need not be said that that instinct is paralleled in human nature quite as often as any tendency to turn sex-instinct into love and devotion. This association—of cruelty with 'passion'—is indeed for the man *natural*, seeing that Nature herself seems to have made special provision that they should be associated. And one can see how such association may have been necessary in the early history of mankind. After the plants have reached a certain stage of development they can only be propagated by exogamy[1]. It is highly probable that at a certain stage exogamy too was necessary to the improvement of mankind. We find it enforced by custom among many savage tribes, by eccentric laws and customs of taboo. These can only be the consecrations by time of practices begun in a more *natural* fashion: and the natural fashion would be through marriage by capture, of which the traces remain in a great number of marriage rites, among folk now civilised much beyond that stage; as were the classic nations of antiquity. The advantage of marriage by capture would be that as a rule (like the Rape of the Sabine

[1] It is, I believe, agreed that in many things the evolution of plants and animals is parallel, not consecutive, *i.e.* the animal kingdom showing in all things superiority over the vegetable.

women) the capture would be made from a different tribe: this is true exogamy and strengthening through mixture of blood. But to create the custom of marriage by capture, to give zest to it, Nature had to associate the sense of force and cruelty with the instinct of sex; and as has been said (though on that matter it is not fitting to enlarge), Nature almost obviously has associated these two ideas.

By a contre-coup it would seem that primitive or 'low,' that is to say ancient, types of woman-nature (through association) receive a certain sex-pleasure when beaten or ill-treated by men—by a man whom they love. And in the case of Nana who is a typical 'primitive' nature, Zola has described precisely this. There is no difficulty in seeing how through long association (in the race memory) this feeling would arise: to our state of culture, because that feeling is primitive, it seems perverse or perverted.

Let us note too another curious association of cruelty with love of a passionate, but non-sexual kind, namely, with maternal love. Mothers will often go on kissing their babies till they make them cry. And they know beforehand that they will make them cry. Here the instinct to the act which is certainly an instinct of cruelty (for kissing itself was originally biting, as we can see when dogs play together) is so strong that it overmasters natural affection and pity. This is exactly parallel to the action of the cat.

The two illustrations then with which we began this paper illustrate in the germ this paradoxical equation, cruelty = sex-instinct = devotion.

However paradoxical the equation it is a paradox of experience. There can be little doubt (for the reasons given above) that cruelty was among primitive man the more frequently in association with 'love,' as it still continues to be so with animal natures. And there is even less doubt that with the refinement of the race this same 'love' has (on occasion) been so etherialised as to be wholly romantic, with hardly a vestige of the animal passion. To have accomplished such an evolution justifies mankind before the stars—before the courts of Olympus.

But it also justifies the gods before human-kind, and without doubt points to a kind of providence watching over men's

affairs: a providence far more satisfying to a generous soul than those petty and provincial providences which men have imagined for themselves, for their families, their tribe, their nation. At once these facts point to a perfectibility in human nature and to a kind of law in nature which is in harmony therewith. The last of course is but dimly to be seen: but it is certainly to be surmised. For our animal illustrations show almost for certain that the paradoxical equation, cruelty = love = devotion, exists throughout all nature which is capable of love, or say all animal nature; and our human experience proclaims that the paradox can be realised by development. And if there are through nature and experience many paradoxes which are inexplicable and disheartening therefore, this paradox is quite the reverse and full of promise to human-kind. And while many folk have professed themselves incapable of realising what the creeds promise in the form of heaven; and most who have more imagination have given heaven (as Plato does) chiefly an intellectual character; the most simple, rational, and easily apprehended surmise would be, that it is a state of being in which the natural attitude toward other beings would be the kind of romantic affection which (when all sex-instinct is shut out) the lover feels for the beloved. For in such case there is no division between *meum* and *tuum*, nor is there any sacrifice; for to give is a pleasure and to take is to give. Plato considered such a state of things only possible in its purity for the soul contemplating perfection: and the language he uses implies an intellectual rather than a moral act. But it does not do to press this point; for language in such cases is always deceptive.

Nor does it do to enlarge overmuch on the idea of heaven as it is presented either by Plato or in the creeds of Christendom. For the tendency of human kind is too much toward narrowness and egoism. A noble nature will, as we have said, find satisfaction sufficient in this evidence (as we may almost call it) of the perfectibility of the human race, without being over-careful as to the part which he will have therein. He can always play the part of making toward that goal; and no stroke of fate or death can hinder him from playing it a shorter or a longer time.

In the same way (we have said already) that we see a promise of the perfectibility of our race, we see an indication too that that is a care to the gods. But there is equal danger of narrowing this idea of providence to serve our egoism or particularism. I do not think that persecution itself has been so effective in bringing religion into disrepute, as the fallacious way in which the priesthoods (poor human nature assisting) have dealt with the notion of Providence and professed to be in its secrets. 'Poor human nature assisting.' *Populus vult decipi*, to a degree that is pathetic and is sometimes noble. Man has invented his poetic justice and his gods descending on the stage to set all things right: till the intellectual revolted; and the phrase *deus ex machina* came into use; a world of irony in three words. But not even the intellectual (till the other day) revolted against 'poetic justice' in the totality (though the phrase 'poetic justice' is similar in kind to the phrase *deus ex machina*); for poetic justice has governed all the literature of fiction. Of course those who have traded on the idea to most profit have been the priests, the clericals: and without this idea, their 'means of grace,' their indulgences, their extreme-unctions would have been valueless as commodities. As I have said, I believe a rightful anger at this pretence to know the purposes of Providence, to have the ear of Providence—this more even than past persecution has provoked the revolt against 'clericalism' and all its works and ways.

This naturally has produced a violent reaction, and an unreasoning pessimism is now the order of the day. But, it was said a little while since, these reactions appeal to a certain moral sense in us of justice, and seem to sweep us round whether we will or no. Even the justice of the poets seems sleek and 'priestly' to our modern pessimism. Mankind has first to purge itself of its individual optimism, its egoistical belief in Providence. Then like the builder of the Palace of Art it may perchance return with others there. So that I insist not farther on the evidence for a Providence in men's affairs beyond what seems clearly manifest; that it makes for the perfection of the race.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHURCH.

When men desire to commemorate their fellows who have fallen in battle, or some one man of their kind who stands out conspicuously and is honoured by the nation, by his county or only maybe by his township, they erect monuments to them in their parish church, in the cathedral of the diocese, or in one of the two London cathedrals, which are, for this purpose, the cathedrals of all England. Bishops and deans, with their chapters, their choirs, their organs, take part in the office of dedication: *Te Deums* are sung, all the congregation assisting; and the echo of them lingers on about the fretted roof, till Silence at last returns, and the people separate, to pursue each his own business and desires, the getting of money or the gaining of praise.

Ceremonies like these link on the religion of to-day with all past religions of the world; and the cathedral (let it have been a cathedral), wherein these rites were practised, takes its place in the line with who knows what forgotten cromlechs of pre-historic man, with what Karnak temples, with what Parthenon or fane of Zeus Olympius among the Greeks. If it were possible to take, I do not say the suffrages, but the wiser and more intimate thoughts of men, they would, I believe, choose that their public services should be in this kind, and that services in this kind should be. Such a service responds to the general if not very exact sense of religion which almost all men have. Certainly those who assist do not minutely weigh the phrases of their prayers or chants: it would make no sensible difference to the exaltation of their spirits and to their devotion if the office were in Latin or if it were in Greek. In so far then as a Church service is of this character it is self-justified and always has been. As such it is the heir of all past ages

and of a rich inheritance. What foregone temple-services before the Christian have attained to a ceremonial so varied and so solemn as this? What song that the brown maidens sang in front of the shrine of Dagon or of Râ was comparable to the choirs of our cathedrals? What folk in all the world's history have raised in honour of God buildings the equals of this Gothic temple, which though of stone is yet builded of the spirit; even when silent is so full of sound; where every footfall is a melody, and every echo a chant?

A creation like that of the cathedral of the Middle Ages is, I say, its own justification, and in the eye of unbiased reason makes a great portion of the foregoing chapters unnecessary. For the mind which can attribute monuments such as these, with all the meanings they enshrine, to accidental growth and an origin in illusion, is in reality mentally on a level with him to whom it seems quite natural that matter should spring out of nought. What one is in the things of matter, the other is in the phenomena of the mind.

The Founder of Christianity discouraged church-going, and had no love for public prayers[1]. The text is '*when* thou prayest.....go into thy chamber, and having shut the door.....' The significance of this text is by no means weakened by another which glances at something like family prayers, or it may be the meeting of a few friends for devout discourse and the reading of the Scriptures. Thus it is that the greatest monument of Christianity is in a certain sense 'un-Christian.' And in the same sense we may say that of Christianity as a whole. If it has founded a great part of its doctrine on the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth; if the devoutest of its sons have

[1] I suggest that the appearance in the act of accusation against Jesus of the saying 'Destroy this temple, and I will build it again in three days,' points to a habit with Jesus (quite consistent with the spirituality of his teaching) of speaking with depreciation of such monuments of external worship. The explanation given in the Gospels is (almost obviously) an after-thought.

If the account of the synagogue given by Messrs Oesterley and Box (*The Religion and Worship of the Synagogue*, pp. 309 *sqq* , and p. 367) be accepted, then prayers in the synagogue even at that early date differed not essentially from congregational prayers in Christian churches to-day. Note especially the statement that, 'unlike mosques or Roman Catholic churches, synagogues have from time immemorial been furnished with benches and chairs' (p. 312).

been continually inspired by the desire to imitate Christ; it is also true that Christianity, that the Christian churches, form in themselves a whole, one of those organic growths of whose origin it is not possible to say, 'Lo! it is here!' or 'Lo! it is there!' It was a growth like the trees of the forest destined to a long age of overspreading glory—

'Multosque nepotes,
Multa virum volvens durando saecula vincit.'

But like all organic growths destined likewise to decay.

The very cathedral itself—as I take leave to think, the greatest plastic work of man, and greater than any Greek temple or even the sculptures of the Parthenon, far greater than Renaissance painting—is a symbol of the thought of the Middle Ages at its best, and of that wonderful organisation of society, which with all its faults and its many cruelties was one of the greatest achievements of the human mind. Mediaeval society was one of those creations, not very common, which we can trace to no single intellect and no guiding genius. It united all Europe in thought, in custom, and in feeling, in one great theocracy. It did not stop war; for fighting was a part of its very essence, the most honourable pursuit of men. But on the whole these wars were not sanguinary[1]. Very often they had a resemblance to glorified tourneys; or to that ideal state in the northern heaven (*Valhöll*) where the warriors should hew at each other all day long, but in the evening, healed of all their wounds, sit down together to the mead-drinking. We have a reflex of that state of things (though almost outside the Middle Ages) in our Wars of the Roses, when, as Thorold Rogers has shown, the peasants of England grew in prosperity through the very years while the rival armies were cutting each other to pieces and the flower of English nobility perished. The Wars of the Roses were much later than the heyday of Christian Catholicism, which we may place during the Crusades: in days

[1] I submit that our adjective 'gentle,' which is quite a mediaeval accretion from the Latin *gentilis*, is evidence of this. No doubt the 'gentle' qualities of gentlemen were chiefly exercised within the limits of their own order. And Froissart's saying of a certain un-gentle knight, that he thought no more of killing a gentleman than a hind, has been often quoted. But everything is comparative; and no one doubts that Middle Age Europe was semi-barbarous.

when the worst fighting spirit of the Westerns was turned against 'the Infidel.' The whole construction of society in this age was wonderful. It was rigid and, as I have said, cruel often enough; rigid certainly to all, tying the lord to his land ('No lord without land, no land without a lord') almost as tightly as the *adscriptus glebae* was tied. But it was effective; and, considering the barbarous elements with which it worked, it was an achievement second only, if second, to the Empire of Rome. Of *what* was it the product? It is difficult to trace the finger of the wandering Teacher of Galilee in this military hierarchy and its empire of this world. Pure Jesuine Christianity seems to live on hidden away in the lives and hearts of humble folk such as Francis of Assisi. Yet the Christian ideal was an integral portion of the whole scheme for all that. The monks, who were in their fashion imitators of Christ, thought it no harm to preach the Holy War. And the most inspired saint which the Middle Ages produced (late in time) Joan of Arc, would, no more than any knight of chivalry, have understood what was meant by turning the other cheek.

I know that many good people (of the order who deem that faith is shown by the invention of facts) have made a picture for themselves of the Church in the Middle Ages, standing quite apart from the World, engaged in offices of peace, in liberating slaves, tilling the ground, raising fanes to God; while the World made wars and oppressed the peasantry. In reality the Church was the World and the World was the Church; and did both good and evil. There were in it two elements, a democratic and an aristocratic. Those works of peace *were* performed. Barren soil was brought under cultivation; slavery of the classical type was gradually abolished; the Franciscan and its kindred orders of poor brothers were set on foot. These were the achievements of the democratic elements in mediaeval Christianity. The aristocratic element built the great churches, elaborated the magnificent social system of those days, waged the crusades against the Moslem, against the heathen slaves in the north; instituted those wonderful brotherhoods of knight-monks or monk-knights, the Templars and the Teutonic Order.

What proves that the followers of the Prince of Peace interpreted their service in a strange way is that the two politically

most important conversions to Christianity, Constantine's and Clovis's, both followed victories in battle, victories which convertites and evangelisers equally interpreted as due to the intercession of Christ and of the Christian saints.

No doubt conversions of this kind were the mothers of most of the evils and the ills which marked and overtook Christianity. But nobody in the Middle Ages would have thought that. The severe and high-minded Dante did not think *that*[1]. And the greatest ill of all that befell Christianity, her intolerance, was certainly at its outset more the work of the democratic than of the aristocratic party.

This is enough to show that Catholic Christianity is a growth which must be studied (and criticised) on its merits by itself. It is still the ideals which it pursued, not any special lessons from the Gospels, which sway the thought of the majority of Christians—when, I mean, they think religiously. This new organism must have begun very early to germinate in the Roman-Christian community of the prime. We cannot divorce even the germinal Catholicism from some of the mystical doctrines which marked the later Catholicism. We cannot, because, as I have said, Mediaeval Christianity is an organism: and these dogmas are found inhering in it. It is the constant aim of Catholics (those who hold these mystical dogmas, be they Anglican-Catholic or Roman) to show the early date at which they appear in the patristic writings. That would only be to show at how early a date this mysterious organism began to have a separate life. If the same mystic doctrines could be found in the Gospels, it would be and is (for some shadow of the doctrines we do find there) an argument that the passage had been interpolated. To-day these doctrines seem to exist as survivals: seem so, I mean, to the average historic sense. But I may repeat once again that, as all discussion of such things which we undertake lies in the region of quasi-demonstration, it is by no means designed to limit any private inclinations. It is of no more ultimate consequence how arose a solemn and impressive rite than through what stages was perfected the

[1] 'Ahi, Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre,
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te prese il primo ricco patre!' *Inferno*, XIX. 115–7.

building in which that rite is celebrated. And whoso finds himself or herself edified, built up and strengthened in his moral nature by attendance at such ceremonies, is in perfect reason in attending them. Nay, it is the same in the most commonplace matters. And if I find that my thoughts flow more freely into words when I use a particular sort of pen, I am a fool if I do not use it. How much more so in things of more weight? Only let me not try and force others to use either my pen or my means of grace; least of all by any misrepresentation. Let the Catholic—Anglican or otherwise—use what means of grace he finds a *means*. But let him not assert nor try to persuade himself that they were specially appointed of God, lest he come also to assert or to persuade himself that he has been specially called into the counsels of the Most High. For no external evidence of this is possible.

I have said that I believe the majority of people among us (free from political and social prejudice) would choose that such a service as that of our English Church should be. And the service demands a priest. For this our parish priest, our parson, exists. He is essentially the minister, the orgiast, the ritualist if you prefer that word. He and his office and his ritual are, so far forth, in a direct and uninterrupted descent from antiquity. He is in a sense, but only in one sense, pre-Christian. All dissenters, all evangelical bodies have found their readiest weapon of reproach against the 'person' of the parish, in saying that he was half a heathen. But the accusation fell flat-long, so far as the body of that person's parishioners went. He was so. They did not wish him to be otherwise. The popularity of the Church during one half of the eighteenth century lay as much as anything in that it was not puritan: during the latter half in that it was not methodist. It was not sanctimonious, said its friends: it was unholy, said its enemies. It any case it did no harm but rather good, so long as it made no profession to be other than it was. There is no reason in itself why the minister, the ritualist, should be conspicuous by his virtues; though all ages have forbidden him to be notorious for his vices. What we may say that mankind has expected of its priesthood, as a body, is that it should be distinguished above the common

run of citizens, distinguished partly by birth, partly by good looks, partly by patriotism and the manly virtues; and that it should have a due degree of reverence for the gods. This general or universal ideal of priesthood the English country clergy have in former times well maintained. And I am quite sure that it was this that kept up the popularity of the English church, throughout the country. It is the echo of the same feeling that still largely maintains that popularity. Neither they nor the ritual which they practised were valued because they had anything special to do with the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth—in the eyes of the nation, I mean. But they were not inimical to it, not that is to so much of it as had gained a permanent place in the conscience of the nation. That means that the clergy accepted the morality accepted by the country at large[1]; and quite understood that they, as the persons of the parish next after the squire, and with more distinct public duties than he, should be examples of national virtue, as candles set in a candlestick, but not precisely as beacons on a hill-top. It never occurred to them that they could be expected, by philosophising or by searching the Scriptures, to work out for themselves any special code of morals different from the current code—to ask themselves what texts could be found to justify cock-fighting, or even *Te Deums* for victory. With the incoming of Protestantism, individuals or bodies of men began to search the Scriptures for themselves, with good results sometimes, sometimes with ill; and to act on their conclusions. The Anglican clergyman was never protestant in this sense; even when he became evangelical it was not as an individual, but because the nation had become evangelical too.

There is nothing unnatural, illogical or hypocritical in this position (though I admit that, in certain circumstances, the Anglican clergyman has been unnatural, illogical and hypocritical, all three). And in this position the parish priest was and is placed by the instinctive religious sense of the community. The religious instinct in mankind is favourable to morality, but it is not itself morality. It is in itself an instinct

[1] Boswell asked Johnson 'whether duelling was contrary to the laws of Christianity.' Johnson (a sincerely religious man) decided seemingly that it was not. Boswell's *Johnson* (ed. B. Hill), II. pp. 170–180.

of reverence, an instinct of worship, an instinct of ceremonial; it is a natural admiration for what towers above us, even in a physical sense alone. Few people but are, like Kant, exalted in spirit, while gazing at the starry heavens. But it would be absurd to maintain that looking at the stars was in itself an act of virtue. And perhaps it were almost as reasonable to exact that our astronomers should be above the frailties of humanity, as that our ministers should be so.

I do not mean either that the ministers themselves of the English Church took so simple a view of their functions as I have tried to set forth, or that the laity did. I say, however, that that was the logic of their position, whether they recognised it or not; and that the instinctive sense of the ecclesiastical body when it was least disturbed by controversy and criticism recognised this: understood that the Anglican priest was in virtue of his function the legitimate heir of all past priesthoods, that the essential of his duty was to conduct or lead in such ceremonial worship as the feeling of the country ordained. This has always been—if I may use the expression—the Greatest Common Measure of the English priesthood, for that matter of the priesthood of any established Church. As an individual the priest might have a heart abounding in philanthropy, he might have a high sense of the beauty and dignity of religious worship, he might be a poet or a practical man, a severe moralist or a genial neighbour, a rustic or a courtier: none of these differences of temperament would affect the dignity of his office. But he might not, without being a hypocrite also, be an atheist, or so lax a moralist as would bring disgrace not dignity to the office he held. In analogous wise a soldier may be as pious as Gordon and Havelock, as little religious as was Clive. But what he may not be is disobedient or a poltroon.

To-day, however, it is long since the ministers of the English Church have been able to live outside the region of controversy. For the last seventy or eighty years—since the Tractarian movement began—they have rallied more and more to the dogmas of mediaeval Christianity and made themselves their propagandists. They have entered the territory of discussion and demonstration. And there they have no standing-

ground. Their reason for being is the Church ritual as a whole —the union of heathen and Christian: the dogmas of which they make themselves the patrons have no real, no essential part in this. Once they were accepted otiosely. In these days of universal examination such otiose acceptance is impossible. And the attempt to establish them on authority, on the authority of any reason or on any reasonable authority, falls of itself. This we are now to see.

The foundation of the Anglican Church in custom, in an ancient ritual, in an honourable tradition (the things we discussed just now), this may be called its exoteric foundation. The foundation which it claims as the guardian of special dogmas and mysteries and the means of special divine graces, this we may call its esoteric foundation or supposed foundation: not as the work of man but as a divine institution. What are the mysterious powers claimed by the Church in this esoteric mood may be explained by a passage from Newman's *Apologia*[1]:

> 'I was confident' (says our author) 'in the truth of a certain definite religious teaching, based upon this foundation of dogma; viz., that there was a visible Church, with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace.'

The professing Anglican of to-day would, I imagine, hold that this essential doctrine, 'A visible church with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace,' is the common property of Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Orthodox. Altogether these three communities are held to form in a certain fashion 'the Church of Christ.' For clearness it is desirable to enlarge their essential formula by detail. So enlarged it becomes this: That Jesus of Nazareth, when on earth, appointed a group of men (the Apostles) who were to carry on His teachings and transmit a something beside teaching, a mystic or miraculous vision of things unseen, and a special aptness toward the religious virtues: that this appointment of the Apostles to such end was confirmed by a rite, also of a mystic or miraculous kind (the laying on of hands): that, so far as the priestly order is concerned, this power has been

[1] P. 49 (ed. 1883).

uninterruptedly transmitted by the same method. Finally, that through the priesthood, for the priests themselves and for the laity, the mystic vision and the special aptness to virtue have been transmitted by certain other mystic or miraculous rites, of which two alone are accounted by the English Church as necessary to effect this end—Baptism and the Sacrament of the Holy Communion[1].

Thousands of volumes, it need not be said, have been written in the attack and defence of these doctrines. And it would of course be absurd to attempt to follow this dogma in all its ramifications.

But then not one among a thousand Christians does follow it in all its ramifications. Alike of those who accept and those who reject Church Doctrine most do so on more simple grounds. The argument that you cannot either reject or accept a thing till you have studied it to its foundations is plausible, but it is fallacious. We should never learn anything if we proceeded on that principle; all the arts and all the sciences begin from the outset in persuading us of their reasonableness. If we had never seen the counterfeit presentment of a thing we knew, not one of us certainly would have tried to see things with the eye of an impressionist. If a man had never derived pleasure from simple melodies, he would never have attended enough to music to learn to enjoy Mozart. Mathematics take their rise out of the proposition that one and one are equal to two, or from quite simple geometrical problems. All the other sciences have grown up out of common experiences or experiments in every-day life.

In like manner, this Church Doctrine lends itself to experiment and experience which are not recondite, provided, that is, we meet it on the threshold. In former times it was not possible to discuss the doctrine *in limine*—for reasons at which we have glanced, but which it is needless to try and follow out. Hence the Pelion upon Ossa of controversial writings upon this question. For Newman, say, for any Tractarian, or one brought up under the influences which surrounded the Tractarians, such threshold-discussion would still be impossible. But for the vast

[1] I use the least harsh interpretation possible of the words 'generally necessary to salvation.'

majority of lay readers it is to-day simple and not difficult or recondite.

We may consider the evidence for the doctrine or dogma detailed above under three aspects—

(*a*) Logically, by considerations of *a priori* probability.

(*b*) Practically, by an *a posteriori* examination of the actual effects produced by this visible Church and its sacramental rites, so far as they are ascertainable.

(*c*) Historically, from the documentary evidence of this Church and these rites having been established as they claim to have been established.

(*a*) In considering the arguments on the logical side we have to bear in mind what has been already said concerning the distinction between reason and demonstration. If anyone asserts that he has individually and by direct revelation a knowledge of 'the eternal purpose of God,' it is impossible for me to disprove his assertion. It is equally impossible to accept it, coming to me only in the form of an assertion. What we see in the world is a multitude of nations and languages, almost all persuaded of the existence of supernal powers, but having varied notions of the supernal powers' precise nature and character. These diversities of view afford no reason for concluding that there is no God: or we might argue from the different opinions of Thiers and Lanfrey that there was no Napoleon I. But it is an argument for supposing that the primary Creator of all these diverse nations, languages, religions, meant them to be different, as they are. And the more of dramatic imagination we possess, the more impossible it seems that all these races and temperaments could be got to see things as certain sections of the Aryan folk see or saw them. It is impossible for any individual man to think honestly otherwise than as he honestly thinks. But he must be an ignoramus, a fool, or a pedant, who does not perceive that it is impossible for some other minds, with the best will in the world, to agree with him. If these other minds are likewise a care to the gods, one must assume that men were not meant to agree.

An answer to this objection may no doubt be found in the doctrine of the two equal or quasi-equal orders of supernal

powers—one good, the other evil—an Ormuzd and an Ahriman: or two opposing courts of Ormuzds and Ahrimans.

This is the position in fact taken up by the majority of church-folk (Roman Catholic or Anglican) and by the churches officially in all countries. 'The Church' in this wise becomes for them 'the City of God.' And all outside the Church form 'the City of Satan.' There is nothing inherently illogical in this view, though it is fitted to shock the moral sense more perhaps than any other. Apparently it does not shock the moral sense of church-folk, nor, for that matter, of the majority of orthodox dissenters. It is true also that no wholly logical theistic theory can be constructed which is not shocking to the moral sense at some point. But then no logical atheistic theory which is not can be constructed either. Leaving on one side the moral aspects of this doctrine as an abstract doctrine, it must seem *prima facie* absurd from a standpoint of pure reason to narrow the City of God within such tight limits as are imposed by the Catholic thesis. Granting that all the Asiatic peoples, such as Mohammedans and Buddhists, have been hopelessly deceived by the powers of darkness; still, when we get inside the sacred Aryan enclosure, we should not expect to find so large a portion of the folk outside the City of God. And, let me say here, it will not do to palter in a double sense, as in fact church-people do when they are brought face to face with this difficulty, talking of uncovenanted mercies and such things. For the institution of this Church and its sacraments is (if it is) designed for this terrene dispensation and no other. And it is absurd to suppose that so elaborate and miraculous a system, looking so far forward—far as all time in this world of time—was after all designed to produce no very particular effect. But, whatever the positive effect may be, the negative effect must be equal thereto: whatever the gain to believers so must be the loss to those outside the 'City' before spoken of. The more liberal kind of Roman Catholic will tell you sometimes that a man, who is not a member of the visible Church, may yet belong by his character to the soul of the Church (*l'âme de l'église*). English church-folk talk sometimes in the same strain. That is as much as to say, that the Courts of Olympus have after all in certain cases resorted to the simpler

means—means which to the logical understanding seem more natural—of speaking directly to the hearts of individuals. But if the Deity or the gods does or do this here and there, why on any rational principle should the elaborate scheme of apostolic succession and of the sacraments be necessary?

All the arguments used to show the reasonableness of this sacramental system, this scheme of salvation, do really start with the assumption of its truth as a given fact. In this light alone has Butler's *Analogy of Nature* any value; or the appeal to Platonic philosophy and its doctrine of 'ideas' (divine correspondences to terrene things), which seemed weighty to Newman; or again the doctrine of 'economies,' which is really the doctrine of a sort of clumsiness in the Courts of Heaven. There are plenty of seeming examples of this clumsiness: that may be granted. But such analogies go no way to prove that the particular form of clumsiness which is called the scheme of the Church and the sacraments came direct from the courts of heaven, and was not after all merely one of the many clumsinesses of mankind. This argument is in fact absolutely analogous to one often urged in regard to the unequal distribution of wealth in the world. It is contended that, because the various gifts of nature are seemingly capricious, the present distribution of the gifts of fortune is the justest possible. The fallacy is pretty obvious. You cannot argue from a general to a particular in such a fashion in either case.

What we have to imagine once again is our visitor from another planet, and how to him it is to be demonstrated that this special institution, the Church with its sacraments, is *a priori* a reasonable and probable method of leading men to virtue and the vision of the divine. It is very certain you could not persuade him of this. It is needless to labour the point; for it is conceded by Catholic doctrine itself. If such an arrangement of things would seem natural to the Martian, then it would come under the head of 'natural religion.' But Catholic doctrine draws a sharp line between natural religion and revealed. That which Catholic doctrine or at least that which doctrinal Catholics do not perceive (now-a-days) is that from this standpoint they must step back and back, until they arrive at the *Est impossible? Certum est* of Tertullian. When

they have taken their stand there, there remains no place for argument of a logical or *a priori* kind. We have then to follow them into another territory.

(*b*) Wherefore we turn now to our second consideration, the first evidential or *a posteriori* one, this one based upon a practical test. The evidence of actual fact and real experience is of more value than the evidence of documents and texts, which, even by the avowal of those who make use of them, are of doubtful application and double-edged[1].

The Church *ex hypothesi* exists for the means of grace, and the means of grace exist for the members of the Church; to give them a clearer vision of the divine and a higher morality than other folks have. In the Middle Ages all men were nominally members of the Church; and so distinction could only be made between those who availed themselves of what are to-day called 'Church privileges' and those who did not. As the duty of using the means of grace was strongly enforced upon men's consciences, the distinction of the two classes would roughly fall into one between those who obeyed their consciences and those who did not. It is then obvious that there is no practical method of testing the sufficiency of these means of grace in the Middle Ages. But in our country, for many generations now, those who have enjoyed Church privileges have been only a part of the population. Wherefore in the theological virtues, in these at least, the superiority of Church-folk over the rest of their fellow-citizens ought on the Church theory to be manifest.

Are there many hardy enough to say that it is so? We are of course in this case likewise reduced to external evidence. As I said above that, if any individual reader is persuaded that he or she has had a special divine revelation of the authority of the Church, it would be beyond my province to dispute with him or her; so now I say that if any individual reader is persuaded that he or she has been made by these means of grace better than any individual dissenter could possibly be, with this inward conviction I am not competent to deal. But

[1] 'Every creed has texts in its favour and again texts which run counter to it.' Newman, *Apologia*.

no lesser conviction would touch the grounds of our argument. A conviction on the individual's part that he or she was the better for receiving (say) the sacrament of the Holy Communion should not prove any general proposition even to him or to her. No one doubts the effects of association, of custom or habit upon the individual: and it has been said already no one but a fool would dispute the right of the individual to adapt himself to his own associations, customs, habits.

The English Church has abandoned one of the most graceful functions of that body from which it split away, the marking out of the finer kinds of men for special honour in memory, under the names of 'saint' or 'venerable.' Only one man in all her membership may fairly be said to have been canonized by the English Church: this one Anglican saint is Charles I. I do not know whether many English church-folk to-day would put Charles Stuart foremost in an official list of her representative *best*. In any case he is not a host in himself. We are therefore left to conjecture who would be chosen out as the highest types of divine vision and of virtue from that communion, and of so high a type—for this the argument requires—as to silence all the claims of men not of the communion. For confessors maybe Ken and the other non-juring bishops would be cited. Would it be just to prefer them for virtue over the Pilgrim Fathers, or over George Fox, or, in fact, over most of the founders of this or that body of dissent? Among evangelising churchmen the Tractarians would take a high or the highest place. But were they visibly superior to the Wesleys and Whitfield and their circle? As philanthropists, *amici generis humani*, the Quaker body with George Fox at their head, with Howard and Mrs Fry in the van, would in proportion to their numbers bear the bell far away from church-people as a community. And yet the whole of the Church community has benefited by one sacrament at least: the Quakers have been fortified by no sacrament. (In the two first instances, it will be noticed, priests and bishops have been selected for comparison; and these at all events have not only enjoyed the privilege of baptism, but they have constantly been fortified by receiving the 'creatures of bread and wine' which constitute the second sacrament of the Church.) I make no question that the 'saints' of the

Anglican Church have probably been persons of more *charm* than the parallel ones of dissenting communities, or outside all communities. John Keble, I doubt not, would have in this regard the advantage of Howard, Ken of Bunyan, and Charles the Martyr himself of Oliver Cromwell. One and all of Dean Burgon's 'twelve good men[1]' would, I make no question, have been more to the mind of an Elia or a Shorthouse than the 'sour' reformer of prisons. But to sail in a plague-stricken ship in order to qualify for forty-two days filth and horror, danger and ill-usage, in a lazaretto—that methinks too has some claims! And, after all, the charm of the Anglican saint belongs not to his doctrinal side; that is of the other source, the exoteric side of his position. It belongs to him as the member of an old and honourable body of officials, whom the state has selected among men for the most part of good birth and breeding and good education. That, least of all, is evidence of miraculous edification.

I do not know how it can be alleged or pretended that the Church theory (the esoteric one) answers this practical test; or what further arguments or evidence could be adduced to show that it did so. It is true, of course, that the people most in view for piety and virtue are not necessarily the most pious or the most virtuous. But there can be no shadow of ground for making that argument tell on one side more than another. The great folks, those who have been in view whether they would or no, have belonged by a large majority to the Church

[1] Dean Burgon's 'Twelve Good Men' are: Martin Joseph Routh, 'the learned divine' (President of Magdalen); Hugh James Rose (Bell Scholar at Cambridge); Charles Marriot, 'the man of saintly life'; Edward Hawkins (Provost of Oriel); Bishop Wilberforce; Richard Lynch Cotton (Provost of Worcester); Richard Greswell (Fellow of Worcester); H. C. Coxe (Bodley Librarian); Mansel, the Metaphysician; William Jacobson, Bishop of Chester; Charles Page Eden, 'the earnest parish priest,' and Charles Longuet Higgins, 'the good layman.' Only one poor ha'p'orth of laity amid such a company of 'priests.' Out of this company half are dons or something indistinguishable from dons.

I notice, only to pass over as worthless, the claim which Anglicans now make of the Wesleys as a kind of saints of their church. For if that be granted, into what unpardonable sin fell all those ecclesiastics who were instrumental in casting the Methodist movement out of the church! And our argument would be as weighty if we reversed it and showed that means of grace were no talisman to save men from the most unpardonable sins.

body: the little folk, whose charities and pieties would pass unremarked and unrecorded, these are more likely to have belonged to one or other of the dissenting communities. In default of any further source of evidence we are obliged to compare the known 'good men' within the Church to the known 'good men' without the Church. If there is any reality in the theory of the sacraments the test would probably be decisive for the Church. It is, I would say, far more nearly decisive against the Church.

For of course we have to take into account the great number of the members of the Church and really to strike an average. Even if we admitted the illogical plea that somehow after all baptism (Church baptism) did not count, what would be the effect of striking an average among the priesthood? We should still see the exoteric effects that I have just touched on, the effects of education, of honourable status and class tradition. But what of specially divine or specially moral should we find in the body at large—in Robert Herrick, for example; in that parson who advised George Fox to drink beer and dance with the girls, as a safeguard from religious questionings? What in the average type of time-serving parson in the eighteenth century; of the sporting, port-drinking parson, whose strongest theological sentiment was a hatred of methodism; of the parsons Jane Austen draws, whose sense of social position is the most notable thing about them? What great or philanthropic movement—save the Tractarian—ever originated in the Church? Wesleyanism reconstructed Churchism in an evangelical sense: evangelicals and dissenters in equal degree worked for the abolition of slavery: prison reform was inaugurated by a dissenter. Even to-day we have in the 'Church Army' an example of Anglicanism stealing the clothes of men whose teaching it must denounce.

It will perhaps have been noted that (to give no ambiguity to the argument) I have adopted the Church view of virtue—which is in essentials also the view of orthodox dissent. I have assumed that, in applying our test, we had to consider only those two theological virtues, piety and charity. Faith, Hope and Charity mean in fact piety and charity; using piety in the modern sense. I have left out of account two virtues which might be called the pagan ones—truth and justice. Con-

cerning truth and justice I shall have somewhat to say hereafter.

(*c*) The third test by which the validity of the Anglican theory may be tried—the second evidential one—is that of the documents.

The fashion in which the Churches—Roman or Anglican—deal with the documentary evidence (in general) forms, we have already seen, a circle of argument having the narrowest possible diameter—'The Scriptures prove the authority of the Church, the Church guarantees the infallibility of the Scriptures.' In face of so simple a dilemma reasoning appears superfluous. This of the documents is rightfully a matter for specialists only, into which I have no competence to enter. Nor would I do so even in a cursory way if it had been kept confined to specialists. But on the contrary this documentary evidence is continually passed about, cited and made use of by every kind of person, scholar and simple, handled in the pulpit where it cannot be contradicted[1], handled by Sunday-school teachers ignorant of Greek, but speaking to others ignorant that that ignorance has any significance.

It is fair at least to remind the propagandists of sacramental dogmas who are furnished after this sort that the Gospels did not come into this world in an English dress: so that before they cite their text so glibly they should make sure that ἐκκλησία (say) or τὸ ἅγιον πνεῦμα must to the writers of the Gospels have meant precisely what they understand by them; or ἐπίσκοπος that they so confidently render 'bishop,' πρεσβύτερος as 'priest[2].' Who indeed can be certain of the exact significance of ἡ καινὴ διαθήκη which we glibly translate 'New Testament' and think of as a book already written, printed, and bound[3]? The average citizen—clerical or lay—never in the

[1] I once heard a preacher—a man, too, not without scholarship—tell a country congregation to whom he was preaching of the conversion of St Paul, that, in the passage where it is said how the apostle to the Gentiles after his blindness took food and was strengthened, that the word for food in the text was an unusual one; on which account some had thought that it was in fact the sacrament of which Paul partook. If the reader will consult his New Testament he will see that the word whose *unusualness* gave support to a sacramental theory is τροφή. [Καὶ λαβὼν τροφὴν ἐνίσχυσεν, Acts ix. 19.]

[2] Correctly enough, no doubt, if etymology is to decide.

[3] See p. 319 note.

proper sense of words reads his Bible; he always takes it as read. It is for him a collection of texts: much as, for the American, *Hamlet* was all made up of quotations. From his very earliest years, instruction, 'Bible History for the Young,' 'The Bible Story' and such like works have turned the narrative into a 'manifold' of edification. Possibly as a child he may have had his natural revolts against certain passages in the Gospels—against the parable of the Vineyard, perchance, or of the Unjust Steward. But these revolts were on moral grounds. Historical criticism was then quite out of his reach: and when the time came that he might have applied it, all perspective had disappeared; it was no longer possible to read the history with a fresh eye.

Thus it is that the most obvious difficulties pass unnoticed, the difficulties which would at once strike our planetary enquirer. Probably not one layman in threescore has pondered what could be the object of tracing the descent of Joseph from David, as that is traced in the first chapter of Matthew, seeing that, by hypothesis, Jesus was not the son of Joseph. Even such an one would, unaided, have never dreamt that in the first chapter of Matthew meet two different traditions of the birth of Jesus, one human, one divine[1]. Having so accustomed himself to take all for granted, a more curious way of reading the documents seems to the average citizen a wantonness begot of malice. No idea is more firmly impressed on the average clerical mind, and thence on lay minds of a conservative order, than that the whole school of the 'Higher Criticism' as it is called, is a company of Iagos, setting before themselves the single object of divorcing simple and pious souls from their

[1] Take another example. According to a tradition of the Middle Ages—illustrated by a beautiful passage in Dante (*Inf.* IV. 52 *sq.*)—Christ after death descended into the kingdom of the dead (Hades—'Hell') in order that the 'patriarchs' dead before his time might see and know him, and by him be led up to heaven. In every church service this tradition is affirmed in the creed 'He descended into Hell; and on the *third* day He rose again.' Yet (on Good Friday at least) before repeating these words the layman may hear read those of Jesus on the cross: 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' This sentence 'He descended into hell,' etc., was not, I believe, introduced into any church creed before the sixth century. In the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus, which gives the fullest account of the 'harrowing of hell,' that, and the ascent to Paradise, were all completed (seemingly) in one day.

faith. It is not so. Serious Biblical criticism (*i.e.* examination) has proceeded along the lines which every study must pursue that aims at knowledge, which is truth. It has been in the hands of many different kinds of men, priests and laymen, now of religious persons, now of avowed sceptics, of Jews and Greeks, of men at the outset in bond to a prejudice and of men free. And whenever it has been pursued with a desire for knowledge the results have been, so far as the textual criticism goes, the same. It began of course with the sceptics, such as David Ferdinand Strauss. How could that have been otherwise? But the position in which a Père Loisy or a Father Tyrrell finds himself is not essentially different from Strauss' position. For the truth is that any study which is followed with a desire of real knowledge hath a constraining influence on them that ensue it: and sooner or later their own predispositions are conquered by the light and the attraction of truth. It is this kind of power which the orthodox never recognise, in which they refuse to believe. It is tradition which is responsible for the translations we use and all that they involve. But it is not tradition that can help us to look into the minds of men in the past: only historic imagination, dramatic imagination, will serve for that.

Folks open their eyes as if you were propounding a paradox, when you recall the verity that certain epistles of St Paul are the earliest Christian documents which we possess, and thus (to take an example very germane to Church dogma) that the earliest evidence for the institution of the rite of the Last Supper is in the passage in 1 Cor. xi. 23 *seq.*, in which it will be seen the Apostle of the Gentiles does not profess to have received the history through tradition, but by immediate inspiration. The passage in Luke (xxii. 14–20) is seemingly a copy from the one in the epistle. But those in Matthew and Mark differ slightly therefrom; yet after all not so slightly, as we shall see. It would be a safe wager that not one in a hundred church-goers has noticed that the sentences used in the consecration of the Holy Communion differ in some particulars from the sentences given in St Paul's, the earliest known account. For this is the sentence in the Prayer-book in which the passing of the cup is mentioned:

'He took the cup and when he had given thanks he gave it to them saying, "Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins."'

These are not the *ipsissima verba* of Christ, according to the best authority (St Paul's): but these which follow—

'Drink ye all of this, for this is the New Testament (more exactly New Covenant[1]) in my blood which is shed for you' (*ἡ καινὴ διαθήκη ἐν τῷ ἐμῷ αἵματι*).

And that difference is after all not a slight one. For who would *naturally* interpret the last paragraph but as signifying that the disciples were to drink in remembrance of a new dispensation (will, legacy) or new covenant which would be ratified by the blood of their master?

The layman takes in (as a rule) his texts here and there. It makes no odds to him whether he is reading Matthew, Mark, Luke or John; though to-day some notion may have crept into his mind that the fourth evangelist is no authority for facts. If by tradition he has received his knowledge, the layman would never so much as notice any text which was at variance with his tradition—as, to cite but one example, that according to St Luke the 'Sermon on the Mount' was not a sermon on the mount, but in the plain. If he did notice such-like discrepancies he would be still a hundred leagues from suspecting them of any historical significance. When at last he is told that most of the differences to be found among the evangelists are there, not by pure accident, but in obedience to a tendency which can be clearly traced in each, he stares and shrugs his shoulders, as at a splitting of straws; wonders perchance at the malice of Biblical students, which can make mountains out of mole-hills. If you had got him to follow the matter so far as to admit that there might be 'something in' the higher criticism, how far away he would still be from realising the truth that all ancient historical documents were of the nature of *Tendenzschriften*, written to support a view, a theory, or a policy; that scarce one was a simple narrative

[1] The *καινὴ διαθήκη* has, doubtless, a reference to the old covenant between Jehovah and the People of Israel (Exodus). But that was, I imagine, more or less of an invention of the Prophets (or say 'imagination of the Prophets') a spiritual idea expressed in the crudity of legal phrase.

and naïve report. Why then should the evangelists be so modern and foreign to their own age as orthodoxy fancies them to be[1]?

Before an Anglican goes to Scripture to establish any Church doctrine, he has already adopted a theory which puts the sacred books outside the category of all other historical documents of that age. This theory must be the doctrine of the Inspiration of Scripture or of the Infallibility of Scripture. If we adopt the latter, the stronger doctrine, we must believe that what seem contradictions and inconsistencies in the writings are not so in reality. To believe this we must resign altogether our right and power of judgment: and, as has been said before, we must really go back and back till we take refuge with Tertullian; there is no stopping-place before we have returned thither: if we refuse to go on we must retreat. But if we accept the doctrine of Inspiration in the form it usually takes, its dogmatic form[2], we shall not be much advanced. For how are we to tell which parts are liable to error, which are not? Supposing we be told that the doctrinal parts are inspired, but mere facts are liable to the errors of other histories. Suppressing our natural inclination to ask first of all, 'How do you know?' we must at least enquire further how we are to distinguish the facts of doctrinal significance. We could only be referred to what is already accepted, in other words to the authority of the Church: so we enter again the narrow

[1] Adolf Bauer in his *Forschungen z. Griechischen Geschichte*, p. 3 (cited by Dr Gardner, *Exploratio Evangelica*, Chap. XI.), writes: 'None of the ancient writers intended simply to describe real life or actual personalities: this would have seemed to them a breach of the laws of art. Even the historians did not set in the first place the establishment of the naked truth, but the production of a certain effect on their readers. Thus at best they have presented to us pictures of individuals exaggerated into types; often they have merely set up examples with a view to moral edification or warning....The very few exceptions but prove the rule.' Bauer, it will be noted, is quite unconcerned with the Scriptures in this passage.

[2] There are two forms of this doctrine which are often unconsciously confused, confused quite as often consciously or half-consciously, for controversial purposes. One is the *dogmatic*; one, compared to that, is an *agnostic* form. The first not alone accepts the theory of inspiration, but professes to know exactly how the inspiration was used and applied: the other professes no such knowledge, and proceeds on the ordinary lines of study.

circle which we thought to escape from. How for instance without granting beforehand that baptism has been ordained (*i.e.* for all time) are we to gather it to have been so from the narrative alone? Granting that Jesus of Nazareth did as a fact receive baptism at the hands of John the Baptiser, and that a miraculous event occurred, etc., is that a proof that baptism at all times and for all men is a miraculous rite[1]? Or, granting that the Founder of Christianity continued the rite which He had not instituted, is that a reason why it should be continued for ever? So the passages which narrate these things may after all lack all doctrinal value. In that case the facts themselves which the evangelists relate they may misrelate.

Christ is described as sending forth His Apostles (and according to one account seventy of His disciples) to preach to all lands, or to all parts of the Holy Land—as if to all the twelve tribes of Israel. He also, as we know, chose out 'the twelve' from the body of His disciples. These two facts are supposed to prove the institution of a divine Church (ἐκκλησία—assembly[2]) for all time and for all lands (καθ' ὅλου—καθολική). It is impossible to see how the facts alone can do so. So, after all, they too may not be doctrinal: therefore they may have been misreported[3].

Once again, for the history of the Lord's Supper: there is nothing unnatural in a teacher assembling his disciples for a farewell meal; nor anything improbable in his divining that his trial and condemnation were near at hand. How significant

[1] The passage at the end of Matthew (xxviii. 19) in which the disciples are bidden to baptise 'in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit' is obviously a late insertion. The mentions of baptism in the Acts show that up to that time Christians were baptised only in the name of Jesus.

[2] This word (ἐκκλησία) occurs in Matthew alone of the four Evangelists.

[3] As in fact, judged by any sane standard of historical criticism, they obviously were: or rather invented *ex post facto*. Even a tiro in criticism (such as is the present writer) cannot but be puzzled by this 'mission' of the Apostles, who in all other accounts never all left their Teacher's side. Yet in a casual sentence they are described as coming back and reporting their success and ill-success. These are in truth among the most obvious tendency-passages in the New Testament. The twelve apostles are for the twelve tribes: and that represents the Judaising party among the Christians. But the seventy disciples are for the supposed seventy nations in the world: they represent the Gentilising party.

and how moving, in view of the future, is that passage in the *Gorgias* where Callicles is made to say to Socrates—

'Suppose, Socrates, that someone were to take you or anyone of your sort off to prison, declaring that you had done wrong, when you had done no wrong, you must allow that you would not know what to do:—there you would stand giddy and gaping, and not having a word to say; and when you went up before the Court, even if the accuser were a poor creature, and not good for much, *you would die if he were disposed to claim the penalty of death.*'

Having then so divined that this was indeed the end, what would be unnatural or hyperbolic (least of all with Asiatics) in the phrases, 'this bread (I break before you) is my body which shall be broken for you; this cup is the new testament in my blood which is shed for you'? What Martian or Jovian reading these words for the first time would ever discern in them a mystic rite?—least of all, when he reflected that the other interpretation, to be logical, must assume that Jesus took a portion of His own body in His own hands when He broke the bread, and poured a portion of His own blood when He filled the cup.

Once again, therefore, as these facts may after all have no doctrinal significance, they may, as facts merely, have been misreported[1].

I take it then that to the dogmas we are considering the historic texts are as little favourable as the two other tests of validity. I do not mean that I attach a high value to this kind of literary criticism, however conscientious. It is with this as it is with the Shakespearean tradition. Dull writers, minded like psychologists or anthropologists, will be for ever accumulating facts and making deductions about the author of *Hamlet* talking wills, handwritings, tithe-rent charges, and I know not what, as the others will of Jewish tradition, the Book of Daniel, and many other things. The imaginative, those informed by the spirit, will out of Shakespeare's writings infallibly detect now and then the personal note, or his spirit will overshadow theirs

[1] I will not attempt to guess what meaning should be attached to the words of Paul, implying that he had received some special revelation of the events of the Last Supper: 'Εγὼ γὰρ παρέλαβον ἀπὸ τοῦ κυρίου, ὃ καὶ παρέδωκα ὑμῖν—'I have received from the Lord what I have handed on to you.'

and by a sort of telepathy they will grow to understand the *man* himself. But they cannot produce their evidence nor lay it on the table, nor communicate the instinct (as we call it) on which it rests. It must be harder still across the deformation of centuries, across the plaster images of the Place St Sulpice or Rue Bonaparte to reconstruct the real Jesus of Nazareth. No doubt however that is not beyond insight—to the insight maybe of a Tolstoy. But that too must be accomplished by each individual for himself: or possibly for the benefit of one or two intimate friends—the 'two or three' of the text. To suppose that it can be made the foundation of formulas, a matter for resolutions in the 'Lower House of Convocation' or the 'Upper' is to suppose an absurdity. Meantime however let the material be given freely forth. Let the splendid language of the Authorised Version be heard in the land. It is in itself enough. It asks no comment, least of all from commentators hide-bound by tradition.

To return then to the subject before us, the group of dogmas we have been considering. There remains for their support only what may be called the argument of *inertia*, the argument that because the ideas have always existed they ought to persist—*sint ut sunt aut non sint*; the essential and time-honoured 'wisdom of our ancestors' argument, which in these days, with a theory of evolution applied to all the other concerns of man, must ever have less and less weight. Gleig, in his *Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington* (1904), lets us see how much this argument of inertia was strong in the duke at all times, and grew stronger as he grew older: so that there was some difficulty in getting him to consent to the exchange from the old Brown Bess to the Minié rifle. At last, the duke did consent to see the new rifle in practice, and was convinced by what he saw. On another matter, where demonstration was less easy, Wellington remained obstinate—he would not have the soldier educated. And he did not live long enough to watch the career of the most victorious and most disciplined army of the century, drawn from the most highly-educated people of Europe.

For the obstinate Anglican there is no such palpable demon-

stration as the performances of a Minié rifle. If there were, would he be convinced even then? Did not one Catholic possessed by the 'will to believe' draw an argument of the divine character of Catholicism from the corruptions of the Curia? So might one argue from the immunity of a tyrant to the divine right of kings—so long as the tyrant remained alive.

If a man believe not by reason and the instinct for truth, neither will he be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

*** It would be absurd to present this chapter as an 'answer' to even the more recent among the innumerable host of theologians who have constructed or upheld the theory of a divine Church. I will cite two among the more recent of this order of treatise, Dr Moberley's *Ministerial Priesthood* (1897) and the Bishop of Birmingham's *The Church and the Ministry* (1899). Such books may be and I suppose are convincing—to those who are convinced already. To one whose thoughts lie outside that range of argument they seem to proceed from assumption to assumption, and to make out a case with as much ingenuity and as little persuasiveness as did the mediaeval theologians, or as did Dr Johnson in some of those pleadings which he prepared for his friend Boswell. I cannot imagine these pleadings having an appreciable effect, I will not say on the lay mind—for that might be supposed to mean the profane—but upon 'devout persons' who had not been beforehand familiarised with the point of view they exist to maintain; say on some devout and reasonably intellectual member of the Salvation Army. By a use of the dramatic imagination I can understand how these books are satisfying to the class to whom they are addressed: but the same dramatic imagination forbids me to conceive how another type of 'devout person' could find them convincing. To pass over the fact that they begin and end with an assumption of the inspired character of all the texts which they quote, and then (for that follows) of the certainty of the interpretations which *they* impose on these texts, there lies in their path one capital difficulty which they blandly ignore. This is the fact that baptism (*i.e.* membership) in the Primitive Church was voluntary, in the modern Church it is not so. That one fact seems to my logical sense to knock down like a house of cards all the ingenious structure which these writers attempt to raise. To argue that a voluntary association in a hostile society, which first changes into practically the whole of society, and next declines to be those holding certain distinctive doctrines, has yet remained *the same body*, needs more subtlety of thought than I am master of.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHURCH (Continued).

What should be the function of a priesthood, ritual, the care of ceremonial, the ministry of rites; and what it should not be, care of polemics, the administering of dogmas, we have I think, now seen. To those who allege that all these rites have a mystic and dogmatic significance the answer is sufficient: if mystic meaning they once had, it quite as probably belonged to the Eleusinian Mysteries or to the worship of Mithras as to any Christian doctrine. And I believe a committee of that most conservative body, the Lower House of Convocation, admitted as much in respect of vestments, on which the dogmatic ritualists lay such stress. Hitherto I have regarded the difference between what is and what should be in the attitude of the 'Churches' as a matter only of knowledge, of mental enlightenment, of spiritual and historical intuition among the clergy and those who learn from them. But it would be an affectation to pretend that it was this alone, or to ignore the part which vested interests play in every opposition to wise reform. It is not through a mere mistake that our clergy and our ministers and the clergy of the other churches cling to texts, traditions, translations, commentaries, that have long been abandoned by the enlightened opinion of the world: and they have supported their views not by arguments but by the appeal to power. Even to-day in England a certain—not inconsiderable—social power which the clerical body possesses is the strongest weapon and the one most employed against criticism and disturbance in their ancient rights. How vast was the power once wielded by 'clericalism' and *how* it was wielded it needs no words to recall. Whether or not this be a case of *corruptio optimi* I will not decide. But I do not think it would be easy

to find a more degraded body than the clerical body during certain periods of European history: in France for instance after Huguenotism had disappeared or been beaten quite down; as in the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. In England the clergy never descended so low. For the ecclesiastical body did not physically persecute the methodists; though that was chiefly because the law restrained them: they looked on with some complacency when these dissenters were pelted by the mob. But of late in most lands the clerical body have fallen on evil days; and no generous mind would reproach them with the past—could they, that is, but show that they looked toward a better future. Unfortunately they have not renounced either their bygone errors or their bygone practices. Where, as in the Roman Curia, they still possess some power, we find them busy as of old in hunting out from their society its most moral section, sloughing off not the dead matter, but the vital part of their organism.

In England too, since the Tractarian Movement, the tendency of the clergy has been on the whole backward not forward, more and more toward clericalism, toward seminarism, toward obscurantism; more and more toward subordination of their exoteric functions, as servants of the state, to their 'clerical' functions, as partisans of dogma.

The evils which have sprung out of this esoteric theory of the Church are more in number than the hairs on any priestly head. But on these I will dwell but shortly; for I do not want to insert in a book devoted to reason one single piece of mere rhetoric.

It could not be otherwise. You cannot with impunity, through inertia or habit, even a pious habit, still less through class interests or political interests, maintain a theory of things in defiance of all the methods by which men arrive at truth. 'There never was a lie gained currency in this world, but someone sooner or later got a broken head thereby,' says Carlyle. Hitherto attention has been directed in these chapters solely to those virtues which the churches profess to inculcate, and which I have called the divine vision and the love of humanity. Otherwise no fruitful discussion could have been carried on. There remain the pagan virtues, truth and justice, which so far as they

have been persisted in by mankind have been so in defiance of almost all the dogmas, certainly of all the churches. But they have not been persisted in much. Even the agnostic body has in a large degree lost touch with them, more especially with the second. Utilitarianism has nothing to say to justice, as Socrates and Plato understood justice. For the average laymen of to-day there is no such a thing as 'natural justice': he confounds justice with law; he thinks that his countrymen are proved the justest of human kind, because they have the best system of jurisprudence. He does not reflect that the systems of jurisprudence for all the civilised world are the offspring of the moral strength of the Romans uniting with the natural justice of the Greeks; nor that the body which grew therefrom, the *corpus juris* of a Theodosius or a Justinian, is of small value when the spirit has flown.

And as for truth. Of the ecclesiastical body as a whole, of the dogmatic mind as a type, we may say that they do not understand the nature of truth. Truth is not to refrain from lying because it is wrong to lie. Truth is the everlasting impulse of the human mind, let me rather say the passion of the human soul (*libido animi*), to press forward toward a reasonable explanation of the world and an understanding of things. The theologian talks of a higher truth overriding a lower truth. There are not degrees in truth; and that same passion of the soul which we call the love of truth builds upon the conviction —the faith if you please—that one truth can by no possibility be in conflict with another truth. There be truths of morals, truths of feeling, truths of art, truths of science: some may be more easily expressible than others, more demonstrable therefore; but they cannot, if truth be truth, be in conflict. Therefore that passion of the mind, the love of truth, is imperative toward an increase in knowledge. But over against that impulse the theologies as now constituted stand firmly in the way; with their Third Chapter of Genesis as a watch-word. And Truth, like Justice, so far as it has persisted in the modern world, has persisted in defiance of the theologians.

But Truth, like Justice, has not persisted very far. In these latter days Science has done something to revive it: not over much. For Positive Science is utilitarian; and utilitarianism

is as unfriendly to truth as to justice. That saying of Mr Lecky's Arab philosopher, which might be the battle-cry of the passion of the soul for truth, is unmeaning to the utilitarian as to the theologian:

> 'I know not whether there be a god or a hereafter. But the love of truth constraineth me to die in its defence!'

Whether or not a very high place should in theory be assigned to the intellectual virtues truth and justice, it can easily be shown that the practical effect of neglecting them is unspeakably disastrous. I am almost sure that an impartial historian would trace most of the evils from which we suffer to-day to the false position which the churches have taken up through the ages: a false notion that they were an organisation, not for the due performance of religious rites, but for the maintenance of certain dogmas; and to their consequent deviations from the ensuit of truth and justice. No doctrine, no teaching, if that is to be founded upon truth, can safely be confided to an organisation: at best organisations should have the care only of the framework of knowledge, the husk of it, and not the kernel. All discoveries in morals, in policy, in science, in the arts, have been the work of individuals: official science, official art, have almost always been barren. Even those scientific men who cried out so loudly a generation ago for the endowment of science have proved no great friends to science by so doing. And the present generation has fallen short of the achievements of its predecessors. Sir Walter Besant may have rejoiced at the high prices paid to authors in his time; but Literature has not rejoiced. Much more have the moral reformers of the world been apart from, generally in opposition to, officialism. Sometimes their opposition seems to us too violent. Jesus' denunciations of all the scribes and pharisees as a body seem unjust: and so do Socrates' sneers at Themistocles and Pericles. Epictetus stood not less aside from all commerce with official life: and Carlyle—the Epictetus of our day—did the same; never even, it is said, gave his vote.

So far for theory. In practice in the here and now one cannot, if one is a close observer, but marvel in what a degree the clergy as a body—through no fault, I dare say, of the

individuals, but of the system—seem cut off from all reality, from all veracity. Their knowledge, when they have it, is the knowledge of the cloister, the knowledge of college dons when these are no more than dons. And nowadays the proportion of the clergy who have even this kind of book-knowledge is not great. The rest are seminarists, brought up in a narrow circle of ideas from which they never emerge; whose ignorance of outside things, of science, of history, of criticism, of philosophy, is monumental. But the greatest of all is their ignorance of life and of human nature.

It is a source of rejoicing to good church-folk that there is, just now, so much more practical activity in the clergy than aforetime. To an outsider who observes and knows, that activity at its best must present the effect of a man setting forth on a mission of charity alone upon a motor car, which he has never learnt to drive. For of what value is practical activity which has neither knowledge nor wisdom to guide it? We have the evidence of Mr Charles Booth as to the practical effect of the multitudinous church armies, schools, mothers' meetings, missions, and such like of the English Church in London.

And then again for justice. Go and listen to any half-dozen sermons at hazard preached by the average young priest in any Anglican pulpit. You will find that the logical outcome of each one is that no good thing can be done by or proceed from any body but the Church. Here there are the seeds of an intolerance of Buddhists, Mohammedans, Agnostics, Deists, Dissenters, as well orthodox as unorthodox. The logical outcome, I say. He is not himself logical. Likely enough he never consciously practises intolerance. But you cannot urge that plea. *Est ratio rerum*: all things have their logical issue, sooner or later: and the end of such opinions must germinate somehow, somewhere, in some direction; though it may be chiefly underground and in the form of entangling roots which stop a healthier growth.

The instinctive attitude of every Churchman of this type is to regard all writings, say, of biblical critics or of metaphysicians which do not fall in with his views, as 'attacks' upon the Church. He cannot at heart conceive of any writing which is

not *à thèse*, which is not designed in the interests of some party or prepossession; which is designed in the interests of truth alone.

Custom again obliges the clergy, like the encomiasts of Love in the *Symposium*, to attribute 'every imaginable kind of praise' to their creed; and therefore to reconcile incompatibles. The God they worship is the lover of Peace who forbids men to strike back when they are struck. But He is also the God to whom men pray that their sovereign may vanquish and overcome all his enemies, and to whom they sing *Te Deums* for victory. When a man dies, he is buried 'in the sure and certain hope of Resurrection'; and his family are consoled by their pastor with the thought that he has left this vale of tears for supernal bliss. But if he had recovered out of the jaws of death, he would have been expected to give thanks 'for God's special mercies vouchsafed to him.' And so forth: till we are dumbfounded, as Socrates was at that Banquet, having imagined that 'out of the *true* the speaker was to choose the best things, and arrange them in the best order.'

(It is indeed like coming from a hot-house into crisp, clear air, to pass from the atmosphere of 'edification' in sermons, tracts, meditations, and I know not what which have been produced in this school of un-nature (of Paraphysis), to the simple veracity of the Platonic dialogues, and to such a character as that of their hero. 'I have enough religion for my own needs,' says Socrates (I forget in which dialogue), 'as you might say of a bad writer his writing is good enough for him.')

These contradictions, due originally to a false, a metaphysical monotheism (pp. 261, 279), did not much matter formerly in a naïve and uncritical age. But ours is an analytical and critical one.

In the other church—in the Roman Catholic—the sense of truth has fled much further afield than with us; except it may be in that new body, the Modernists. But the Modernists professs to spring (theologically) from the loins of Newman. Yet of what Newman calls Catholic Truth it may be said, not unjustly—as was said of the Bourbons—that it learns nothing and forgets nothing. We saw in a long-past chapter how Newman robs his *Grammar of Assent* of most of its value (of

almost all its value on the positive side) by refusing ever to look behind that imaginary entity 'Catholic Truth.' And we saw again lately how, when he came to support this Catholic Truth in some measure by the analogy of nature (human nature without revelation), he had in effect to invent his theory of natural religion *de toutes pièces* (as the French say); leaving out all those 'non-revealed' creeds which through their literature allow one to see into the minds of those professing them, and confining himself to those which, having left only a body of rites and ceremonies, we can interpret as we choose.

In the abstract, of course, it might be true that men had before the coming of Jesus of Nazareth either a barbarous or semi-barbarous and fetishistic religion, or else had a 'perverted' one. Though what we now know of the religious systems of the world and of the nations of the world, makes that notion something of an absurdity. But after two thousand years of Christianity surely it is time to take stock of the evidence whether or not it *is* a unique revelation: of the relation, in truth, of that theory to the facts. Above all, it is necessary to take stock of the practical outcome in human history of that 'sense of sin' which Newman reckons the only true foundation of religion, what form that has often assumed in actual history—to what mean and ruthless terrors it has given birth; to what tricks and fantasies; to what priestcraft; to what a return toward barbarous fetishism, that fetishism which Newman may have been right enough in reckoning the natural forerunner of 'Catholic Truth.'

Whoso really meditates the difference between thought and speech (re-reading, if I may ask him so to do, our second chapter of Book I.) and all that this difference involves, must see that the orthodox theory of revelation is untenable. There is no universal language. A revelation in one tongue would need translation into others, and involve all the possible errors of translation. It would depend in the first instance on the memory of the first recipient; and in every instant of its after life it would depend on the preservation in words of their old significance, on the power each generation might possess of entering into the thoughts (so as to interpret the words) of their forefathers. So soon as the language of the original revelation

had become a dead language, the difficulty of entering into its meaning would be increased a thousandfold. So it must have a 'church' to preserve its tradition. But that Church too would need to be fresh inspired at every moment; or how else could we be assured that it rightly interpreted the decisions of the same Church a generation ago; seeing that those decisions must be preserved in *words* also? Thus all the difficulties attending the original revelation begin over again. Why should the Immortals choose so clumsy and, one may say, impracticable a method; seeing that by confession this 'Catholic Truth' itself cannot be received, unless God have first spoken to the human heart?

'The faith once for all delivered to the saints' is a common phrase in the mouths of theologians, and is generally taken to include some definite dogmas[1]. Who are 'the saints'? Those who have in addition to living virtuous lives held the dogmas included. For Marcus Aurelius or Spinoza would not count as saints within the meaning of that term. 'I call an agreeable person a person who agrees with me,' says a character in *Lothair*. And our modern theologian reckons among the saints those who, he supposes, held the dogmas which he holds. But how again is he to know they did so, unless he has been endowed with some gift of infallibility? Is it necessary that a saint must leave writings behind him? So (reversing the process) we conclude that this 'faith once for all delivered to the saints' is what our modern theologian chooses to think it was; or what he has always heard those about him say it was.

The mere profession of the *orgiast*, the master of our religious ceremonies, to have a special access to the counsels of the gods is an outrage to-day on common-sense. Let some Providence be accepted: for as has been said the theist and the atheist do both in fact place their faith in such a providence: sufficient to

[1] 'A "once for all" delivered faith and a once for all covenanted grace (writes Bishop Gore at the outset of his *The Church and the Ministry*) associate themselves naturally with a once for all established ministry.' At other times when it is convenient the text 'The Comforter *shall* guide you into all truth' is made to bear the same weight of evidence. On the page of Dr Gore's book next ensuing that from which I have quoted we read, 'Christianity would never have done what it has in the world if it had been a mere body of abstract truth....' True enough literally. But has Christianity done nothing but good?

ensure the ultimate triumph of the good. And that is all the providence that is needed. This would not prevent individuals or nations in moments of rejoicing chanting the praises of God or of the gods: and that would happen no doubt after victory; and *Te Deums* in themselves are right and natural. It is when they are supported by dogma that they are injurious and evil—even by the dogma of monotheism. For of course *Te Deums* for victory would be impossible to a perfectly sincere Christian, I mean a perfectly sincere follower of Jesus of Nazareth. Whoever sincerely chants them must then *de facto*, if not in theory, substitute for the time the notion of some other god—Yahveh, say.

In the happiest circumstances it is difficult to see how official Christianity as the heir of the Middle Ages could be saved from a certain sort of double dealing. For the huge and complicated body of belief which sprang up then was preserved by the naïvety of its followers. The thing had grown by a natural growth to be huge as a forest tree, overshadowing their narrow and simple lives. But it was (as we have said) an organisation complete in itself; not indeed radically opposed to the teaching of its supposed Founder, but differing therefrom in matters innumerable.

There is a bitter note of truth in Tolstoy's saying that that conventional Christianity which has descended to us from the Middle Ages was invented and is taken as an inoculation against the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount, the Christianity of non-resistance ('I say unto you, Resist not evil'), and of turning the other cheek. Certainly when people pretend and persuade themselves that they accept and ensue the latter teaching, that they regard all men 'as equal in Christ,' when they do no such thing, a vast of harm is done to their own lives and others' by the insincerity. Propose to one of the 'honourable women' of orthodoxy—a devoted church-worker ('dame' perhaps of the Primrose League into the bargain)—propose to such an one a marriage between her daughter and the most spiritually-minded carpenter's son that can be imagined, and you will see how much she regards all men as equal in Christ. This sort of evil however is brought about mostly by the amount of talk and persuasion which goes on in religions; it is the

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shadow of polemics and feverish polemical propagandism which rests upon them all. If people could adopt the golden recipe of silence they would adjust themselves to the beliefs they really felt. For though Tolstoyan Christianity seems the genuine tradition, it is yet hardly conceivable in any but an unnatural, because unnaturally protected, social state—such as was in fact the Roman Empire in the infancy of Christianity—and at the price too of atrophying one-half of human nature. For such a creed has nothing to say to art, or enterprise, or patriotism, or science, or indeed to any sort of knowledge. It is not easy to imagine in what environment it could be exercised save by the protected sex. One cultivating his own land, maybe, and at peace with all his neighbours, or a handicraftsman whose industry was protected (even if exploited) by his employers, might present the image of such a Christian life. Tolstoy has drawn moving and persuasive portraits of characters of this sort, simple as children and wholly moral: such as Akim in the *Powers of Darkness*. They are all living under the protection of a social system which they did not make and cannot change. It may be (for this is Tolstoy's theory) that the Immortals are waiting to work a miracle and change men's hearts and minds, the moment any considerable number adopt the practice of non-resistance. But there is no evidence which would tend that way. So long as capital punishment had become a dead letter in France (and that was till the other day) that land became a land of murders, a happy hunting-ground for the assassin. The restoration of capital punishment is too recent for us to be able to judge of its effects.

For my part I hold the incompleteness of the Christian ideal to lie in this, that it has nothing to say to art. And art (as we shall see) is a poor and slighted name for a vast impulse of the soul, great as the impulse toward truth, but different. The purpose, the goal of art we shall see is a thing not easily definable, a something which we learn to understand while maybe we are reading the *Banquet* of Plato, but even then can give it no name[1]. It is a something which the Stoics intended by their conception of Nature and of living by

[1] And what Plato gives us there and in the *Timaeus* he takes away in other places, as in the *Republic*: takes away from creative art.

Nature's law (*ζῆν κατὰ φύσιν*): it is the Good-and-Fair combined of Aristotelian philosophy—the *καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθόν*.

It cannot be said of the traditional, the conventional Christianity which has come down from the Middle Ages that it is outside of art. How could it be said, when it has produced the greatest monument of art which the world has known, and almost the greatest poem, the *Divina Commedia*? Yet we know that this too was in its way and on other sides *παρὰ φύσιν*: in its exaggerated asceticism; above all in the exaggerated value it set on chastity.

In this last particular, the ancient tradition has never been lost. It is preserved in common speech. 'A moral man,' 'an immoral life' have a technical significance, implying—logically—that if a man is chaste he need trouble no further about his character. This trait of ancient chivalrous catholicism has spread to the most 'protestant' branches of the Christian community and become more rooted in them—this Puritanism—than anywhere else. No minister of religion would have any communication with a pair whose union was irregular, though their lives might be 'as pure as grace': and the man who would have no hesitation about his conduct on this score 'would not feel justified' (so he would express it) in declining all commerce with a notorious hard employer or landlord, or even with a man who went near the edge of what is permissible in business. Once more I say that while it was instinctive and uncritical this puritanism of the Middle Ages produced noble fruits. It went side by side with chivalry and loyalty and honour, as indeed these feelings are coupled in Burke's beautiful phrase: 'The chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound.' But in our comparative times this narrowing of 'morality' to one particular field must hurt the human conscience. It has been the chief cause that the Christianity of modern days is especially the creed of the smug, the well-to-do, the 'sand the sugar and come to prayers' section of our nation. For the creed has not in these latter days carried with it the nice sense of honour of the prime. Thus have all free and generous souls received offence; all those who know that 'immorality' is a lesser evil, when put by the side of meanness, or cheating, or treachery.

All these difficulties then—the difficulty of squaring the two Christianities, or if you will, Christianity and Middle Age Catholicism, one with the other, or either with the wide instincts and full claims of the human soul—would lay snares for the foot of the most honest 'believer'; supposing that the believer thought it necessary to insist that his creed covered the total range of virtue and of knowledge. But when it is complicated with all those other incitements to insincerity that I have spoken of, the vested interests of a class, their ignorance due to their alienation from the intellectual class, their ignorance and growing 'seminarism,' the result is pregnant with more ills than may be counted. Taken in the sum official Christianity in all lands is a *cloaca* of insincerity; and of that worst kind which is ignorant of itself. For that paradox of the Sophists that it is better for a man to do evil and know it, than not know it, is really true in the case of insincerity. Liars are often the more truthful kind of men. Children who are natural liars have frequently more love of reason, and that means of truth, than their polemically-minded fathers. Liars too have often imagination: and the lack of imagination (creative imagination) is a necessary ingredient in the making of hypocrites of 'the deeper unconscious sort[1].' The dregs of Old Obscurantism have in our day joined with the worst products of the New Obscurantism—commercial fraud, charlatanism, advertising, the worship of 'opinion'—to bring us to a pitiable state, to feed a stream of lying which overflows all the land, engulfing thousands innocent of ill intent. Such is the outcome, such the meeting-point, of those two fanaticisms I spoke of in our earliest chapter—the Church of Orthodoxy and the Church of Science.

Yet for the evils which come from the religious side the remedy is easy. Dogmatism, the claim of exclusive knowledge, intolerance, those things are the creation of Christianity upon its evil side alone: they are not the necessary outcomes of the religious idea. Intolerance—that indeed is Semitic of the Semitic nature. But (we have said this before) its essence was quite different from the intolerance of Catholicism: it belonged to the 'idea of polytheism' and was a part of the war of the

[1] Carlyle.

Yahvites against the followers of other gods. It was by an unlucky accident that the Roman Empire persecuted the Christians, who no doubt inherited a tendency to this kind of intolerance from the Jews from whom they had yet hardly separated themselves. These are historic questions and concern us but little to-day[1]. What is to be noted is that the active, the persecuting intolerance of an earlier age survives in our day in a claim to exclusive knowledge concerning things divine. That is a mental intolerance quite the equal of the other in unreason, though not of such evil effect. It is indeed more unreasonable than that polytheistic intolerance out of which it has grown. To say that Yahveh is 'the only true god' is analogous to a matter of taste: it is like saying that Whistler is the only painter of genius of our day. But the other, the intellectual intolerance, is like denying that anybody but a Whistlerite gets any pleasure from pictures, ever buys them or looks at them. In other words it is a theory contrary to plain sense and all the evidence; and can only be persisted in through obstinacy, by shutting a man's eyes to both sense and evidence, by choosing ignorance and untruth in place of knowledge and veracity. For, as has been said a hundred times already, no positive evidence of one person's experience can be negative evidence of another person's experience. To claim for Christianity that it covers the whole field of morality and satisfies every aspiration of the human soul is absurd. For any individual to maintain that it best satisfies the aspirations of his soul is quite legitimate. And as there are, as we have said, in effect, two Christianities which are yet capable of combination in various ways, I think it probable that, had intolerance never been, a great proportion of those who are conscious of having aspirations and of having souls would be able to say this. We are all, in truth, necessarily and inevitably Christians in a certain sense: we have inherited the moral sense which was fashioned for us in the ages that are

[1] It has been suggested to me by a friend who read this passage that the especial kind of intolerance which was conspicuous among the early Christians, most markedly among those of Asia Minor and the Hellenistic world, was a combination of this Semitic theological feeling with pure intellectual intolerance which (as Lucian for example shows) was now very rife among abstract thinkers.

past, and these were Christian—in a sense. It is only folk stupefied by vanity who think they are equal to the task of creating a new world out of chaos. No one would propose now to reintroduce the Greek pantheon for public worship; though it is wiser than not to consider that the gods of the Greek pantheon had and have a real existence.

I am convinced that with us the laity naturally inclines to real tolerance. So soon as it is put fairly before him, the layman will understand that the notion that by a formula of words you can secure permanency of ideas belongs to a scholastic, an Aristotelian order of thought, which has no place to-day: it belongs to the false imagination that definitions are truths; which was excusable in those to whom comparative philology was unknown, or any linguistic study but of the crudest kind. The true relations of thought and speech necessarily escaped them. To the man who urges that every sort of devotion implies some formula, that a form of prayer could not be put in use beginning 'O Not-ourselves-that-make-for-Righteousness,' so much may be conceded; because the emotions cannot be included in a philosophical definition. Yet against such an extravagance as that would be, it is possible to produce even greater on the side of dogmatic expression. A cultivated Catholic with any spiritual sense could not believe that the Maker of Heaven and Earth might be carried about in a box. Yet the common language of his creed and of his co-religionists implies that such a thing can be done. No doubt he has his mental reservations about that Real Presence, which the ignorant Catholic talks of simply as *le* Bon Dieu.

I read not long since in an enlightened paper the statement that the dogma of the Incarnation had proved its truth 'pragmatically,' by being a comfort to thousands. Here we see the effect of introducing a 'pragmatic' test of truth. A statement of this kind admits of no verification and no contradiction. If thousands of people have found comfort in this doctrine, thousands of others have found it incredible, and have because of it severed themselves from the Church of their forefathers. Who shall decide which were the better thousands? The former were maybe more pious and obedient, the others more adventurous and greater lovers of truth. There is indeed no

test of any truth but evidence: though that evidence may be either internal or external. If a man in the court of his inward conscience is persuaded that Jesus of Nazareth was a god before he came to be 'born of the flesh,' he is quite right in holding that for truth. But there is no outward 'authority' which can impose the dogma on him. For of a certainty there is no historic evidence of this, convincing to us in days when we have learnt to use our historic imagination and criticise books of history and weigh their evidential value. A long tradition is no evidence in this case: for this is not a judgment of experience, it is a judgment of content. (No individual could have 'experience' of Jesus' premundane divinity.) It is therefore in the same category with the judgment of the earth's immobility; on which there is tradition enough to satisfy any requirement.

As it is impossible to test each man's convictions, the value of an inward revelation by which he believes this or that; and as theories of authority, or a divinely-inspired church are but theories with no evidence to support them; nothing but a democratic test can be suggested for determining the formulas of a national church. By this I do not mean that each passage of the church service should be put to the vote: such a procedure would be impracticable. I do mean that it should be recognised that the popular will—the will at any rate of those who interest themselves in the matter—is the ultimate sanction: so that those in authority should understand that it is their duty to feel the pulse of the public and (gradually no doubt) so modify the forms of prayer that the dissenting body would have their rightful part in the national church[1]. All things in these polemic matters are so topsy-turvy, that no doubt exceptional difficulties would present themselves. People would claim to vote only for the sake of making mischief and what in France they call *embêter les curés*. But we are a juster people than the Latins; and we have on the whole been extremely tolerant to the claims of the clerical body.

Moreover, whatever ridicule may attach to the idea of

[1] Creevey records a conversation with a leading Nonconformist of his day who pointed out how small were in reality the points of difference between the national church and the great body of orthodox dissent. This was of course before the 'Tractarian Movement' had developed. Since the 'thirties' the breach has widened.

'voting' the formulas of a creed, even indirectly—and some ridicule does attach to it—the effect could not be more ridiculous nor half so unworthy as the form to which dogmatic Christianity has reduced its teaching for the consumption of the many. If the silent splendour of the Gothic cathedral symbolises mediaeval Catholicism in its highest aims, the decoration of the modern Catholic church is a symbol not less apt of what Catholicism has become for the multitude in these latter days. Christian apologists are wont (justly enough) to speak of the 'reverend figure' of Christ passing through the ages and the hearts of men. But if you wish to see to what that figure is reduced for popular Catholicism, look at the plaster images in Catholic churches, or those that are offered for sale in the Place St Sulpice or the Rue Bonaparte in Paris. Or listen to the talk of *le bon Dieu* being carried about in processions and to the house of dying persons, or left in churches with a light burning before this Maker of Heaven and Earth. Or hear the way the same *bon Dieu* is spoken of in the pulpit. '*C'est extrémement gentil*'—I heard a *curé* declare—'for young girls to come dressed in white [at their first communion] into the presence of the *bon Dieu*.' And when you have done with Catholicism, go if you please to the other extreme and listen to a Spurgeon cracking jokes as it were with his Maker; or a Salvation Army preacher—though these are of all kinds; or note how religion is handled for children in church pulpits; or read the hymns which children are taught to say—

> 'I think when I read that sweet story of old,
> When Jesus was here among men,
> How he called little children like lambs to the fold,
> I should like to have been with Him then.'

Do you find in one of these things, plaster images, processions of *le bon Dieu*, children's hymns, any echo of that tremendous phrase—The Most High God?

Concerning then the Church and its Ministers the practical counsel is that the latter should be brought back once more to be what a natural evolution once made them with us, the dispensers of ecclesiastical rites not of ecclesiastical dogmas. And much could be done by the laity in this direction if the

laity had wisdom enough to interest themselves in doing it, and tolerance enough to effect it wisely. Nothing effective can be done *per saltum*. Still more foolish would be the notion of despoiling this particular body for the sake of some other body, or for the sake of a propaganda, scientific or what not. But infinite good would follow if the laity would have this object constantly in mind, and not sleep upon it. Patrons of livings could select incumbents who were not bitten with this 'Anglican' theory, but were content to take a modester view of their functions. And even congregations could do much to mark their preferences. All who have influence in educational matters could put before themselves the object of displacing the clergy from their assumed position as educators. Though at the same time, if only to escape a reaction, they would avoid any sort of compulsion or any appearance of lending themselves to an agnostic propaganda; and they would be diligent to find something better to replace these teachers, lest public morality should suffer for the change. If they were wise they would do this whatever their individual opinions, even though an agnostic propaganda would be much to their mind. Those who feel so might indeed rather be tempted to reflect that the Anglican Church left to herself is the best recruiter of their body; just as the Dogmatic Agnostic is the best friend of the Anglican Church. There is to-day a certain sense of agreement between the two extremes which smells of this knowledge. Both are at one in proclaiming that there is no logical halting-place between Catholicism and agnosticism. Both seem equally to fear the middle course of reason. But the wiser kind, even of agnostics, would not care to gain adherents by such means; out of the mere effect of reaction and through the dictates of unreason. The wiser sort would know that in this shuttle-cock between extremists, the one thing which is sure to fall to the ground is Truth.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STATE.

THE Church has passed on to the State the notion of a body in which is deposited 'the Truth.' For that theory too lies at the root of our party system. Macaulay thought that England to be happy and prosperous had but to be governed according to 'Whig principles.' Johnson, no doubt, thought the same of Tory principles: only these last are rather more apt to take a personal complexion. 'Whig principles,' it is to be assumed according to Macaulay and his friends, are sufficient to conduct diplomatic disputes to a successful issue, to select the most capable leaders in war and peace, to determine the finances of a country on a sound basis. The system of party government is always supposed to have vindicated itself in this country; and this is a question not worth discussing, as no evidence is forthcoming on either side. We cannot say what England would have been on another system: a comparison with other countries leaves out the fact—which we may justly claim—that our race has or had special capacities for government and self-government. The most glorious period of our history—after the Tudor period—part of the Seven Years' War is described by Carlyle as a 'kingship' of Chatham—'the one king England has had since the Constitutional system set in, this kingship of four years.'

If indeed the party system has been successful with us, the foundation of it in a body of right or wrong 'principles' is at all events more or less of an absurdity. This theory is built on theology, where (as I hold) it is still an absurdity, but one that is covered up and hidden in the mystery of the subject. It remains embedded in modern thought. People among us often talk of the happiness which would ensue if society were

governed on 'scientific principles,' exactly as Macaulay thought about Whig principles. In theology, in policy, in society, there are innumerable questions, and these like all other questions admit of only two kinds of answer, a right answer and a wrong answer. To be able to answer rightly in the case of one, even if that be the most important of them, does not enable a man to answer rightly on all. And the Thebans were ill-advised who thought that, because Oedipus guessed the riddle of the Sphinx, he was an ideal tyrant.

There are indeed in every state diverse and conflicting interests. And it is natural that, as outside its borders it meets with different nations banded together to assert their own, so inside its borders parties should group themselves together on this principle. Perhaps it is only after they have been thus formed that the different sections discover that they are the depositories of 'truths.' In this case party is neither a good thing nor a bad; it is a necessity. And if party government has been a success in England it has been so as an index, not a cause: an index that we have political sense enough not to drive our differences to extremity.

There is not—so at least it seems to me—much difficulty in appreciating what, in all politics within living memory, have been the conflicting interests chiefly at work in our country. But there is a difficulty in getting them recognised, on account of our habit of concealing from ourselves, and as we hope from others, our real motives and objects. For the complaint which other folks have made of English hypocrisy is founded: only the instinct is often deeper than what goes for hypocrisy on the stage and in fiction; it is a sort of pudicity in keeping our feelings to ourselves. It is of the commoner kind of hypocrisy in us to pretend we are never swayed by sentiment; a hypocrisy of a nobler sort in individual Englishmen to pretend that they are never afraid. The greater hypocrisy of all in us is to ignore the impulse of vanity and the place it occupies in our political history. For vanity is so universal a sentiment, almost a physical desire, that to leave it out of account in human motive is only one degree less absurd than it were to treat men as having no bodies needing to be fed and warmed and clothed.

Next after the appetites, those which a man must satisfy to live, and those which the natural man lives to satisfy, comes vanity or the desire for admiration. It is closely knit up with the instinct of sex, but it is separable therefrom. One might almost class vanity among the appetites: it is so instinctive and inevitable. It is far, very far pre-human, pre-animal even: for certainly some among the plants show all the signs of vanity. With them it is knit up in the sexual instinct: we may fairly credit plants with having an instinct of sex. The gorgeous colouring the flowers put on furthers their marriages. Not directly. A 'Sir Pandarus' has to intervene, or a Dame Pandara, the bee, the very type of a go-between: she cares not for love herself, all her interest is in the golden gains which come of the transaction. But transaction there is; and the beauty of the flower is there to further it. I say we may fairly credit the plant with some instinct of sex—if we assume, as we are entitled to think, that what causes effort and modification is an instinct and, being satisfied, gives pleasure. And we may believe too that in a secondary way the flowers and the plants, of which they are a part, have pleasure in the beauties which they unclose. A woman may change her dress in half an hour: a Venetian beauty might spend years of wetting and sun-drying her hair before it had the true golden tint: plants or animals may spend generations before they improve their lustre by a shade. All these questions of time make no difference in the long run. The object of all is the same: the instinct of all must be in essentials identical and the gratification thereof[1].

Animals no more than plants can visibly or presently improve themselves by 'taking thought': most cannot. But we may except the whole class of birds, who it is probable one and all ruffle up their feathers with the notion of making the best of themselves. Only in the case of turkeys and peacocks is the

[1] I myself have always shared Wordsworth's belief that the flowers have some pleasure of their beauty. Within the last few years Mr Francis Darwin has given scientific expression to the same idea. Let me add a philosophic rider thereto, viz. that as between plants and human beings it is a question of time. What a woman may feel in half an hour (as I have said above) may be with a plant spread over innumerable generations. But then time is only a form of thought.

effect very visible. If they gain pleasure from actions of vanity the animals may also suffer from want of success.

With human beings the sufferings seem to outweigh the pleasures. Vanity is indeed of all the instincts the most miserable: for in no case can one imagine enough material—enough means of satisfying it—to 'go round.' It would not take much to equalise the numbers belonging to each of the sexes. And one can at least imagine mankind all pairing off like the animals in a Noah's Ark, and each one of each pair contented with the choice he or she had made. One can imagine more easily all men grown moderate in the appetites: so that the products of the earth satisfied all the dwellers on earth. But no such distribution of goods seems possible in the case of vanity.

But that is no reason why legislators and social reformers should not recognise this instinct for what it is, something as near as possible to being an appetite. Among women it may be said that vanity takes almost the place, plays almost exactly as important a part in their lives, as alcoholism does among men. It is about equally expensive to society. I know not what are the figures for the male vice. In Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang* I remember that the social reformer, Alfred Loth, gives some figures for America—that, for instance, the use of alcohol is directly responsible for the expenditure of 300,000,000 dollars or £60,000,000, and indirectly for double that sum in a year. As Gerhart Hauptmann is an enthusiast for temperance he has perhaps studied his figures. But to set on the side of vanity (female vanity) alone—consider the excess of milliners' shops over those which supply men in any town throughout the world; and add to that nine-tenths or more than that of the value of the jewellers' shops throughout the world; for women wear at least nine-tenths of the jewellery which is made; you will get I think a sum more than equal to that which is spent on drink[1].

And vanity among women acts in the same sort of way that

[1] Women wear jewellery to please the men, it will be said, not to please themselves. In the first instance that, I dare say, is true. But then men often take to drinking first to please the women, who almost unanimously declare that they cannot abide a milk-drinker, 'a milksop.'

alcoholism does among men, showing that it is at its root an appetite and instinct, not a quality or a disease of the mind. Vanity grows by what it feeds on, as the passion for strong drink does: it may be insatiable and devour all the other qualities of the mind and heart. But that is by no means saying that in its origin or in its foundation vanity is an evil thing. Quite the contrary—certainly in women. Its foundation is a desire as legitimate, as for the continuance of the species it is necessary, to attract the members of the other sex.

The instinct for alcohol has, I dare say, also its justification in a desire for *ecstasis* or a transcending of the common barriers of the mind[1]. Some provision may be made for this in future ages in the direction which our penultimate chapter suggests. That is not of practical politics. But vanity is such an ever-present instinct in mankind that it is impossible to theorise on any system of society and leave it out of account.

What we call vanity in the many we call pride in a privileged class. 'For excessive pride the Romans (are distinguished),' says an Irish poem quoted by Matthew Arnold. We who of all people have inherited the largest measure of the genius and fortune of Ancient Rome may give that name to the quality which marks and almost dominates our past history. Even after the admission of the plebeian *gentes* to a share in the State, the Roman was still a member of a privileged class. The same holds true of the governing class in England for centuries after the power of the nominally patrician class, the nobility, had little by little been broken down: *that* possibly with the fall of the Plantagenets. A short period followed of what may truly be called autocracy. When that had gone by, power swung back, no longer to the nobility but to the 'gentry' of England, with whom the power remained till after the Reform Bill of 1832.

England has given to the world the name for a man of good birth and breeding and education, and, though untitled, belonging to a very definite section of society, with a sense toward all that section of the sort of obligation the French nobility

[1] More than one psychologist I know has dwelt on this fact.

expressed in their proverb *noblesse oblige*[1]. The obligation intended is not primarily toward inferiors; only that in the second degree. Shakespeare with his habitual perfection perfectly expresses the code, by those words he puts into Hamlet's mouth touching the players ('My lord, I will use them according to their desert,' Polonius had said):

'Gods bodikin! man, much better. Use every man after his desert and who should 'scape whipping? Use them *after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty.*'

It is hardly a humanitarian sentiment: but it is one which has much governed almsgiving[2].

There could be no better example of the truth that it is the spirit which keepeth alive, than lies in this fact that precisely because the English gentry had no badge of membership, the class preserved its mental and moral characteristics unchanged for centuries. The class has enlarged its boundaries from time to time, but it has managed (until lately) to do that without altering its essential or ideal type. From Chaucer's Knight, through Sir Roger de Coverley down to Colonel Newcome, we have the figure of it hardly changed. (And it will be confessed that Thackeray consulted his own political prejudices rather than probability in making his hero the child of working folk.) It is true that in the age of Chivalry this type was European rather than specially English. Thus Cervantes' 'gentleman' is very like Colonel Newcome. It is noteworthy, however, that while in our literature this type is nearly always treated with respect, whoever holds the

[1] Let us note that whereas titles of nobility (baronies) have for several hundred years always been territorial, always nominally connected with land-holding, it was not so in the Middle Ages. (Selden, at least, is my authority for saying this.) This was doubtless because every possible recipient of the honour must have been a landowner. It was the ownership of land which gave originally the title of 'gentleman,' anterior therefore to the titles bestowed by the King.

[2] In truth it is worth a volume on the subject of how Chivalry converted (or perverted) to its uses the doctrines of Christianity, to compare the above principle with the text—'Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.' Even when this text has been applied (to almsgiving) from a religious and not a chivalrous standpoint, it has not necessarily been applied from humanitarian motives, but often from the principle (now) of *réligion oblige*.

pen, Cervantes, writing as a gentleman for gentlemen, makes Don Quixote a figure of fun. This is not an accidental difference. It shows that not only did the type of gentleman persist better here than elsewhere, but that it felt itself and was felt to be a model to the rest of the nation; a national property as it were. There can be no question of this, indeed, if to be called 'no gentleman' is felt an insult in all ranks of life, almost a libel; and not to be addressed as 'gentlemen' (in a public meeting say) would also be reckoned an insult by every class. If people set such store by a complimentary title to which in strictness they have no claim, it is a proof that the word has attained a high moral significance. A further proof is given by the fact that it has been adopted by most other European nations to express something which they do not possess. The French *gentilhomme* corresponds pretty closely to the German *von Adel*: neither the one nor the other has the moral significance of 'gentleman.' The conservativeness of this type and the dignity with which it has surrounded itself, are without question due to the fact that it had no outward aid to its preservation, no badge in the shape of definite titles, as had the French *noblesse*, to mark it off from the *roture*. On this account it has not made itself offensive to the middle class, in the way that the French nobility did and the German in a degree still does.

No small contrivance in truth must have gone to keep this class privileged, not only materially but in the hearts of its fellow-countrymen. For the snobbishness of which the Anglo-Saxon race is justly accused (and which itself by reaction will make a vast proportion of my readers, gentlemen or otherwise, question or wish to question the foregoing pages) is quite as much a result as a cause of the English admiration for 'gentlemen.' This contrivance consisted for one thing in enlarging the borders of its privilege, but not enough or rapidly enough to destroy its *esprit de corps*. During a long period the reinforcement came chiefly from above. Political writers in England have been wont to discourse on the advantages to our constitutional stability which lay in the law by virtue of which the younger sons of peers stepped down into the 'commonalty.' If the word 'commonalty' be taken in its proper sense, this is not

true. Such younger sons only in rare exceptions stepped below a much more rigid line than that which bounded the peerage, the line which in former days hemmed in the real privileged class, the gentry. Upon the other hand, the professional classes —outside the clergy and the 'services'—recognised quite as frankly those on the other side of this line, as did farmers, tradesmen, labourers. No doubt into this lower bed there was also a continuous infiltration from above. But the sons of good houses who became attorneys, apothecaries, farmers, merchant-captains, never thought of claiming equality, hardly even kinship, with their brothers or cousins of the gentry: they recognised that they had fallen into a different social status, much more than would a peer's son or grandson who had become a commoner. We see something of the same difference felt and acknowledged to-day as between (say) a squire and a younger brother who has entered one of the unprivileged professions, is a solicitor or land-agent: but between the squire and a younger brother who was a colonel or an admiral there would be no such sentiment. And even this applies rather to old-fashioned people than to modern ones.

The state of things I am describing is that which existed up to the time of the abolition of the Corn Laws and the rise of Industrialism. Since then the class of gentry has recruited itself much more from below than from above.

This privileged class of gentry for many hundred years conducted the government of the country. Their upper sections, the peers and great landowners, supplied the legislators; their lower section, the younger sons, the administration—ninety per cent. probably of the officers in all the services, naval, military, civil, colonial, Indian (for by the end of the eighteenth century many nabobs had entered the privileged class: and a large proportion of the Board of Directors were of it already). Since the accession of the Tudors—with interludes of autocracy —it is this class which has really governed England; so that our government for the greater part of the time has been in essentials an aristocracy. In the eighteenth century the Tories accused the Whigs of converting England into an Oligarchy of the great Whig houses. Nothing of the sort really happened. If the members of the House of Commons who were in Walpole's

pay had felt any genuine doubt as to the supremacy of their order they would have revolted. But Walpole was one of themselves. Whether Whigs or Tories were in power the ministry was equally chosen by the gentlemen of England. The only sensible difference between the two parties was that the Tory gentlemen were still royalist in sentiment; and when they became reconciled to the Hanoverians they got on better with the king than their Whig predecessors had done.

It was not to be expected that such a state of things should last for ever. And the history of England during the last seventy or eighty years has been the history of revolt against that governance. Nothing could be simpler or more natural than such a process. The wonder has been that the middle and the lower classes have for so long a period consented to forego almost all political power. The admiration which the English people through innumerable decades bestowed upon the landed aristocracy is one of the phenomena of history. It may be criticised as snobbishness, or praised as an honest tribute to merit. If we take the latter view, then we must assume that the qualities for which the English gentleman is conspicuous are those which all Englishmen would wish to possess. They are without question the qualities which foreign nations have reckoned essentially English—courage and coolness, a pride which will not accept defeat, and that stupidity whereof Napoleon complained which prevented us from knowing when we were beaten.

For all that, the reason why foreign nations have in past times considered these qualities specially English is that they judged England by her governing class: and in so far as these qualities are characteristically English it is because the governing class by their long supremacy have imposed this aristocratic type of character as the ideal one, just in the same way that they have imposed the name of gentleman as an ideal courtesy title. French writers to-day who are 'actual' in their appreciation would no longer expect an English crowd to behave very differently from a French one under the stimulus of excitement —as of some victory. The rigidity and *sang-froid* which were once ours would be found much rather in Japan than in this country. And thus it is that M. Ludovic Nadeau, a war-

correspondent of exceptional ability, in describing (in *Le Journal*) a street procession in Tokio and a symbolic pageant during the war, writes—

'Supposez de semblables parodies à Londres ou à Paris, après une grande victoire. La foule hurlerait, trépignerait, ferait entendre de formidables acclamations. Des milliers de badauds se figureraient qu'ils collaboraient par leurs vociférations à ce grand évènement, et qu'ils en partageaient la gloire. Ici, la foule regardait le cuirassé russe avec intérêt, comme on regarderait un jouet nouveau et vraiment bien imaginé, mais elle ne manifestait pas son sentiment.'

We have the memory of our Mafekings to support this view.

The humble and imitative attitude of the great body of the nation toward its governing class has worn out, as in time it was bound to do. The philosopher, the historian must recognise so clearly this necessity that, whatever his private sentiments or prejudices, he would scarce find room for regret. If he is wise his regrets will turn in another direction, namely that our incapacity for seeing—say rather, confessing—the true character of things has made us throughout the last seventy or eighty years put a false complexion on the movement. This is the worse, because the downfall of the old class of privilege—which with all its great qualities was undoubtedly stiff and conventional—ought to set Englishmen free from the old national vice. It was a noble kind of make-believe which the English gentleman cherished—that he did not know fear nor experience anxiety or pain; so that, where even the *gods* of Homer would have bellowed, he kept his lips close shut. But it is impossible to confine make-believe to one set of actions. The habit of practising *that* hypocrisy made way for others, for any number of social, religious conventions. The rise of Democracy should at least free us from these. It did not free the middle classes, who first inherited the power of the 'gentry.' The result is that, throughout the social revolution which has been going on since 1832 and which is the essential fact of our political history, the reality has always been hidden by some pretence. It has put on now the garb of Free Trade; because the Corn Laws were a sheet anchor to the territorial aristocracy, and Free Trade a wind to the sails of rising Industrialism. It has put on the garb of throwing open the services to public examina-

tion in the interests of efficiency; but the motive force was not an interest in efficiency: it has put on the garb of the spread of education, of the endowment of science, or the abolition of religious tests. All these things owed their popularity not to their intrinsic desirableness, but to the alliance of the English gentry with 'the land' and of 'the land' with 'the church.' For the public schools and universities under the old *régime*—especially so long as tests were upheld—were a link in this alliance, and incidentally no small bulwark to the privileged class.

Among all the anti-aristocratic measures the most effective were those which were directed against the Church. For the alliance between the church and the land has been sufficiently close to flavour the whole order of landed gentry and all their scions and allies with an odour of 'clericalism.' Everybody, in truth, knows (though I imagine that in obedience to our love of unrealities many will be found to deny) that to be the son of (say) a well-known dissenting leader would still be a drawback to a man's career in either of the fighting services. Everybody too is aware (and will deny more strenuously) that the hostility between church and dissent is more a social question than a doctrinal one. With the laity it is so much a social question that the strength of the church-party—the impossibility of effecting reforms within the church—is due to the social dislike of dissenters which makes church people put up with anything rather than give them a helping hand; they fear to help outsiders to 'pull down' the Church of their forefathers.

To insist on these things belongs to the principle which we enunciated in the first chapter of this treatise: that polemic questions only become possible of solution when they have been divided into their constituent propositions. In that passage we also said that though such a process might threaten to increase our labour indefinitely, it would not do so in fact; because the same single problems would be found recurring in diverse questions. Although maybe people will go on disputing over education, the teaching of Greek, competitive examinations, Tariff Reform, as if each were a question in itself, and using arguments with which their journals have supplied them and

in which they do not believe, it is well for the wiser folk to realise that behind each of these questions of the moment stands a much more permanent and more important question, the transfer of power from the old governing classes. Thousands of persons who dispute over the 'politics of the day' are completely ignorant that it is this other question that they are really at strife over and have at heart. But their blood knows it: their education and their instinctive prejudices know it. If they would recognise it, they would become once more real men in a world of realities.

In itself this essential question of modern politics, 'What is to be done with or for the gentlemen of England?' is a very important one. From not being looked into it is already beginning to plunge us into a world of difficulties. That class is in a sense the governing class still: but it governs by not governing, by in fact always being ready to take orders from the people, and where it can no longer command, flattering and deceiving. It is in a position not unlike Hellas after it became a Roman province; or say just before the larger Hellas was completely subdued by Rome, but was even then its courtier: each rival court obliged to wait upon the favour of the Senate. Such is very much the position of our parliamentary parties and ministers. But all the administrative class, the officers of the army and navy for example, are in a condition of semi-revolt. Whenever a Liberal or as they would say a Radical party is in power they are in a state of semi-revolt against that fact alone. If some very drastic measures were passed (at present we move slowly enough in anything the least resembling *constructive* legislation) they might be in a state of complete revolt. I do not mean that they could cause a revolution. But it would be necessary to find someone to take their places. And that could not be done: for they are the most homogeneous class in England. Without someone to take their places, discipline would vanish; and our army and navy would be at the mercy of the first attack. Meantime upon the other side the working class is growing more and more conscious of its power as constitutionally the governing class in England, though as yet very far from being that in fact.

The instability of the present state of things would only be felt in the case of some sudden shock analogous to the 'Dreyfus case' in France. What was it that really happened then? Merely that Drumont in his organ *La Libre Parole* had been working up a small conservative section of the French against industrialism, against finance. (The French Conservatives are of course extraordinarily conservative, and like the Bourbons learn nothing and forget nothing.) In order to enlist *employés*, working folk ('the people'), on his side, Drumont's campaign professed to be against Jews: for Jews are not conciliatory employers. And it was a mere accidental feature of his campaign that he thought he had discovered a case of Jewish treachery. Then however the seed sown bore fruit. The question was supposed to be between the honour of the army and patriotism on one side, and finance and the interests of the Jews in France on the other side. What saved the situation, if it can be said to have been in any sort saved, on the side of 'progress,' was the extraordinary stupidity of the conservative party, of the chiefs of the army, in hanging their cause upon such a weak case. This is what Picquart saw, himself an anti-Semite and an enthusiastic soldier; as anybody with a head on his shoulders might have seen; as all the Intellectuals saw, who were driven consequently more into the arms of the radical and anti-clerical party than they were by nature. But the situation was not saved, except in the eyes of those who think that the government of a country should represent one party only. The result has been the deplorable anti-clerical campaign in France, full of stupidities and even fuller of injustices. And this in its turn has practically destroyed all discipline in the French army, and made it, I am sure, a fighting-machine of little worth. What could be worse than that the men should know that their officers are of an opposite party to themselves, and a losing party in the state: and that they can revenge at the polls the orders they must obey in the barrack yard[1]? As a fact the French officer, I believe, only makes his life tolerable by

[1] Not only this. Everywhere nowadays in France may be seen object-lessons of the powerlessness of the class which corresponds to our gentry against the nominees of the government, in municipal life and so forth. As the officers in the army are drawn from the class of gentry, such an object-lesson must be constantly before the eyes of their men.

exacting a minimum of discipline. Besides, they are mostly disaffected to the Government; and it is hard to make a distinction between Government and Nation. Fortunately the French are naturally fond of soldiering, even the more childish side of it. But Englishmen are not. As Napier says, we are a warlike but not a military folk.

Without doubt we are a good way from this in England. But distance in matters of sentiment is not a measurable thing. It is impossible but that the rank and file of our army and navy, though they are not an armed nation, must feel a general sympathy with those who command the polls. Equally certain is it that their officers have a general antipathy to the latter. Here are the germs at least of dislocation. Suppose we had a working-class parliament, a working-class ministry, how would our officers think of it and speak of it? The rupture between our administrative class and the government would not be so complete as in the case of the French royalists: that is evident. For we are not a Republic. But it would be much more serious than any quarrel there is between the government and its servants. For one thing practically the whole government of India would go with the 'services,' share their sentiment, I mean. The civil servants of the government at home would do so too in the main. Now in France the same section of society—its *vieille roche*—is much smaller and is made impotent by its clericalism and royalism. With us not even the clergy are as clerical as the Conservative party there. A Free Thinker or a Gallio would find no difficulty here in ranking himself with what he considered his class. All these things may be preparing in the not distant future a complete divorce in sentiment and interests between the government and its administrators.

Another thing which is to be taken account of in England just now is that the Parliamentary system has broken down. This likewise is a thing too natural and inevitable to call either for blame or lamentations. The wonder is that it has gone on so long. Mr Sidney Low in his admirable *Governance of England* shows how this collapse of the Parliamentary system has come about. It is the general elections to-day which decide not only on the government but on the main lines of its policy.

It is a sort of Referendum. And the elaborate debates in parliament, which never change a vote, are not much more than a game played for the amusement of the country. The attention given to them is the attention bestowed on some national sporting event, a football match or boat race. The real motive for seeking a seat with ninety per cent. of the members is personal and social (vanity again the moving force), not a political and national motive. There is therefore no reason why they should dream of disobeying the mandate of their constituents or the organisers of the party vote.

The less so that in these days of the press all the parliamentary debates are more or less of a farce and radically insincere. Not long since the House of Lords met at the private residence of one of their leaders and voted upon the course they should pursue when a certain Bill came up from the Commons[1]. They were thundered at in the speeches of their opponents, on the theory that (like the juryman compelled to leave in the middle of a trial who 'left his vote' with the foreman[2]) they had decided the matter undiscussed. In reality the question had been threshed out completely in the Lower House and in the press long before 'my lords' could have aught to say thereon. The mock-seriousness and sham-indignation with which this accusation was preferred against the Upper House by platform-speaker after platform-speaker is a measure of the unreality of all this side of public life. Nobody I am sure in the inner court of his conscience can look upon parliamentary eloquence to-day otherwise than as a kind of sport, a mental boxing-ring.

Yet is the tradition of parliament so venerable, and (for this, alas! must be added) our appetite for insincerities at this moment so great, that the House of Commons has been able to spread its debating-club spirit through the whole length and breadth of English political life. A thousand platforms share with parliament its supposed influence on the course of legislation; and hundreds of newspapers, all writing in the same debating-club spirit, dispute the influence of the thousand platforms. I suppose we are still a long way behind America

[1] Written in 1908. The lesson has been much emphasised since then.

[2] I mean that was the explanation the foreman gave to the judge, *his* reason why the absence of a juryman should not put an end to the trial.

in these matters. But in America parliamentary life has always been regarded as a game—a game no doubt with considerable stakes, and conducted more in the spirit of euchre than of a football match. Nobody has ever taken it quite seriously there. And the responsibilities of government there—with no colonies (to speak of), and no India, and only limited federal authority—are not to be compared to our responsibilities.

These two things taken together, that our parliamentary life is fundamentally insincere and that we have never once faced the question what is to be done with our administrative class, or how our evolution toward democracy is to be completed without a catastrophe, seem likely to lead us to disaster. At the same time, if these two things were recognised and acted upon, they might go far to correct the evils one of the other. It is obvious that in these days of the press the debating-club business of parliament is out of date. Laws could more successfully and satisfactorily be voted on directly by the constituents, by in fact a direct Referendum, in place of what is really a Referendum but an awkward one, occurring every six years and voting not on single measures but batches of measures—'bodies of truth' as it were[1]. I believe that little argument beyond the argument of *inertia* has been produced against the Referendum. I confess however that it is open to one objection which I will speak of presently. A due interval should of course be made obligatory between the proposal and the reference of the measure. And there seems no reason why an official journal should not be published setting forth the arguments of the responsible heads of the two parties, Government and Opposition. It would be read by sensible people and would take the place of the columns of debate in the newspapers. There would be less sport in it, no doubt, fewer quips and cranks, repartees and examples of forensic ability. In place of these the real issues and purposes of a measure might be discussed. At first the people who occupied the columns of this official *Journal of Debate* would be of the same type as those who occupy the floor of the house—the journalist, parliamentarian type. But I suspect that before long one party or the other having had recourse

[1] See p. 279.

to some outsider, some Phocion who did not esteem wealth of words the best of riches, would discover that in the long run the people themselves prized wisdom more than eloquence. Then, pushing aside the crowd of windbags, wire-pullers, newspaper-men and all the parasites of the state, I can imagine an understanding being come to, a *modus vivendi* found between the People (which you may write with as large a P as you choose) and the class we call Gentlemen, who still furnish the administrative ability of the country. In such wise I believe the nation may be saved. But I much doubt that unless something of the sort is done her outlook is bad, of the worst. There is no sign of any class springing up which could take upon it the duties—and self-sacrifices—of our old governing class. The trades unions may have practical ability in their ranks: but they seem governed by material standards. And the genuine socialists—who in their aims should be antithetical to the trades unionists—are visionaries without knowledge of, or consideration for affairs. If it be true that the old governing class was not as indispensable as it thought itself, and that many of the 'aristocratic virtues' (courage first of all) are happily the inheritance of the race: and America has demonstrated this: yet the salt of all those virtues the one which kept the others from corruption, that sense of honour which is so much more than mere honesty—that is still the birthright of gentlefolk. And with corruption in the body of the state no system will work in the end.

At the very least the *modus vivendi* which I speak of would carry us over a transition period while the 'practical men' of the future were learning to be something more than that. I do not share in Mr Wells' admiration for the chauffeur and the engineer: I suspect their encomiast of transferring to them a a part of his own imagination and idealism. Nor do I fancy that a mechanical training is particularly good for the mind. But at any rate it is *a* training; and it leaves open the possibility of ideal engineers and chauffeurs, who might be as much above their class as Lincoln was above that from which *he* sprang. Yet such would need to be inspired by higher ideals of honour than are known across the Atlantic.

The Americans are saved—in so far as they are safe—by a combination of circumstances which does not exist with us.

In the first place, they are outside the European system and are in small danger of exciting the jealousy of neighbouring states. In the second place, they are not a country, but a continent: their vast territory, endless resources, huge population negative the idea of a 'conquest.' England is in precisely the opposite position, compact and lying under any man's hand to take if he had the power. Finally such 'saving' from corruption as America seems to have a good chance of now, she owes to us. It is without question because their educated class has entered into such close contact with ours in the last forty or fifty years, that types such as ex-President Roosevelt have come into existence. Our public men are university men, or at any rate men educated up to the higher standard of education: their's forty or fifty years ago were all uneducated. The cultivated class such as existed in America then was a world in itself: it had, in their phrase, no 'say' in politics. For men like Mr Roosevelt the treasury of English literature lies open with all its incentives to magnanimity. He might read as well as we the passage where Burke belauds 'that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound,' and all the eloquence of Carlyle against parliamentary oratory and bunkum. It is in the fact that Mr Roosevelt, who belongs really to a different class from 'the people' of America, has yet conquered more popularity than the smartest boss or the glibbest stump-orator has done, that there lies a hope for England also.

But another instrument of the highest use in this and in other ways would have been a reformed second Chamber.

If we want to form an idea of what government should be, we have, clearing from our minds the clamour of the press and the mere inclination to side with our party—retiring as it were into our chamber apart,—to think whose opinion on any state matter would carry weight with us were we in suspense of judgment. *Ex hypothesi* we are of course (each one of us is) as a rule simply 'right,' without much trouble of thinking why or how, only of repeating the formulas on which we have been brought up, or which our companions are constantly repeating. But if for the sake of argument the reader can imagine his judgment in suspense upon such a question as

tariff reform or socialism, I ask on whose matured opinion he would be disposed to rely—what character of man and what experience would most claim his respect and confidence? I believe he would find that a certain section of the House of Lords represented this class of character and this order of experience better than any other section of the nation. Let us say the law lords and certain *emeriti* of the services, Lord Roberts, Lord Cromer, Lord Milner, Lord Macdonald: men more or less of this class. To make the body more trustworthy and more impartial I believe that *emeriti* in other walks of life and fields of the intellect should be added to that body. And what is more that, by force of being a recognised consultative body apt to command the respect of the nation, its members should acquire the habit of judging matters which were not their specialities. Minds all of a superior order, rubbing one against another, would soon learn that the exercise of right reason is one and the same thing in every sphere of life. The scientific peers of the type of the late Lord Kelvin or Lord Lister would learn, even if they began with some prejudices, to give a sane and sober judgment on religious education; or a man like Lord Kitchener would soon master enough of finance to understand the true bearings of tariff reform. And that which would best promote such an end would be the presence in their body of a certain (not large) number of hereditary legislators (of whom we may take the late Lord Acton as a type) whose love of intellectual things, of history, philosophy, politics, was wholly instinctive and unforced; not generated in the first instance by necessity, and so, in the first instance forced into a groove with all the narrowness of the groove, even though the superiority of the individual mind had escaped afterwards from those trammels. Yet the leaven of this element should be small; because the freedom from all pressure of necessity from earliest years begets in men, however intellectual, a certain divorce from reality; it gives them a capacity for clinging to notions without the obligation, and so without the habit of sounding the innermost parts of their minds and souls, as less fortunate men must do. If a Spinoza has to polish lenses to gain a bare subsistence (of 4*d.* a day) in order to study philosophy; if a Leopardi has to beg

his father for a bare subsistence—'One cannot live decently on such a sum as I ask for' (he writes); 'but still one can live'—then we may be sure that Spinoza and Leopardi have found out that, whatever other men can do, the best thing which they can do is to write philosophy or poetry. But the man who has always been raised above the sharp lessons of need never can so examine himself. And, taking Lord Acton as an example, I confess that to me his theories of the way history should be written seem futile and absurd, and if apt to attract anyone, appealing to those who have been—through their talent for passing examinations early in life—placed rather as he was placed, out of touch with realities: college dons, professors and the like. Therefore I say there should be no large element in our reformed Upper Chamber of men of this kind. But an element there should be: first to give the vigour and the enthusiasm of youth (for some should certainly be young men) and some of its capacity for work; then as cement to unite the others who perforce will have certain angularities of their *métiers*; a cement in virtue of the disinterestedness of these hereditary peers, and a cement again in virtue of their training in good manners and urbanity.

Such is what our Second Chamber might have been in the history of the nation, if it had reformed itself in time. How many a vexed question might have been referred to it, if it had once got the reputation of being a quasi-judicial body! How easily the English people, who at heart love reason and justice, might have learnt to await at least the suggestions of such a 'House'! I imagine these peers indeed charged especially with the function of taking evidence upon any proposed law before that was made the Referendum to the people: not as now like a Royal Commission charged merely to collect evidence *before* a law is proposed, which evidence in the course of debate is afterwards denaturalised and distorted; but, the law being proposed by the party leaders, that the peers should be charged with the office of making a report thereupon: a position of course nominally much less important in the state than their present function, but one that in reality would be much more weighty. But this chance too has been allowed to pass by[1].

[1] All this was written in 1908 or early in 1909.

I know that to whoever considers, in the light of our present traditions of statecraft, the Referendum, I imagine, it will look like a method of procedure only; and he will be able to raise a score of objections almost in a breath. What would be the good of your official journal? How are you to select the 'leaders' who will speak for the party? How will they be anything else than the cleverest journalists? And so on. But my idea of statesmanship and legislation is not governed by immediate practices. As I have said just now, these would go on for a time; and journalists be perhaps for a time what parliamentarians are to-day. But people are used to the 'sport' of that, such as it is. And as their interest in the matter as sport diminished, the chance would come for the men who really cared about the business in hand. The official journal I have in my thoughts would more resemble the circular of the directors of a company than our penny and halfpenny sheets. Let us imagine a committee of national defence really interested in national defence above all other things, and not in the fortunes of this or the other party, nor in pledges given before taking office. Would they not, having decided (let us imagine) that without compulsory military service the nation could not permanently be defended, be able to issue a paper stating the grounds of their decision? And supposing that their existence as a committee did not depend on their advice being taken by the nation (as why should it?), and consequently no threat was held over them that by taking the opposite side some clever journalist would get elected in the place of any one of them, would not—or might not—the matter be fairly and temperately argued out before the electors, and they left to determine? There is this one advantage in our having taken the completed leap of democracy, that the 'Sovereign Power,' on the need of whose stability Hobbes writes so well, is stable. And if our governing classes would make up their minds to accept this consummation, then would be illustrated the old proverb of the sun and the wind. In other words, the frivolous and stupid would, now that there was no special 'sport' in statecraft, resign the troublesome business to those who had the welfare of the state at heart; and these would be a class more like our permanent civil servants or Indian officials than parliamentary brilliancies.

For there would be no opportunity for them to shine in that way. They would leave that to the journalists.

Men are already beginning to be prized who have not won their way through speech-making to administration: men like Cecil Rhodes. Mr Kipling, the laureate of the subaltern in any service, has arisen in a happy moment to show the qualities which survive in our once governing class. More than anything else we may see growing up (late, alas!) the seed sown by Carlyle. I believe at the other end of the scale the trades unions—the only sort of government in which the working classes take a keen and intellectual interest—do not choose their secretaries, etc., half so much for fluency and 'popular' qualities, as they choose their representatives in parliament. I hope that ere long history itself will leave that fallacious groove into which the influence of Auguste Comte more than of any other has turned her—a groove so conspicuous in Lecky's *Rationalism in Europe*—and abandon the notion that 'movements,' discoveries, ameliorations, spring from the people at large and follow a fated course which no individual can arrest. Carlyle may have exaggerated on the other side. But the 'tendency' theory is a three-fold evil. It is in the first place fatalistic: in the second, it undermines all sense of greatness, a loss most fatal to democracies: in the third, it begets a corrupting laziness of mind even on the side of thought and speculation, of a piece with the disintellectualising of modern society as a whole. It is of a piece with such phrases as 'we shall never know,' 'people will always differ,' and the corollary of them that a man should choose the belief which suits him, in other words should believe what he likes. And thus, having freed the multitude from the restraints of respect (not to say reverence) and of reason, it opens the way for the tyranny of mere brute force or count of heads.

But this thought brings me to an objection which may well be urged against the scheme of a Referendum. I own that in forming it my mind was fixed upon laws which should have for their end the welfare of the State as a whole. Whereas of late years a great part—perhaps the greatest—of legislation may be more aptly described as a process of sharing the spoils. In any case I do not think this 'sharing the spoils'

would be made worse by the plan I have suggested. Of course if 'the people' go on much longer with the notion that there is some magical power which will produce out of that great bird, 'the State,' golden eggs *ad libitum*; well then the State will be ruined; and there is no more to be said. I believe that in certain points of the 'socialist programme' we might go much farther than we are going without offending justice or endangering credit. But we can go no farther than we are going, and indeed must take a timely halt, in much of what is *called* socialism nowadays, and *is* only robbing Peter to pay Paul. These matters are discussed in another chapter.

Even on economic questions I do not think it would be impossible to make the people hear reason, if reason were ever put before them. I imagine a set of men, commanding the same kind of respect which our judges command, empowered to take evidence on this most difficult and complicated question now before us of tariff reform and to draw up a report. Think for one thing of the time that that procedure would have saved; all the years when both sides have been going hammer and tongs over the dispute—and talking mostly nonsense on both sides; as the average man must do when he thinks he understands an economic question. A committee of judges would not be the same thing as the interested committee which actually did collect evidence—with its mind made up in advance —and issue a report. At present all Commissions—Royal or other—are more or less futilities. For their suggestions always have to pass through the hands of the parliamentary leader: the constituencies wait for his word or his opponent's: and all the facts which have been collected with so much care are distorted for the purposes of debate.

When things are at their worst, says an optimist proverb, they will most likely take a turn for the better. And I am not afraid to say that it seems to me impossible outside the walls of Bethlehem Hospital to have had anything more remote from sense than the history of the tariff reform movement. Let us recall that history.

It is said, I know not with what truth, that Mr Chamberlain, who began his public life as an urban radical and what is called a Little Englander, was converted to a wider, and as I deem

higher, view of statesmanship, to a greater sense of England's powers and responsibilities, by a visit to Egypt. Whether this legend be true or no, only Mr Chamberlain's bitterer enemies can misread the fact that he was at one time ready to imperil his political future, and did renounce the almost certain reversion of the liberal leadership, in obedience to these higher ideals of statesmanship and higher aims. The same train of ideas led him rightly or wrongly to think that we must reform our tariff system; and (if I understand his first speeches, taking into consideration likewise the rationale of the case) while, by a small tax on food which would be no sensible burden and would almost certainly right itself by a small increase of wages, we made England more self-supporting, that we should by these duties and others on objects of consumption enlarge the basis of taxation; at the same time we should obtain a diplomatic weapon which we could use to make with our colonies closer alliances (for that they would really be) than with any foreign power. That would constitute what is now called an imperial policy. The wisdom or unwisdom of these theories are no doubt matters for dispute. In such case they are questions for reasoning and knowledge, not for rhetoric. The Opposition party however, who had been long out of office, smelt in these proposals an excellent occasion for appealing to the fears and passions of the mob. At once the cry was raised that the poor man was to have dearer food, that the mass of the people (so long unaccustomed to this) was to be asked to contribute to the cost of government, otherwise than by the not disagreeable process of drinking beer and tea and smoking tobacco, contribute to the machinery of this mighty empire to which (on Mafeking days and so forth) they were so proud to belong. Thereupon the question was taken out of the sphere of argument into that of rhetoric—except (I admit) in the case of a small number of persons, who had so thoroughly absorbed the political economy of the *laissez-aller* period that they could not think outside its principles. By all the others, reason was abandoned for the stump. The leopard may change his character but not his spots. Mr Chamberlain might and did rise to high ideals of patriotism; but he remained a demagogue. So when the call of battle sounded to his ears (as to Virgil's warhorse), he left

ploughing the humbler fields of argument, and rushed over the land to stir up enthusiasm, to create a party. In this condition the question of tariff reform has remained ever since. In the course of his stumping tours the Member for Birmingham used the most ridiculous arguments and made the absurdest statements, often enough self-contradictory. For the effective arguments in this question could not possibly be explained to the mob[1]. Almost all Mr Chamberlain's admirers followed his lead. A dignified (and therefore short-lived) journal of this moment, the time of the first rhetorical treatment of tariff reform, wrote: 'The air has been full of sordid cries.' Of late years no appeal has been made by either party—or hardly any—but to the greed of the audience. Sometimes a flourish about imperialism is thrown in at the end of a tariff reform speech. But the essential appeal is always to the hope of higher wages: as on the other side it is always to the fear of dearer living. And now the tariff reform appeal is worse than the other; because it addresses itself precisely to that *kind* of ignorant greed which is symbolised by the fable of the man who killed his goose that laid the golden eggs. For my part I am sure all this threatens disaster. Three-quarters of the speeches you may read to-day on tariff reform show an elementary ignorance of political economy: and three-quarters of the people you may converse with who are eager supporters of tariff reform are not less ignorant. The other quarter are very probably people who have their own axes to grind, whose special business has been hurt by foreign competition.

With an electorate so made up and so informed, what sort of 'elected' are those likely to be in whose hands will fall the settlement of this most nice and complicated question? On them will devolve the task of guiding the economy of the country between a many-headed Scylla barking for higher wages and a Charybdis of finance ready to engulf an ocean of state aid. In such a state of things I can see ruin and disaster before us.

Only in the last six or eight years has legislation turned much upon that most difficult of all matters to understand rightly—economy and finance. If one could trust to the poli-

[1] Concerning these see Chapter xi.

tical economy of the old Ricardo type (as some sober-minded and honest politicians do) it might not be so bad. But, as I think we shall see in Chapter XI, this is no longer possible. There is wisdom left and industry and sobriety left in the nation to solve these difficult questions: as the report of the second Poor Law Commission witnesses. But is there wisdom enough in *electors* and *elected* to solve them? Recent legislation—that ill-conceived Pensions Bill and the other pauperising legislation of recent years—allows us not much hope.

CHAPTER X.

SOCIETY.

To those who, taking their cue from pragmatism, think that belief can be chosen to suit personal idiosyncracies, and a man can settle to be a theist or an atheist, as the one or the other appeals to him the more, to them I admit, on that last question, the watchword of the indolent, 'There's a great deal to be said on both sides,' comes in aptly enough. I said in a former chapter that no theistic scheme or hypothesis can be propounded, but it did some violence to the moral sense: and also that the same is true of every atheistic scheme. Naturally, however, some will be most offended by the first class of unmoralities, others by the second. The best among those who have adopted a non-theistic philosophy have introduced into it certain humanitarian principles worthy of high respect. Their social ideals seem more attainable on their scheme than on a religious basis. Mr Wells is one of these. I do not mean by this that Mr Wells parades any non-theistic formula. On the contrary, so far as he has expounded his personal convictions, they seem hardly consistent with one. At the same time his mind has acquired the habit of a non-theistic standpoint—as with the majority of Intellectuals—and certainly Mr Wells' social ideals fit on most logically to an un-theistic scheme. They would suit themselves to Comte's *Religion of Humanity*; I do not speak of its details but of its governing principle. As I understand him, Mr Wells looks to a future age when there shall be so complete a union and solidarity among men, that the individual will practically be merged in the group—the nation or whatever it might be; the whole of humanity, I suppose, in the long run. That is certainly Comte's idea: only beside that, Comte

believes in a collective soul, a soul of humanity now in existence, to which the individual can address his prayers. That complicates the question somewhat, as we shall presently see. Spencer professed himself to be a strong individualist. And yet he leans to the same notion which governed Comte's philosophy—that the whole social order may be an organism: 'may be regarded as,' he says; but I suppose he would not advocate regarding a thing as other than what it is. In such a case it would have, we may assume, a collective mind or soul. And that idea brings us back to the Catholic idea of the Church: which is as it should be. For Comte's Religion of Humanity was notoriously suggested by the forms of Catholicism and was meant to be a reconciliation with them[1].

The soul of the Church has always seemed to me a mere theorem, without even practical utility to recommend it. But I can see the bearing on, the value to, certain social ideals of the notion of the soul of humanity. Mr Frederic Harrison has told us in his autobiography that *his* soul has found rest and peace in this idea. The testimony of a teacher, an apostle, is not conclusive; it is hardly possible for him not to speak for edification. Having spent years in persuading others, the teacher may well end by over-persuading himself. Nor am I convinced by the enthusiasm of a number of votaries gathered together, of which I myself have been agreeably conscious, *quorum pars ipse fui* indeed, when in days now long past I sat under that grave and reverent apostle of Comtism, Richard Congreve. For complete conviction of a belief in this soul of humanity I wait for the publication of a diary kept by some private and inconspicuous member of the Church of Humanity, writing, much as the Catholic Eugénie de Guérin did, for herself or himself alone.

I say this speaking individually. As an existing entity I do not realise this soul of humanity. As something in the future it is a thing of theory not of fact. And that soul of Society which is wanted for true philosophic socialism of Mr Wells' type, that I suppose is in the future not in the present. (Let it be understood that this thorough-going philo-

[1] The motive sentiment with the average Roman Catholic priest is rather patriotic in type (*i.e.* devotion to the Church) than religious.

sophic socialism stands by itself and is quite distinct from many practical socialistic schemes, dictated by a desire to revise certain of our economic principles.) Mr Wells, in his *First and Last Things*, draws some picture of this socialism of his, a principle, a matter of faith. And the faith I have said points forward to the time when in a very literal sense a man shall not be able to call his soul his own, because it will be but a fragment of the soul of Society. Mr Wells (in another work, *New Worlds for Old*) had already raised his voice against 'secret thinking.' In *First and Last Things* he tells us it is 'almost a sin.'

How would it have fared with Copernicus if he had gone about proclaiming doubts of the Ptolemaic system the moment such had begun to enter his mind? Would he not have been treated as a madman[1]? Wherefore upon reflection, I am afraid that the history of science, of all the achievements of the human mind, does not bear Mr Wells out in his attack on secret thinking. And I doubt that if most of the great discoverers or great benefactors of human kind had been at the outset more 'sociable' than they were, more under the influence of contemporary and surrounding thought, their discoveries, their inventions, their reforms would never have seen the day.

The business of the orator, Mr Gladstone once declared, is to receive ideas from the people as mist and return them as rain. Of the orator perhaps: the orator is generally a popular character. But of prophets or creators, great moralists, great poets? If this is what they do, how is it they are generally so little popular with their own age—that the prophets are stoned, the discoverers and the creators are slighted? 'What porridge had John Keats?' as Mr Browning asks. When Shakespeare saddled his horse for that last ride down to Stratford, when he abandoned London for ever and his life as a playwright, it is not recorded that so much as a farewell dinner was given him by

[1] Copernicus it is known 'kept his thoughts to himself' so much that, though he seems to have thought out his system thirty years earlier, he did not publish it till practically on his deathbed at the age of seventy. I am not sure indeed that the *De revolutione orbum celestium* saw the light till its author's was extinguished for ever. To me, instead of that being 'almost a sin,' it partakes of magnificence, such attachment to the kernel, Truth, such indifference to the husk, applause or opinion. Certainly you will not find much of that greatness of mind in these days.

the Society of Authors of that day. In a word if, as we have said, on 'Pragmatist' principles we like to make theories to fit our predilections, then this of the common soul, of all society working in partnership to the abolition of 'secret thinking,' is calculated to please many. But if we make our theories to square with facts, that one as I take it must go by the board.

I do not admit the first term of the syllogism—that people can choose their beliefs. And if the existence of the Immortals be established (as I hold it is) by the investigations we went through in Chapters I. and II. of this book, there is not much use in a theory, however neatly constructed, that really assumes their non-existence. But if they exist, then, as 'the wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth,' such is every inspired man, prophet or poet: for these are born of the spirit. Almost every experience of a great man has been something of this sort. What says Plato? 'Whoso knocks at the door of Poetry untouched by the Muses' frenzy—fondly persuaded that skill alone will make him a thorough poet—neither he nor his works will ever attain perfection[1].'

So that I think this notion of Mr Wells of the world getting on without secret thinking, and by a jolly sort of social life and co-operation, is only one more instance—we saw plenty in Chapter II. of this book—of the way in which men, accustomed to the investigations of science, give their minds a rest when they have to deal with the phenomena of human nature; and make their theories in the void, without seeing how they fit or clash with the facts: and this because the phenomena of human nature are not demonstrable. It seems odd that Mr Wells should do this: because he belongs to the order of artists and imaginative folk. But in the case of Mr Andrew Lang we saw another instance of a mind which in its time had been hypnotised by the social instinct to adopt 'the theories of the day'—and of a day.

It certainly would for a large number of people be a convenient theory that the individual need not do his own thinking (this part of it at least is very widely acted on); but that some unknown 'organism' (society) would do it for him and all would

[1] *Phaedrus*, 245 (Thompson's ed.); see notes *in loc.*

come right in the end: facts would crystallise into truths. For my part I want some better ground than theory before I will encourage men to embark on these perilous hopes. Too many, alas, seem to have embarked on them already! For is not this precisely the philosophical theory required to make Opinion the lord of all? And it is precisely in this worship of Opinion that I see the divorce between our generation and all reality, the menace of a general overturn. In fact the whole of this poor treatise is dedicated to an end the very opposite.

It is Opinion that has made the discovery which Nietzsche proclaims, that 'God is dead.' It has not made it by any process of logic and certainly not by 'secret thinking.' If it be a real discovery, then Opinion—this soul of the mob—has done more than all the thinking of great men in the past. It is by a false analogy—as we saw—that such a discovery as this could be compared with Copernicus' discovery or Galileo's. They but rightly read experience which before had been misread. But Opinion has given the lie to an immense body of experience: one half of the experience of the sane world Opinion has proved to be insanity. Incidentally Opinion has indeed made all knowledge impossible. But let us ignore that. In any case she has changed things as they have never been changed before. The Opinion which has done this is *our* Opinion, that of our generation and the preceding one, at most. Is not that a flattering thought? And are not Democracies very apt to feed on flattering thoughts of this kind? To show how in all past ages, throughout the subduing civilisation of the Greeks, the arms and governance of the Romans, the organisation of Middle Age society, our fathers went in one vast error, more like folk groping in a mist than walking by the light of day—to show this has been the achievement of Opinion.

Having conferred upon herself such credentials of wisdom, it is no wonder if Opinion has been as fruitful with schemes for remodelling society as in new philosophies of nature. It is easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee' than, 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk.' And we have been richer in schemes for the future and in prophecies than in originality and the creative arts: so that there is truth in Ruskin's saying that our genera-

tion has conceit sufficient to question the designs of a universe, but not honest self-confidence enough to carve a cherry-stone with an original pattern. For my part I do not object to mental activity. Let Reason try all things, and if she have modesty therewith (and *Reason* always has) she will hold fast that which is good. But the universal 'speculation' which characterises these times is no work of Reason's, but a part of the dis-intellectualising of our age. It is the work of people too lazy to think their notions into a sequence; greedy to be titillated with 'suggestive' literature; incapable of enough application to reach a definite conclusion. 'Speculation' of this kind in the world of thought is the exact counterpart of speculation in the world of industry and un-industry. It is a throwing the dice into the air on the chance that they will come down a good number.

Among the exponents of this 'idea' of the social soul—the fundamental socialist idea—I find not much evidence, but a world of theory. Society is going to do this and that; men are going to think so-and-so; to subordinate their interests and their passions to the common good—when the Golden Age comes. I make no complaint of Optimism: indeed I can imagine no system of society enduring unless it should appeal to higher motives and larger hopes than our politicians appeal to. But I am not prepared to take the motives and hopes on theory only: the less because I can see precisely why, under what influences, I mean, these writers have become theoricians and ceased to be realists. For, to begin with, they have absorbed out of the air the Agnostic Hypothesis; and they cherish it because it is of 'Opinion.' That involves the proposition that all past ages were tainted with a fatal gangrene, 'supernaturalism': they lived and died in one vast error: the whole compass of their voyage mispointed, as may happen to a ship's compass in a storm. With our forefathers in their life-voyage it was no temporary aberration: their binnacle mispointed almost since the world began. Were this a true reading of the past, it would be right that our master-mariners should want to alter the course completely; and should throw overboard as lumber all history, all experience, and even all study of human nature (for present human nature is still tainted with that gangrene),

and so sail lightly freighted into the unknown. But such is not my view of the principles on which society or the craft of the state are to be navigated—'so like a younker or a prodigal.' I hold to the continuity of human nature and of history; and that, if any deflecting storm there be, it is rather now. It is the conspicuous persons, the great talkers, the politicians, journalists, 'publicists' and the like, who have lost their direction and in some degree their mental balance. Therefore I remain a realist. I want to deal with things that I know, with human nature as I find it; not with an imaginary human nature of the Golden Age.

In the next chapter devoted to economy we shall speak of many changes in the distribution of wealth which would be theoretically just, and some attainable and practically desirable. But the efficiency—nay, the non-fatality—of these displacements would depend on the spirit in which they were made. Our theoretic socialists, with their eyes all fixed on the future, do not notice the kind of people who are marching step by step at their side, people in large proportion attracted solely by greed or that mad notion that the state can legislate society into prosperity: a mad notion which is encouraged now by parliamentarians on both sides of the House, and which if persevered in must bring us to bankruptcy very presently. The pressing need is to stop this temper of mind, and give the people some higher ideal than that of filling their pockets. That seems almost a desperate hope: and yet it might be done.

I do not argue over again the 'judgment of the supernatural' nor treat it as a thing to take or leave according to choice: because I consider it proved by what was said in Chapters I. and II. of this book. Even if we had there only shown that there was a slight balance of probability in its favour, it would still be the duty of men to act upon it; for the balance of probability *is* the truth. And when I accept the judgment of the supernatural, human nature becomes uniform once more. History does not repeat itself—exactly. But a competent student of humanity can draw lessons from history provided he admit the continuity of human nature. In the Middle Ages, when the church was the world and the world was

the church, men had the idea of a collective soul of society—of all Christendom that is—which was 'the church of God' as they deemed it. And thus it was that the constitution of society in the Middle Ages was fundamentally much more socialist than it is to-day. This idea is so tainted with the memory of the abuses into which it fell that I for my part cannot contemplate the thought of its revival. But with the ancients the supernatural entered into civil life in a way much more attractive: it deified the state and put it under the protection of one of the Immortals. And that is what patriotism has always done in *fact*, so long as it looked for any divine sanction. For, as I have said, when men chanted *Te Deums* for victory, they could not really and from their hearts have addressed them to the Prince of Peace, but must henotheistically have had some other god in their minds. And doubtless some one of the Immortals did inspire them. Among the ancients it was not, however, always that the state was under the *protection* of a god or goddess, as Athens of Athene, as Argos of Hera, Corinth of the Armed Aphrodite. Sometimes the city *was* the goddess; as in the case of Rome. In the other instances no doubt a female divinity was the most often selected as patron, that the idea of her might be merged in that of the state (*civitas*, πόλις), which is feminine. In such a case as that of 'Roma' we get very near the notion of the collective soul. But we keep so far clear of it, that each individual is imagined paying a willing service to the goddess. She is an outside personality, who may (within limits) command our actions, while our thoughts go free. But the mediaeval Church which was less of a being than the πόλις, the *civitas* of the ancients, took from men not alone their actions but their thoughts. The acts she most condemned were embodied thoughts, not acts simply. With her too 'secret thinking' was the worst of sins.

Secret thinking is apt to be high thinking; and it was by shutting the door on that that the mediaeval Church grew in the end base, superstitious, and cruel. And so I doubt not it would be with the Collectivists' Golden Age. Yet I am by no means sure the experiment may not be tried. And I think it very likely that for a time the constitution of society will be

bettered; as it certainly was bettered for a time in the Middle Ages, as compared with the individualism of the barbarians. Not the less do I believe that that individualism, had it been left free, would have worked out greater results. By 'had it been left free' I mean had Christianity, that half-Semitic creed, never been imposed by force on the free Aryan mind, which should have been let to assimilate what was best in it without hurt to its plastic nature and its liberty. But one cannot 'deal with' humanity. It may, as I have said, be our fate once more to undergo a time of rigid social organisation. And the immediate condition of society is so bad, that we cannot wonder that men want to take refuge in something of the sort. This is precisely what happened after the conversion of the barbarians.

The analogy is closer than the reader is likely to admit. For the intellectual break-up of which we are the contemporaries does amount to something like an invasion of the barbarians and the inauguration of a new dark age. Of this later.

We are so used to think of the Roman or the Anglican Church as resting on authority, and as the creed essentially of the 'upper classes,' that we easily forget how popular Catholicism was at the outset. The monks of the Thebaïd who martyred Hypatia, and those others who swarmed into Constantinople to menace the Iconoclastic Emperors were the proletariat, the 'Mountain,' the Trafalgar Square crowd, of the Roman empire. The state acceptance of Christianity was a triumph of democracy: it was the natural counterpart of the un-Romanising of the Imperial line and of all the great offices of state. The Roman race, the aristocracy of the world, had disappeared. And the dark ages are not merely the extinction of classical culture by the barbarians, they are the extinction of secular culture (which was saecular too) by the ecclesiastics, by the monks, in favour of the new religion, which was not literary but spectacular and for the multitude. Within the limits of Christianity itself there was a second democratic victory and essentially a socialist one, when the regular clergy ousted the secular from most part of the governance in this State of Christendom.

I do not desire to represent these things as evils. I know that this particular democratic victory wrought in some respects vast good. It made labour, the simplest manual labour, honourable. In so doing it cut the ground from beneath the servile system, to which its institution was inexorably opposed[1]. The servile system was probably the greatest evil of antiquity: and among its effects not the least evil was the contempt into which it brought the labour of men's hands. When Cicero writes (in his *De Officiis*), *omnium rerum, e quibus aliquid acquiritur, nihil est agricultura melius, nihil dulcius, nihil homini libro dignius*[2], he is thinking of the landlord not the labourer: his thoughts are far away from the *laborare est orare* of monachism. This was a splendid ideal and at the beginning a noble practice: uncomplaining, unstinted labour for no personal end; differing somewhat from the ideals of trades unions and labour parties among ourselves. Many of the modern socialists, in the communities they have set up, have offered similar examples of unstinted, uncalculating labour. But I see the seeds of tyranny in this, or of corruption, human nature being what it is: of tyranny or corruption or of both. With the monks it was both in the end: tyranny first by dragging down all culture and all initiative to the monkish level: corruption afterwards, when the cœnobites had acquired enough power over men's minds and bodies to throw the burden of labour on other shoulders.

The socialists, of course, will answer that the monks only accomplished this through superstition, recurring once again to the thesis that in killing the gods they have rejuvenated the world. I say that the monks obtained at first a legitimate influence, because they were the best exponents of what men recognised as their ideals. If the socialists became the best exponents of collective industry, and if men recognised that as an ideal state, then they would gain a similar influence. And if in time these communities—by the aid of the law—became the regulators of all industry, then the temptation to corruption would come in. And yet I am so far favourable to

[1] A slave—and in later times a serf—who entered a monastery could not be reclaimed by his master.

[2] *De Off.* lib. I. c. 42: 'Of all businesses that bring profit none is better, or more agreeable, or more worthy of a free man than agriculture.'

their ideals that I would have the way made smooth for any private attempts and essays in collectivism, such as have been tried in the past and up to now have broken down—in several cases, I believe, through a malicious opposition rather favoured by the law. I am not well versed in the history of these institutions. Just now, so far as I understand them, the socialists claim much more than benevolent neutrality; and the tyranny at the back of their thoughts is already apparent.

Until such free attempts have been made and shown some success, all is in theory and in the air. It would be better to see what can be done with human nature as we find it to-day. Maeterlinck says truly that we complain of the injustice of nature, but that ninety out of a hundred of the real injustices of life are of human manufacture. But now the public conscience is getting very sensitive to this truth: and if aided by a little public enlightenment could do much at this moment. And this I hold forms the worst result of utopian studies: that they feed the conscience upon air and corrupt what virtue lies in men's souls. The wish is made identical with the act. 'If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do....' This flattering of the conscience with the notion that the wish is as good as the act is the firstborn child of that false theory that we have awoken in a rejuvenated world. It is in a tale with the flattery of Opinion and the deference to Opinion, which I have said is the way we have chosen whereby to fill our bellies with the East wind. And that again puts it in a tale with the *causa causans* of the worst evils from which we suffer to-day, advertisement, pinchbeck, pretence; and suffer from them quite as much in society, in our social constitution, as in the governance of the state. Long ago we pointed out how Opinion produced charlatanry, and charlatanry endless advertisement, which more than anything else is dislocating our trade and introducing an uncertainty into life; a gambling element and instinct that are found among even the most steady and industrious, a tendency altogether alarming. It is evidently in the soil of the collective conscience (where 'secret thinking' is discouraged) that this charlatanism is best fitted to take root. It flourishes because men are so sheep-like that you have only got to produce an appearance of popularity, an appearance of

merit, for one to rush after the other to applaud the hero, to buy the new article. Socialism might put an end to the keenness of competition: but it could never, without reforming men's natures, put an end to charlatanry. At present all the efforts of the socialists in unifying mankind are directed to increase charlatanry—an evil so vast, so wide-spread, so fatal, that almost everything is a virtue, almost everything desirable, almost every trait of character respectable, that is unfriendly to that. This is why a wise man will find Carlyle great and admirable, in spite of his roughness and egoism, sometimes amounting to a touch of inhumanity: and why he will sympathise with Ibsen's harsh saying, that a man is never great but when he stands alone. Nor will war seem to the wise man the greatest of evils: because war is a stern court of bankruptcy for shams. Opinion never yet succeeded in turning a defeat into a victory; though, towards the end of his career, Bonaparte tried his best at what might be done in this way.

There are many kinds of charlatanries and many kinds of shams. Those against which Carlyle wrote (in his earlier years at least) belong rather to the conservative kind, the shams of institutions, of using old formulae which have lost their meaning. The charlatanries we have to-day are essentially of the democratic type—the children of democracy: charlatanisms of character, and of the passing-off pinchbeck imitations as the genuine thing; all leading to that characteristic growth of our time—advertisement, unblushing, unlimited, inexhaustible. By comparison with our age Carlyle saw only the dawn of the era of advertisement. Yet he noted the signs of it and commented thereon in his unerring way.

'John told me of having seen in Holborn a man walking steadily along with some six baskets all piled above each other on his head; his name and address written in large characters on each....The trade of this man was basket-making; but he had found it needful to study a quite new trade—that of walking with six baskets on his head in a crowded street.'

That was written in 1831. Since then, England seems to have been converted into a nation of Basket-bearers.

Our life goes round a vicious circle: and so to find one remedy is to find all. What a difference for example would it not make if people aimed at having friends and not acquaint-

ances! Not of course at the outset: but when they had got to know life a little and the value of friendship. For, speaking generally, the two aims are incompatible. But then Opinion has taught us that count of heads is everything. And science has taught us to think in quantities and not in qualities. So expense has to be heaped upon expense: for that acquaintance-ship demands. Acquaintances are but units of our vanity: in fact they have no meaning except by count of heads; and roughly speaking they are units of cost too, and can be increased in number just in proportion to the money we lay out on their increase. Life becoming in this wise so costly, men need to keep bright their hopes of ameliorating the happiness of the world in the distant future; for that is the most economical kind of philanthropy.

Even the natural evolution of things seems to stop short when it should touch our unhappy society at present. Auberon Herbert (a social critic perhaps rather forgotten now) wrote a paper—it must be twenty years ago—to show how the natural tendency of society (I am speaking of *social* society now) was toward club life; which would, he thought, in the course of a few years, take the place of all private entertaining. And he showed in detail how this was to come about, and how it would work. There would be clubs of all kinds; expensive ones for the rich; and expense means exclusiveness in contemporary society. If such an evolution had completed itself, however costly this detail, there is no doubt that the change would upon the balance have constituted an enormous saving in expenditure. Unfortunately it has not completed itself: and since the clubs for both sexes came into existence, and they began to do so in the 'seventies,' the course of that development has hardly advanced at all. From hour to hour we ripe and ripe; and then from hour to hour we rot and rot; and there seems hardly a hairs-breadth of change: and, except that it is more miscellaneous, society is as it was in Thackeray's day. There is only this of difference: that emptiness of existence which he satirised seemed to belong only to a special, a small idle class: now the same existence is spreading far wider—all through the profes-sional class, for example. One does not know where the money comes from: I suppose the economy of substituting altruistic

dreams for active benevolence counts for a certain amount. And whoso looks on at these things, and reflects withal, will find it hard not to be haunted by those oft-quoted historic words of Lord Chesterfield:

> 'In short all the symptoms I have ever met with in History previous to great Changes and Revolutions in Government now exist and daily increase.'

We can, however, see how much might result from a comparatively small change in our social life in the direction of reason. We can imagine people really confining anything like close intercourse to a narrow circle of friends—four or five families or less would satisfy any reasonable needs of that sort. And, for a little variety in social intercourse, a club-room (of an afternoon) for both sexes, separately or in common, would fill up all the gaps of existence. It would really be a good thing if, for the only moderately well-to-do, clubs were established in which no 'entertaining' was possible. The fashion might be set by the rich—those who had at heart our social amendment—and then all stigma would be removed from membership of these cheap clubs. If people confined close intercourse among a few friends, the small vortices of society thus created might, one thinks, develop a certain independence. If they only exchanged information about their tailors, bootmakers, dressmakers, already a blow would be struck at advertisement. I can imagine these lesser coteries even having their individual tastes in books, and clubbing together to supply them. Here again I do not ask too much. Let the circulating library subscription be continued: let that correspond to the general 'society' of the club. But out of all that the units of the new Society would save in 'entertaining,' I dream of them spending a tenth, a twentieth, a hundredth on book-buying. What families do this now? What family spending a thousand a-year spends, outside a library subscription, ten pounds a-year on what we may call food for the mind? I say 'outside the library subscription,' because the library subscription is not, in ninety cases out of a hundred, meant to supply food for thought, but food for conversation. And I do not count the subscription for a daily paper, either; because

that only feeds the lowest form of a mental craving; a desire good in itself—I mean curiosity—but in this lowest form hardly above the level of an animal instinct.

Yet, though I see how easy and natural and honest this change in social intercourse would be, and what a world of good it might effect in suppressing *faste*, extravagance, display, discouraging advertising, encouraging originality of thought, I see also that some preparation of the soil would be needed even before this easy change. People would have to acquire, to reacquire, some of that knowledge of character, some of that dramatic instinct and interest which is almost lost to-day. It is lost to-day in a society which seems drilled to say the same things through each individual mouth, read through each pair of eyes the book which 'everybody is reading,' and to have the same opinion about it which everybody has. While these things are so, what source of social happiness can exist save 'count of heads'; supposing that to be a source?

The evil of evils, however, to modern society in its widest sense is the state of affairs which has been introduced by industrialism. It is still harder to see how that is to be remedied. For the harm springs naturally out of our specialisation of function—the specialisation which political economists always illustrate by the number of processes gone through in the making of a pin. It is almost impossible for an employer of labour to regard as a human being, and not as a machine, a 'hand' whose whole day is spent in sharpening pin-points. And as was pointed out long ago (p. 74) no employer of labour whether for business or benevolence does look upon his hands other than statistically, or as units of an average. All his human instincts, all his imagination, are atrophied therefore; and consequently they tend to be atrophied in his children, and even for purposes of social intercourse. Even if his heart be not hardened this will be a great evil: for what is benevolence without knowledge? But his heart will be hardened: of necessity the treating of human beings as machines will have a bad effect upon the character. In England we have never been sociably minded towards those we reckon our inferiors; and benevolence counts for nothing practically without a social

mind. Most English men and women do not consider even their domestic servants quite as human beings: and I have known the kindest-hearted of masters offended by hearing laughter in the servants' quarters. Yet why domestic servants should not laugh one scarcely sees! Speaking from the point of view of mere interest in human nature, one would say that the more they laughed the better. Thus, though servants are in a technical sense much more 'kindly treated' here than in France, with us they feel their servitude, I believe, much more. If they are bullied there, they are also looked upon as integral members of the household. And they become so by remaining long in service[1].

In industry the relation between employer and employed is necessarily much more distant, much less real therefore or 'according to nature' than the relation of master to servant: this must be the case in every country. The result is a deep-seated unchanging exasperation and something like hate in all the proletariat (all those who are employed in industrialism, all who are 'hands') toward all capitalists and employers of labour: a feeling so deep that it calls for no flourishes of rhetoric, but always peeps out in the words and actions of the working class, in speeches at strikes, in conversation round a bar, in the literature which has devoted itself to portraying this stratum of society. Only an optimist blindness founded on a sluggish imagination can refuse to recognise this. Ruskin, commenting on a passage in a socialist newspaper, says in his vivid way and truly enough that it is in harmony with the new commandment given to men 'that ye hate one another.' The cause of this is evident, and has been already insisted on a hundred times: that, in devotion to science and its material results, we have lost our human interests, the tact and instinct which can *know* human nature, without which knowledge, philanthropy, humanitarianism themselves can

[1] Zola in *La Joie de Vivre* draws a very curious picture of the relation of servant to mistress in France: a *bonne* who is continually scolded by her mistress (while she on her side has to protest with good reason against the schemings of her employers) but who finds life so impossible without that mistress that, after the other's death, she hangs herself. Anybody who knows anything of domestic life in France will acknowledge this a possible picture. Here it would be almost impossible.

accomplish little. The first is possible without the others: not, of course, without the capacity for sympathy, but without what we call 'humanitarianism.' Shakespeare, we must own (if, that is, we choose to see things as they are), for all his greatness of nature, had an aristocratic indifference to, almost a dislike of the people: to himself in his worst moods they were, as to Coriolanus, 'a common cry of curs.' So that vast knowledge of human character is possible with but a limited love of human nature; as is the converse possible—genuine benevolence without any knowledge of character or dramatic instinct. As I have said, in such a case benevolence is of little worth and can accomplish little.

To dwell on these things is a crying over spilt milk. If they belong to the future at all, it is through the possible remedy suggested in a foregoing chapter (Book I. Chapter VIII. § 2, 'The New Learning'). Our present state is so bad, so impossible of continuance, that almost any change would be for the better; and it is for this reason that I think socialism is likely to be tried. Our present state, remember, is the result of two factors: (1) The practically absolute indifference which the employer with capital has to the welfare of the 'hands' which he employs, the almost impossibility of regarding them in any other light than as hands. For the 'employer' is substantially the shareholders in any company: it is the Limited Liability Act which has created most of the evils of industrialism; at the least it has enormously increased them. (2) The second factor is the utter uncertainty and instability of fashion, or as I have preferred to call it Opinion, which takes away all guarantee from the employed, all sense of security in their lives. No regular habits, no industry, can avail against the cast of the die which in a moment may ruin employer and employed: the cast of the die or some superior cunning in advertisement; to put it more simply, in the art of lying plausibly. If socialism were really other than what it is in the minds of most of its advocates, a scheme of spoliation, which is anarchy, and a killing of the fabular goose less from mistaken greed than from revenge, because another gets the greater share of the golden eggs, then I would say let socialism be tried.

Being what it is or would be in practice, *la culbute générale*, the universal overthrow, it cannot be tried and must be still opposed. And as for those measures which one government after another has been advocating of late and those which municipal councils waste money over and that are called socialistic: these have no sort of relation to any sane scheme of socialism, and are mere forms of pauperisation. Pensions, free baths and wash-houses, railway- and tram-tickets below the market value, relief to unemployed, these are and must be in the long run measures of relief not to the wage-earner but the wage-payer. For wages must always tend to sink to the minimum on which what the wage-earners reckon a possible existence can be maintained: and you cannot contribute to the workman's existence out of the public funds (municipal or any other) without lowering that minimum. Our politicians, even many of our municipal councillors, know this: but they dare not say this for fear of offending the working man.

One scheme of employment however remains which is semi-socialistic and yet not of the accepted socialistic plan, because it has in it no direct element of pauperisation. I mean co-operation. I have not myself great hopes of co-operation; because I am afraid our proletariat is demoralised. The scent of spoliation is in the air and has intoxicated them, loosening their moral fibre. They themselves as a body—with large and noble exceptions—have never thrown themselves heartily into co-operative industries. Still, such as they are, in co-operative industries lies England's hope. And a wise and patriotic statesmanship would find some means to encourage them. A slight tax on all private enterprises—those I mean in which the capital was quite apart from the labour—would be a justifiable measure, with indeed a hint of socialism in it, but no hint of spoliation. I suppose it would not have much chance of finding favour with any modern statesman; because for a time it would run the risk of inflicting injury on the workmen employed by private enterprise, and they form the majority in the constituencies. It would be easy for orators to terrify and inflame them. If the scheme took the form of obliging private employers to ensure their hands against—not all unemployment, but what we may call undue disturbance—then I am afraid

it would put the co-operative concerns at too great a disadvantage. It would not do so if the working man was more manly than he is. But his dream of existence seems to be to live protected and pauperised by the state. The one principle of our legislation to-day is this, that other interests may be injured or threatened with injury, though the list of them include the interests of England as a nation; but that the interests of the proletariat must be neither injured nor threatened. So one cannot see much hope for the scheme I have suggested.

CHAPTER XI.

PUBLIC ECONOMY.

HOBBES' *Leviathan* is a book out of date. It is disproved by history; and it is founded upon a fundamental fallacy, something not unlike the old Eleatic fallacy of Achilles and the tortoise. For, starting with the theory of the absoluteness of the 'sovereign power' wherever it may reside, Hobbes refuses to recognise that that sovereign power may in practice become diffused, and pass by gradations from one element in the state to another. At the same time the *Leviathan* would be profitable reading to a great number of persons to be met with nowadays, whose minds have been formed exclusively under modern conditions and have been saturated with the doctrines of the *laissez-faire* economic school. Hobbes at least takes us back to a contemplation of society in its origin—not indeed its historical origin, but its logical, the logical *a priori* of all statecraft. He arrives thereby at a doctrine not dissimilar to the *Contrat Social* of Rousseau, though he applies it to quite different ends, making it the apology of absolutism[1]. But Hobbes does at least that which our modern economists and politicians forget to do, look at the foundation of things and review in imagination a state of 'masterless men' and the life of the individual in such circumstances, 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short.' Whereas our modern economists are apt to speak of the social order as if it were one with the order of nature.

In a former chapter I have noticed that common argument

[1] But only for practical purposes. He implicitly rules out the doctrine on which absolutism rested in the seventeenth century, the doctrine of divine right; and with a humorous modesty compares his efforts to those of the geese of the Capitol, 'those simple and impartial creatures in the Roman Capitol,' who defended the state *which existed*. *That* state was in fact a Republic.

which excuses the unequal partition of wealth on the ground of the unequal enjoyment of nature's gifts—a very excellent specimen of the fallacy named 'of the undistributed middle.' This is to be found mostly in popular speech and writing. No grave economist would I suppose be guilty of it. But the assumption on the part of a section of economists that the office of government should be limited to keeping the peace is a pure assumption. It is one contradicted by fact, for the state enforces or at least attempts to enforce honesty into the bargain. A pickpocket by no means attempts to break the peace. This fact, this part in the duties undertaken by the state, the Manchester School always ignores. There shall be free trading it says between men and men. If you accept this literally you must concede the right of one man to overreach the other. The more consistent economists of the old school do this in fact. Only they put in the illogical proviso, 'He must not break the law.' 'The Law' however is not a natural product; the law *is* the State. And their principle amounts in fact to this: the state shall not interfere with a man's free 'trading' save where it *does* interfere with it—which as a 'principle' is an absurdity.

A more general and possibly more fundamental consideration in regard to these theories is the following:—Once political economy appeared to be a science standing by itself. This was during the days which intervened between the publication of Smith's *Wealth of Nations* and Malthus' *Essay on Population*. With the appearance of the latter book, research had already been carried into a new field; though the full harvest was not reaped till Darwin wrote his *Origin of Species*. As Darwinism took its rise in Malthusianism, so does the latter, and with it in fact the whole science of political economy, show us a portion only of a much wider law, the law of over-population, rivalry and selection, commonly combined under one name as the law of Natural Selection. All the so-called laws of political economy, if you press them far enough, are seen to be phases or facets of this much wider law which holds good for all vitality, for beasts as well as men: for plants no less than for animals[1]. The child we see has devoured the

[1] Cf. p. 344, note.

parent: Darwinism grew out of Political Economy: but Political Economy is merged in Natural Selection. Now there can be no doubt that natural selection is a law; and all its lesser facets are laws also. Only civilisation exists chiefly to counteract the working of the law of natural selection, which to have full swing among men must find an anarchical society, that state of 'masterless men' from which Hobbes makes all governance to proceed[1].

The complacency therefore with which economists of the old tradition appeal to the laws of their science is discounted in advance. Money will doubtless tend to find the best market if (so to say) left to itself, without any consideration for the convenience of individuals. But then so, if men are left to themselves, will the strongest members of society capture the women-folk and beget offspring: the weaker will capture no women and leave no offspring. Each law isolated is for the benefit of society: that money should find the best investment and that the strong only should have offspring. Only a greater harm may be done by their free play than by their restraint. Government exists chiefly for the restraint of these natural laws: it exists in fact, as Plato said long ago, in the interest of the weak, not of the strong. And there is no *prima facie* reason why it should stay its hand only when it comes to conditions of trade.

Farmer Briskett, hitherto a tenant farmer, has given a sum of money for the purchase of a farm in freehold. He goes to lawyer Draft to settle the title-deeds. The lawyer asks a sum which is so much per cent. of the purchase money. ''Tis too much,' says Briskett. 'See if any other lawyer will do it for less,' answers Draft, knowing that he and his forerunners have chained up the demon of competition in their profession. 'A murrain on your title-deeds, then,' says the farmer. 'We Brisketts are a strong race. Let me see who will try to cut my hay or plough my land.' But here the policeman (who is the State) steps in, intimating to Briskett that if he think to keep his

[1] I am quite aware that among many savage folk as known to us the same condition has been counteracted to the extent of going to the opposite pole, *e.g.* among the Kafirs (cf. Mr Dudley Kidd's *Kafir Socialism*). This only shows that human progress is 'spiral,' or may be so.

land this way without a title, and should in defence of his rights shoot some trespasser (who would be legally none such), Briskett is likely to be hanged by the neck until he is dead. Thus has civilisation interfered with the natural law of the strongest, by which Briskett was able to keep what he had; and has compelled him to bargain with Draft for his title-deeds. There is no reason in nature why Draft should be thus protected in getting his money, or why Briskett should be restrained in asserting his right in his own way. Of course in fact the state does not leave lawyer Draft quite free to bargain with Briskett. But that is neither here nor there. If it interferes here it is in defiance of the 'law' of free bargaining, which is a fundamental principle for the economists.

In a ruder condition of society it might be to the interest of the state to require or permit some warlike acts, some deeds of prowess for the preservation of rights of property—especially in the case of property in land. For the yeoman is the best defence of the nation. We know that by the theory of our law in the Middle Ages no weak unwarlike man could hold land. Moreover, both in asserting and rebutting claims to landed property, a certain place for force was long left by law.

To-day the laws are as much in favour of industrialism as in this particular (and many others) they formerly looked rather toward national preservation. It is assumed by political economists (of the old school) that what makes for the maximum of production is the ideal state of things to which all legislation must be directed. That at any rate was the view taken by the Manchester School: and these economists assumed, but never proved, that the maximum of production must tend to distribute itself equally throughout the population. This is almost obviously an unwarranted assumption: and the history of industrialism for a century is now behind us to disprove it in fact. The truth is, the minds of the old economists were so absorbed in contemplating the true wealth of nations; the loss of a portion of that wealth seemed such an irremediable loss; that they had no power of fixing their thoughts on what is after all the essential issue, not men's wealth but their happiness.

It happens that at the moment I write appears a number

of the journal, *The Spectator*, now the foremost representative of the rigid *laissez-faire* economics: and in that number an article which puts forward its view in a lucid and persuasive manner. 'Hitherto,' says the article, 'economy has concerned itself only with the interest of the consumer.' And it goes on to argue the absurdity of being distracted from that simple issue, by taking the case of those gifts of nature which are absolutely free, and challenging the protectionist to suggest their limitation. 'Even the most rabid protectionist does not complain that sunlight is gratuitous; yet, if his principles were carried to their logical conclusion, he ought to demand that it should be excluded from the country in order to improve the position of the persons engaged in producing coal.' Which I have no doubt will have seemed convincing to many a reader. Yet on another page the same journal gives with approbation a list of those chocolate-manufacturers who agreed not to purchase cocoa from the Portuguese colonies at San Thomé and Principe because it is slave-grown. And this is in direct contradiction of the proposition laid down in the other article, seeing that this is a case of considering the producer, not the consumer. It is of no avail to answer that this is an exceptional case, and that the exception often proves the rule. For the fallacy in the economical argument lies in forgetting that the problem is one in which human nature is concerned. You cannot really isolate 'wealth,' 'produce' and so forth, and make them the object of scientific deductions. Or rather you can do so, and the mental exercise of the process is unexceptionable: provided you realise it as a mental exercise, and that (as in all scientific deductions) you are regarding a thing not in itself but under a chosen aspect. And that is where the seemingly plausible illustration of sunlight breaks down. Sunlight is *not* a product of human industry: San Thomé cocoa is. Let us assume that slave-grown cocoa is cheaper to the English consumer than any other. Isolate then cocoa as a produce, put it in the same category with sunlight, and it is obviously the duty of the manufacturer to offer the cheapest article to the English consumer and of the legislature to help him to do so: and in this case one way would be by not interfering with the method of production at San Thomé. *The Spectator*, however, seemingly

thinks it our duty to consume other than Portuguese colonial cocoa, though a trifle dearer, and the duty of our government to put pressure on the Portuguese government which will raise the price of the article in question. How then should it not be the duty of government to exercise some influence on trade, supposing the happiness of large numbers of our fellow countrymen was at stake? And, roughly speaking, we can more or less see where interference or protection might be justified, where not. For it is a natural right of every man that the conditions of life into which he has been born should not be suddenly and violently changed by human caprices or speculative schemes. And, so far as protection might tend to hinder 'dumping' and sudden outside disturbances of the market, it would be justified.

If this treatise were written on the principle of only recognising truths which 'payed,' I should hardly have begun with the above exposition. For it is certainly in favour both of the socialist and of tariff reform agitations. And both of these *in esse* appear to me full of danger and brought forward (for the most part) in a temper of mind which is either unscrupulous or ignorant. But it would be an ignorance not less harmful to imagine, either that the present condition of industrial society is good in itself, or that it is so entirely governed by natural laws that state interference has no place here. It is, as we have said, governed by natural laws in the same way that *vae victis!* is a natural law, and the survival of the physically strong; not more so and not less.

The history of industrialism will one day be written in a philosophic spirit; and then it will be seen that it covers a field infinitely wider than is reached by statistics, trade returns, the history of manufactures or of inventions. It has come upon the world as one of the great tests or touchstones of human nature (*épreuve* is the word we need), such as were for instance the invasion of the barbarians in the fourth and fifth centuries, and the Renaissance in the fifteenth and sixteenth. It is a state of things which has found nothing or next to nothing prepared for it: as such it is like the barbarian invasions. It has had to

frame its own laws or be a law to itself. We cannot really understand the condition of Europe just now, and of England more especially, without 'going into this matter pretty deep'; and though no space remains here to do that adequately, it is needful at least to pass in review some of the matters which would engage the philosophic historian.

Moral considerations must come first: for they are always of first importance. Now the special feature of this industrialism is that it found no moral 'bed,' no soil prepared for it. Neither of the two Christianities touched it at any point. The Nazarene Christianity held riches an evil in themselves: and chivalrous Christianity was able so far to square itself with that theory that pure riches, riches as floating capital, had a small place in Middle Age society. Men's wealth lay in their *power*. It was not as a landlord in our sense, a mere rent-collector, that the lord possessed land; but as a land-ruler. When a Percy or a Neville sat in hall with his hundred retainers, knights and squires and men-at-arms, he was hardly richer in floating capital than any one of those who sat with him, taking floating capital to represent the luxuries or possible luxuries of life. Some indeed was sunk in jewellery and plate: and the dresses of the great folk, their armour and the caparisons for their horses represented no small sum. These were all symbols of their power and subordinate to that idea, not a display of wealth as we understand the word. And wealth did not change hands, only power: when the rebellious baron lost his land, it was a little kingdom that he lost. I am speaking of the visible forms of society. Beneath the surface of course there were money transactions—money for taxes coined by the king, occasionally by some great baron—and money lent by the Jews. For in the Jews all this while lay the *daimôn*, the spirit, good or evil, of industrialism. On the surface it is evident that the identification of wealth with power must have made for a great content in life. Nowadays it is only the capitalist who can persuade himself (by the fallacy we have spoken of) that it is in the order of nature that some should have vast riches and some none. But then no doubt to most people it really seemed 'natural.' The way we look back on the Middle Ages is in general hardly more imaginative than the

way a negro of Jamaica, who had been once to Europe, would think of the life of a peasant in North Germany. To the former, accustomed to bask in the sun and work little, the thought of *that* existence, with its hard toil and above all its frosty days and nights, would seem unendurable. Thus we, accustomed before all else to freedom of action, think of the unfree life of the Middle Ages, when no one was really master of his actions, not even the lord. But as it never occurs or seldom occurs to the Pomeranian labourer to gird against the frost or the unfruitfulness of the soil he tills, so men in the Middle Ages, taking the distribution of power as of nature or ordained of heaven (which is the same thing), were not as we imagine them in constant revolt. Among the ancients even slaves were not so, and in the normal conditions of society were fairly content[1]. Serfs would be more content; for to be bound to the soil must have seemed more 'of nature.' And, it has been said, even the great baron was in fact *adscriptus glebae.*

Nothing then existed in the moral constitution of society ready to face the rise of industrialism save what remained of Roman law. So at least it appears to me.

I am too ignorant and not rash enough to venture into the domain of law, Roman or other. I will therefore only submit the following suggestions; leaving those who are technically masters of the subject to decide if they have any value. First that the rise of 'legality' which is so notable a feature of Tudor England is the direct result of the decay of feudalism; and that this legality itself is essentially a revival of Roman law—a resuscitation of it to hold a high place in society and life; so that it is only another feature of the Classical Renaissance. But the decay of feudalism is also the rise of industrialism. I suggest then that the reason why Roman law holds the important place which it does hold in Dutch jurisprudence, is precisely because industrialism had birth in the United Provinces and flourished there more amply than anywhere else; and that Roman law was found to fit these conditions far better than the laws of the feudal states of Europe.

[1] The fact that, in the *Odyssey*, Achilles (the ghost of Achilles) cites the condition of 'a hired labourer to a poor man' as the most wretched seems to prove this.

Wherefore I imagine that the chief moral force with which industrialism had to accommodate itself—or better, the chief moral guidance which it could find—was that which was preserved in Roman law.

In itself this was an immense power. For in Roman jurisprudence, in the shape in which it has descended to us, are enshrined two world-moving moral forces, the natural uprightness of the Romans and the sense of justice (a half-moral, half-intellectual instinct) of the Greeks—the moral counterpart, indeed, of the Greeks' physical sense of harmony and proportion. And in its essence we may say of Roman law, as was said of a certain Roman advocate, that it is *non magis juris consulta quam justitiae*. It would have offered a moral guidance sufficient for the day of industrialism—had it been alive. But it had lain comatose for a thousand years. It could not come to life by enchantment. And it never has revived thoroughly. Even now, to a modern ear, the fashion in which the word 'justice' figures in Plato's dialogues seems unfamiliar. We have no ideal of justice: we continually (as was said in another chapter) confound it with law. Even while we do so we pay a tribute to the people or the peoples from whom we have inherited the best part of our law. I have no doubt that if industrialism had fallen upon the Romans as it has fallen upon modern Europe they would have known how to deal with it[1]. But we have not known. No preparation or next to none was to be found in Christian humanity. For humanity demands personal relations: and the special mark of industrialism is that it cuts off such relations. The mere existence of a currency (as compared to exchange of commodities) does that in great measure. But the intellectual virtues, truth and justice, would have fitted the case: because they are to an extent independent of human influences. This is not said with the object of holding a brief for Paganism against Christianity. The human virtues are no doubt the better. But in the unfortunate conjunction of affairs which industrialism has created they have been of no

[1] In a small degree it did so fall. The publicans and merchants formed a capitalist class in the later Republic (the *equites*); and their abuses were great. These were checked in a great measure under the Empire. Moreover compared to the moneyed classes of to-day that one was insignificant.

avail. Nor has the chief or one of the chief distinctive virtues of chivalrous Christianity been of use. 'The chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound,' that has been efficient chiefly in keeping the more honourable classes out of industrialism, out of trade. But industrialism had in the vulgar phrase 'come to stay.' Disdain would not stop its progress. All military aristocracies have a certain disdain for industry. No doubt the true patrician of Rome despised the 'knight,' who represented as much of industrialism as existed in that world. Very soon however the Roman aristocratic world adapted itself to so much of money-making as existed with them. That was nothing in comparison to ours: and beside, under conditions of slavery, it could not possibly serve as a guide to us.

It is not from any *experiences* of the ancient world that we shall get guidance in this matter. But if we could revive that sense of justice which the best of the ancients had, but we have lost, we should find therein our hope of salvation. I see not much sign of that at present. Our idea of social adjustment seems to resolve itself into one of two movements: either the vain notion of remodelling society from its foundations and creating as it were a new world—vain in a double sense, for it is born of our vanity: or else into a contest of rival greeds. We must take what comfort we may—as in considering our intellectual decline we did—in the thought of how impossible it is for contemporaries to look below the surface, to where hidden forces may be at work. We know that, through the growth of democracy and the spread of a half-education, an immense mass of what may be called brute matter has been introduced into society: but we cannot tell what leaven may be leavening the lump. We may be slowly moving forward to a new creed and a higher morality, in which what are called the pagan virtues will once more have their fair share—toward some union of Paganism and Christianity, which for my part I have always believed that Goethe foresaw, and, indeed, for a moment almost created in the second part of *Faust*[1]. Prophetic spirits such as Goethe's may behold a day which is hidden from us.

[1] See below, Chapter XII.

Industrialism has not inherited *nothing* from the Middle Ages. The sense of honour belonging to chivalry subsisted after the new era began, and had an effect in moulding the new industry. This sense of honour was not precisely ours. Among the fathers of industrialism here we must certainly reckon the merchant adventurers, a notable feature in Tudor England, of whom Hawkins was a type. Their business was mostly in slaves: and we may guess that their sense of honour did not extend to the savage people among whom their business lay. Not the less did Hawkins and his class look up to the gentry of England and emulate them; including many (the younger sons) in their own ranks. The merchants of a different sort and a wider outlook, men like Gresham, who were financiers as well as merchants, took their standards not less from those above them in rank. As handicrafts grew into trades and the genuine middle class was formed, this body, under the influence of example but not imitation, established a code of honour of its own, different from that of the gentry, but doubtless strict and effective as a whole. It was enforced by the sanctions of religion; for this class was the home of Puritanism, which was to develop into Independency, Baptistry, Methodism and what not. On the whole modern religion has not done very much to enforce the virtue of upright dealing: but something this Puritanism no doubt did. And in the fiction which presents us with an older England, anterior to the form of industrialism which has now covered the land, we have many pictures of the honest tradesman of those days, as rigid in his adherence to the code of his class as the gentleman was. Such is the Uncle Gardiner in *Pride and Prejudice*, a gentleman himself in everything but social position, and free from the vulgarity of being ashamed of his own: wholly honourable, but conservative too, and unfitted to cope with his colleagues of to-day.

I suppose that there were many of this class to be found among the New Englanders, and in what is now the old America, the flavour of which lingers in Hawthorne's pages. But that world too has been overwhelmed by the new age. Taken for all in all, the Americans, who were never trammelled by conservative traditions, nor, except in the Slave States, by a class of gentry, and even these not closely associated with the

mediaeval 'chastity of honour,' have been more than any other people the inventors of unscrupulous money-transactions and that shameless advertisement which threatens to ruin all things. They have translated to its amplest sense the proverb *caveat emptor*. And this is because, in revolt—so far a just revolt—from the remains of barbarism in England, they formed their laws almost exclusively for the preservation of peace not for the conservation of honesty. Chiefly through their influence industrialism has taken a new character. It is not divorced from industry: but this industry itself is something new in kind, near cousin to the industry of the *chevalier d'industrie*. At this point I think we may fairly say that all link has been broken with the past. To-day we are left almost without tradition, and with only the current moral sense (such as it is) to guide men in the intricate maze of money-making. Those who enter this territory out of another class—such as our 'younger sons' (of peers and so forth) who go 'into business,' or into the stock-exchange—are likely to do more harm than almost any others. They have their traditions; but these in no way touch their new life. Thus, the same men who for social purposes remain 'gentlemen,' who would honourably discharge a debt of honour and the obligations of social life, will very likely have no honour or next to none in money transactions, from which their instinct and their blood revolt, and which they willingly leave to unscrupulous agents.

To determine the natural justice of any question is not to determine the justice of it at the moment: and, under conditions, the assertion of a natural right may be robbery. Not the less should we set out from these natural rights and wrongs. Among the latter, the wrongs, I hold the private possession of land to be indubitably one. The question has been argued a thousand times and in a hundred volumes. Yet I have never seen a defence of the private ownership of land, which if you pressed it home was other than an argument of expediency, or sheltered itself behind the maxims of the *laissez-faire* school of economists. The *laissez-faire* economy is the child of that temper of mind which accompanied the new birth of scientific discovery in the nineteenth century, which thought that facts left to themselves

would crystallise into truths, that science and the multiplicity of inventions would among them bring on the millennium. We have had too cruel an awakening from the dream, in which Macaulay and many spirits contemporary and congenial to his passed their lives. Therefore we can neglect the maxims of Adam Smith and his school. And for the other argument, expediency, that lies outside our enquiry at present. Nor again is it of any consequence what was by legal fiction the 'manor' of the Middle Ages: though people have disputed much and written much on this question. Let those competent to decide say whether Fustel de Coulanges is right in contending against the Germans and Sir Henry Maine that the 'manor' had nothing or next to nothing to do with the 'village community' of prehistoric days, nor with the Russian *mir*. At any rate I believe it is admitted that in the full development of Middle Age society, the manor was not held as private property but as a fief from the sovereign power: and the sovereign power is the State. And mediaeval society is the only precedent for a state consisting essentially of cultivable land; a state which placed the country on the same level as the town The city-states of antiquity cannot possibly afford a precedent as to landownership. With them, at any rate, mineral wealth was not in private ownership.

The question then that presents itself is how, supposing the sense of justice like *Astraea redux* should rise among us again, the state might fairly resume the right which she should never have abandoned. It is a mere legal convenience, the Statute of Limitations. It cannot be claimed that a right not asserted even over a long term of years is abandoned for ever. But justice demands that by the reassertion of any dormant right no living person be injured beyond what can be avoided. By the favour of the gods the just mean might be found; but it will not be found by demagogues and vain persons nor 'traitorous politicians grasping at votes, even votes from the rabble[1].'

On one point the assertion of the right of the state is of

[1] Carlyle. The purchase of the reversion of all land after a term of years seems the natural course of justice. For if the term of years be made long enough, the reversionary interest would vanish.

immediate importance: for that touches the supreme law of the security of the nation as a whole—*salus populi suprema lex.* We ought at once to put an end to private ownership in the South Wales anthracite or steam-coal mines. And we have a measure of the statesmanship which is at the service of England—in solution in the minds of the people, or crystallised in its supposed rulers—in this: that thousands of tons of this coal are for private benefit sold to other nations and stored in foreign arsenals, which in case of war would be the most important of all weapons directed to our overthrow; and this seems quite natural in our days. What would any other nation in the world's history, what would the Greeks or Romans have thought of that? That it should be permissible for private firms to build and sell battleships to foreign nations is bad enough. But no doubt it would be a considerable step the interference with a private industry of this sort. Mines, however, are in a different position. They, by every natural right and by every historical precedent, belong to the country not to the landowner. And yet we are so hypnotised by 'opinion,' that this obvious and pressing duty of statesmanship would be by all declared to lie outside the sphere of practical policy. To spend millions in vague semi-socialistic schemes, which when looked at narrowly are only ransom paid by wealth to the wealthless, which have no clearly defined end before and no statesmanship behind them, that is practical politics. To take measures to secure as far as possible our empire of the seas by monopolising the output of smokeless steam-coal in these lands, that is outside the region of practical policy: though it would be worth suspending the Sinking Fund and increasing the National Debt to do this. Such action would be far more effective than a two-power standard in the building of battleships. For in limiting, as it would be bound to do, the number of vessels flying other flags than ours, it would limit the supply of men to foreign navies, at the same time that it limited those navies themselves. But an English government would fear a riot from South Wales miners: and the interest of the working class in gross and in detail is with us *suprema lex.*

Another matter in which applies hardly less instantly the law, *salus populi suprema lex,* is the need of so far protecting

our agriculture that we may be more nearly a self-supporting country, less dependent on foreign supplies, than we are at present. The very existence of the nation will sooner or later depend on our having done this; while nothing stands in the way but ignorance and the short-sighted policy of the electors. Some temporary privation must be the result: but a rise in wages would soon balance that: and the alternative is the starvation one day of a whole people. The measure would have this secondary result, scarcely less vital to us now: we should breed a race more fitted to take a share in national defence than the population of our industrial towns. Toward this end, the extension of small holdings would go side by side with, first the limitation, at last with the elimination of private property in land. There exist no longer the ancient *state* objections to this the natural course of justice. Half of that for which fought the old Tory party in their defence of the Corn Laws can in no case be preserved. The Tories fought in part for private greed: but they fought also in defence of the aristocratic principle bound up with the land; they fought for what remained from out the Middle Ages, when land was power rather than 'property.' Now that ancient landed aristocracy exists no more. Sixty per cent. of the estates in Great Britain are held by New Men. And the properties so held are in the great majority those where the soil is made the most of, the tenants and labourers rightly cared for; for these are the estates whose rent-roll does not express the total income of the proprietor. On such the best imitations of the old country gentleman's life are to be found. But they are imitations chiefly: a kind of decorative inset, with none of the fibrous vitality of what they copy. In an immense number of other instances of modern land-holding, the connexion of the 'family' with the land is not much more than the amusements which can be got out of it. To-day this holds scarcely less often with proprietors belonging to an ancient stock: for the aristocracy of England has given place to a plutocracy little different from that beyond the Atlantic—a 'plutocracy tempered by accidents,' as Mr Swinburne once said. So that by the breaking up of large estates into small holdings little of political value would be lost.

That part might be popular. But how to get the consent

of the proletariat of the towns to the protection of agriculture it is not easy to see, though, as was said, the preservation of England herself depend on their consent. It is reflection on the actual state of things—on the political wisdom or unwisdom in England at this moment of her history—which paralyses the mind and dries up reason at its source. The actual state of policy with us has its causes: it can be traced historically, and, so considered, it is once more a subject for reason. For man cannot in vain get out of touch with reality, nor let opinion be his guide to truth. But in itself our modern statecraft is outside reason. The best which a statesmanlike statesman may hope to effect to-day is to carry on the rough and ready business of government, such as is absolutely necessary to keep this land of ours in any sense a 'going concern,' and then to try and hold the balance between rival appetites. Wherefore there seems an unrealness in these speculations of ours about abstract justice and abstract reason in policy; they are so far from actual life: and I shall not be sorry to bring them to an end. As, however, they are part of what we proposed to ourselves, and are besides a necessary element in any scheme for trying practically the principles of reason laid down in the first book, I may not close them immediately.

Let us then turn to the private evils of private property in land. It seems to me true—as is contended by Henry George—that all increase in natural wealth must tend to run and lose itself in an increase in land values, as rain is lost in a sandy soil. And, as this land taken in the aggregate *is* the nation, for England is the English people, this again makes private property in land unthinkable in a court of abstract justice. So long as such exists it is theoretically possible for a syndicate, subscribed to by (as many members as you please) of another nation, to buy up the land of England and expropriate the English people. And since, were such a thing attempted, the English would have in all haste to alter their law of private ownership, it must be better to do that gradually now under the pressure of no other necessity but a sense of justice. With our present hap-hazard, hand-to-mouth system of policy and party government, it is hard to fancy how

any scheme would be matured having this for its end, which would not bear the character of spoliation and of relieving the immediate tax-payer of some burden. But, by the Referendum system we suggested in a previous chapter, wiser principles might be brought to bear. It might be settled in the first instance that no measure should be proposed, no Referendum constituted on this question, till after ten years: and that meantime the weightiest body of judges—in our scheme it would be a committee of the reformed second chamber—should take evidence and mature a plan. The one we have already suggested, purchase of the reversion of all the land of England, is obviously possible: for the price to be paid would vanish if a remote date were fixed for possession. The point for dispute then would be whether possession should be postponed till the transfer could be effected at one time or made more gradual by purchase.

I leave this matter of the monopoly in land and come to others which belong to industrialism. It would appear that from one point of view private property, or the complete control of private property, is in this department less justifiable than private property in land. For in the case of land the property is visible, tangible, measurable, appreciable; very material in a word. But industrialism has been created by inventions: it consists in the materials of civilisation: and in all these it is the soul not the body which is the essence, not the material article, instrument or what not, but the 'idea' out of which it sprang. And the whole history of industrialism is just this—the capitalisation, the materialisation of 'ideas'; in which, be it said, the idealogue has almost always come off second best; as in material advantage ideas are sure to come off second best in a contest with matter. Nevertheless there is a more or less of wrong in such things. In the region of abstract justice no more immoral pronouncement was perhaps ever made from the bench, than that made by a late Lord Chancellor, that in a dispute between an author and a publisher the presumption of right was in favour of the man who had made a 'cash payment.' No more immoral decision is possible, if you follow out this one to its results. Every item of comfort which that Chancellor enjoyed in life, everything which really constitutes the floating

capital of the world, has been created, not by brute material whether 'cash' of gold and silver or any other metal as material product, but by the thought or 'idea' which turned this material into use. Wherefore to say that the presumption of property is in favour of 'material' as against an 'idea' is in itself an absurdity. In the actual case the property consisted solely in ideas (namely in an essay, which is of ideas or nothing); and therefore the absurdity was so great, the divorce between law and justice so monstrous, as to constitute almost a crime. This is not saying that the author of this judgment was a Jeffreys: no doubt he was a most respectable man according to his lights. But we have already seen that the paradox of the Greek sophists has much to be urged for it—that it is better to do an injury to another knowingly than ignorantly.

This particular pronouncement is by the way. I am not contending that we can estimate ideas in general at a money value. (What, calculated in thousands, has been the money value to Russian merchants and grocers of five words put into the mouth of Hamlet, ''Twas caviare to the general'?) But it is important to dwell on the decision I have referred to, in order to show how hypnotised men may be by the material aspects of life, how utterly false may be the notion they acquire of what is property. The mind of our Chancellor was precisely on a level with that of those statesmen in the Middle Ages, who thought they were enriching their country by accumulating in it the precious metals. It is of primary importance to realise that the floating capital of the world is a capital of 'ideas.' If coal is valuable at this moment, it is because an 'idea' came into the head of James Watt, because another idea came into the head of George Stephenson; and so forth. This certainly robs private property of its character of sacrosanctity. And the same argument carried on comes back to the land. For the value of that is created by civilisation; and civilisation is 'ideas.' If one great part of our industrial property[1] is quasi-accidental (analogous to 'building land'), and moreover springing out of an unjust monopoly: if another great part of it is still more accidental, depending on the possession of, so to say, the material end of an

[1] Property whose value springs from what we call 'industry,' as distinguished from agriculture.

idea (much like the bonbon in the cracker), where does the theory of accumulated industry and thrift find a place? For all that is said of the importance of the security of property implies that the property has been come at honestly, and by honest and real industry. We have to take into consideration our life as it actually is, with all those temptations to gambling which the sheep-like nature of our generation puts in men's way. Not only is it very difficult to determine the real inventor of any addition to our implements (addition to our material civilisation); seeing that to do so is to be able to follow the history not of a thing but of an *idea*; but even when the real inventor is the patentee, it does not follow that the invention is a real asset: it may be as vain and empty a thing as the wind-swollen flock it wishes to attract. A few years ago came into fashion a game called *ping-pong*. 'Everybody was playing it' for six months or so. Its inventor is said to have made a fortune. Where is it now? A later fashion, *diabolo*, must to others have brought in much larger sums; in view of the simplicity of the toy and the price which fashion allowed the makers to charge for it. That notoriously was not a new invention. It will be urged that the inventor of a pleasure is as much a benefactor to his kind as the inventor of a new implement: and it lies not within my argument to dispute that. My point is that the suddenness with which the fashions of these two games spread and vanished proves that the money paid to the inventors was paid not for a pleasure but a craze. The capacity of mankind for pleasure cannot have altered since *ping-pong* was only a year old. Yet nobody now seems to pine after it. Evidently society at large has no special interest in protecting inventors of this sort.

Yet the fact that the floating capital of the world is a capital of ideas is as destructive of the socialist theories of the Marx type as of the sacrosanctity of property. And in practice it is the Marxian theory—that the wealth of the world has been made by manual labour—which is the dominant idea with the collectivist working man. To many idealist socialists the foregoing conclusions may commend themselves; and yet they will argue falsely upon them. It *is* true no doubt that mankind

has benefited by ideas scattered broadly to the winds of heaven; and very few of these have brought much benefit to their inventors—their creators. But you cannot argue from this one fact to an ideal love in man for putting all his work into the common stock. The creative imagination has its own laws. It were madness to generalise from these laws of the creative imagination to a tendency in man, in every man, to work for the common good, a tendency like a caged bird that only asks to soar. So our foregoing examination does not bring us near any practical question of modern policy.

However, we may say that the possibilities of collectivism have been already discussed. Unless some decided change should come in human character, collectivism would only mean anarchism. A social revolution *might* work such a change. It did for a time in much more barbarous material than ours, in the French proletariat of 1789. With a little good fortune it almost seems that the Reign of Terror might have been avoided. But it is waste of time to speculate concerning what might have been; and it is political madness to calculate upon miracles of this sort.

Upon the other hand, as we saw in Chapter X., co-operation might produce many of the benefits without the dangers of collectivism. One can imagine co-operative societies, when once they were established on a large scale, begetting in their members a sort of *patriotism* and attachment to their concern, which would be similar to what, when a healthy military spirit is abroad, soldiers feel toward their colours. Then the men with ideas, the real creators of capital, might come to sacrifice individual advantage to the 'concern,' to that smaller society of which they were members, knowing that their self-sacrifice would be appreciated by their comrades, knowing too perhaps that if it brought no direct pecuniary reward, it would recompense them in position and power.

The special weakness of modern society, as compared (say) to that of the Middle Ages, is in losing sight of the fact that society is built up by ideas. I am not speaking now of ideals, nor discussing whether those last were higher then than now; but I am speaking of *reality*, such as existed in a society where human nature was not distorted and lost sight of by

a supposed standard of reality which is none such. Property in those days meant power; power was bound up in the possession of property. The *facts* are the same now: men seek for wealth because it means power. But it does this only indirectly. And, as the wealth-seekers most often keep before their eyes the means and not the end, they lose touch with reality in a double degree and by geometrical progression, as it were. How we have come to this unreal habit of thought has been too often pointed out to need repeating once again. It is the sense of this detachment of the modern mind from the realities of human nature on all matters calling for the dramatic reason, which makes writing upon political and social questions so difficult.

There is a certain public and unselfish sense of right and justice in collections of men. This is a quite different thing from a 'collective conscience'—a matter of theory: but it is a thing to which it is possible to appeal; a sense awaiting the leader of men to awake it. I think that, as regards rights of property, such a leader would be able to settle at the outset between what parallels justice might advance. On the one hand he would maintain for each man a right that the conditions into which he was born should not be greatly altered by the State. (I hope that foolish argument about the capriciousness of Nature would not make its appearance here once more.) This would be reason sufficient for not legislating from hand to mouth, in obedience to popular cries and unjust 'mandates'—*civium ardor prava jubentium.* It would fit well our principle of the Referendum, if provision had been made that a period of suspense should occur in various stages of all economic laws—after first suggestion, and again after final decision—before they came into execution. Greater liberties can be taken with the conditions of unborn generations. If a man knows beforehand that his children will be subject to such and such disabilities, he can either refrain from marrying, from having children; or he can, by additional self-denial, modify the harshness of the coming conditions in some degree, if he thinks them harsh. This is, of the two parallels, the one which affects the propertied class. And for the other class, justice demands for the workers some

sort of insurance against caprices of fashion and those sudden displacements of capital which arise from the gambling instinct. The gambling instinct has evidently been enormously developed by the caprice of opinion. Compulsory insurance should be the corner-stone on this side of economic policy. But that might not suffice: and besides, the injustice being caused very often by the gambling of the capitalist, it is right that employers of labour should give some sort of guarantee, contribute to some sort of sinking fund. For there is such a thing as obtaining labour, as well as money, on false pretences. The question 'How could this be done?' is always asked in face of proposals such as we have made. But it could be asked with equal force in regard to any of our institutions, supposing they were not in existence. 'How could you arrange a system of municipal government? How could you allot the share in taxes and rates a man has to pay to the central and the local government?' and so forth. By the scheme suggested in a previous chapter, this tax of insurance might be made the means of encouraging co-operative industry.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CREATIVE IMAGINATION.

A DEVOUT Catholic of the type of John Henry Newman, who sees no religion that is not founded in a 'sense of sin,' to whom the faith of Socrates and Plato, of Kant and Fichte is perversion, ought to regard the creative imagination, its works and ways, as a sort of Anti-Christ. I mean this in the sense in which the most distinguished Selma Lagerlöf looks upon Humanitarian Socialism as Anti-Christ[1]: she looks upon it as a colourable imitation of Christian humanitarianism, but not 'the real thing.' And if I use a rather vulgar phrase in this connexion, it is because I have no sympathy with the doctrine of monopoly in inspiration, monopoly in righteousness or humanity, and think such notions belong more aptly to the region of trade than of the spirit. What indeed do the 'churches' aim at, but by means of a syndicate to corner 'the means of grace'? *Tout or est bon* is a motto of the French money-changers which has more inspiration in it. Whether any creed is good or bad depends mainly, not on its formulas, but on its professors.

The reason why I say a Christian dogmatist would look on the Kingdom of the Imagination as Anti-Christ is because it has its parallels with the realm of his faith. It is a kingdom not of this world. Who loses his life for its sake the same shall find it. And if (what is quite true) it touches less the moral sense than what we recognise as Religion, it has at least had this countervailing advantage, that people have not formulated rules and dogmas concerning it, nor preached sermons (to any great extent) to tell other people how they are to be members of that kingdom. It has not escaped (what walk in life has

[1] See Selma Lagerlöf's novel with this title.

escaped?) all trail of the charlatan. Certain outsiders and *fainéants* (and some who were not quite that) have gone about preaching the 'life of art' and I know not what. For the chief part, however, those who have been most the children of that kingdom have scarcely known they were so: no glisten of unction or glitter of conscious grace has marred their generally frank and childlike natures.

Therefore in speaking of them and their work, may the gods grant me too to avoid unction, even at the risk of writing baldly and coldly. For it is not given to others to hit exactly the due mean, as it is hit by Plato not seldom when he touches on this same matter, as he does in the *Banquet* and again in the *Phaedrus* and the *Timaeus*, and indeed by implication now and again in almost every one of the Dialogues. For whoso will go to meet him with understanding, nothing more is needed than what may be got from Plato. But Plato's doctrine of the Ideal is mixed up with other things (unclean things some of them) which can only be winnowed out by the imagination. Moreover, as regards the arts themselves, what he has given at one time he has been apt to withdraw at another time[1]. So that a bald discourse confined solely to the matter in hand has its place.

I have spoken of the 'Kingdom of the Imagination,' and the 'creative imagination.' For all I know the last phrase may be pleonastic. But it is of importance to distinguish the creative imagination from a mere sense of beauty. I do not suppose that Newman, or any enlightened devotee, would object to be surrounded by beautiful things in measure, so they were not a distraction to the spirit. The mere delight in beauty is not by any means the same thing as the creative imagination, which may deal with ugly things (to the confusion of the critic), and which often works best in conditions and surroundings of ugliness, or plainness at least. Turner, for example, had not the smallest taste for *bibelots* or *objets d'art*; nor had Carlyle. Those who delight in 'prettiness' are often disconcerted by the roughness and coarseness of genius. It is quite false to represent Art as being exclusively concerned with beauty: that is

[1] As in the *Republic*.

if you use Beauty in its common acceptation, and Art in its greatest. Art is concerned with greatness, is a 'passion of the soul' for that, like to the passion of Reason, which is love of truth. It is allied with these, indeed, with reason and truth; but precisely how, it passes the wit of man to understand fully, still more to explain.

To understand fully, still more to explain, what is the Kingdom of Imagination, that alone seems to surpass the wit of man. Howbeit, throughout all this volume it has been to some extent our theme. For we have seen how, in the commonest affairs of life, the imagination has continually to be summoned (or more exactly to be there uncalled on) to make our world rational, to make it a world of 'things' and not a chaos of sensations. Even in the chapters which dealt with scientific knowledge, we felt the effects of the imagination through the absence of it. And through all this second book, in considering our current polity and dealing with the things about us, we have, too, felt the effects of imagination—the instinct of human nature—through its absence. We said, moreover, long ago, that this everyday imagination is of like nature with the imagination of the poet or of the painter.

That which everyday imagination gives us is 'wholes'—'simplex-complexes' we have called them sometimes. For the moment let it suffice to say that the highest imagination also gives us wholes: and that the sense of that lies at the root of Plato's doctrine of 'ideas' and of 'ideals' alike: as a little thought (if enlightened with imagination) will make clear to the reader. For though Plato's doctrine of ideas as a mere piece of logicism is false, it is true when taken in connexion with his doctrine of the ideal (as set forth in the *Symposium*, for instance): and that doctrine of ideals is, we have said, the doctrine of the kingdom of the imagination. In lowest things and in highest imagination is always at work; in lowest things giving us back the elm, the hedgerow, and the lark singing above it, when 'useful knowledge' would give us only parts or aspects of these things; in highest, giving a new character to life itself, which to the unimaginative is a loose succession of pleasures and pains without unity or meaning or reality.

I have always thought of Herodotus' story of Cleobis and Biton as of one of the most beautiful things in literature, and if it stood by itself, all other writings of the Greeks being lost, an eternal monument to the greatness of the Hellenic mind. No doubt out of every ten readers nine know the tale well enough. But if only for the pleasure it should give, I will cite it once more from Rawlinson's translation[1].

[Croesus, King of Lydia, wealthiest of kings, had received a visit from Solon of Athens; and, expecting praise for his wealth and prosperity, asked Solon whom he thought the happiest of mortals. The first mentioned by Solon was one Tellos who, after an honoured life, died fighting for Athens, illustrating Solon's aphorism that no man should be accounted happy before his death.]

'Thus did Solon admonish Croesus by the example of Tellos, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Croesus enquired a second time who after Tellos seemed to him the happiest...." Cleobis and Biton," Solon answered. "They were of Argive race....This story is told of them. There was a great festival in honour of Hera at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car[2]. Now the oxen did not come home from the field in time: so the youths, fearful of being late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five and forty stadia[3] did they draw her and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole body of worshippers. And then their life closed in the best possible way....For the Argive men who stood round the car extolled the strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons. And the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and the praises it had won, standing before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Biton, who had so greatly honoured her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking upon them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."'

The tale is the expression to the imagination of what Solon's aphorism is to the intellect only. But to modern thought and character, which have been moulded by a different theology from the Greeks', by a theology comprising a system of rewards

[1] Herod. *Hist.* I. 31. I have made some slight variations on Rawlinson.
[2] She was probably a priestess of Hera.
[3] 5⅝ miles.

and punishments, the saying 'that no man should be accounted happy till his death,' is apt to seem either a truism or a paradox: a truism if we accept the whole religion of our fathers; for beside an eternity of bliss or an eternity of woe the earthly life shrinks to nothing; but in doubt concerning the immortality of the soul, a paradox. For how can a man be counted happy when his chances of happiness are gone[1]?

But Solon's saying and its embodiment in the story do not imply nor assume personal immortality, though they do not deny it. To dwell on that notion is to spoil the tale of Cleobis and Biton, and take from it its meaning; as it is to spoil also the most beautiful pictures of character in the Greek theatre, the whole art, in truth, and lesson of that theatre at its best. Hazlitt, in a fine sentence, has described what the lesson is, when he says that the characters of Greek drama, 'act and suffer as if they were always in the presence of a higher power, or as if human life itself were a religious ceremony, performed in honour of the gods and of the state.' Throughout the sacrifice of Antigone runs the same master-idea which moulds the story of Herodotus, that a life must be consistently noble; that one lapse, though 'utility' seems to cry aloud for it, undoes the whole—that *whole* of which the gods are the witnesses and the assessors.

The imaginative reader will feel the unity between this estimate of life and the completest knowledge and understanding of a common individual object, a hedgerow or an elm[2]; and how the artistic sense is at work completing each. This 'artistic' sense then is the Kingdom of the Imagination. The reader will by meditating on these things enter into the kingdom and possess it: he will have no need to intellectualise it or make a theory to explain it. But if he were forced to do this, I have little doubt but that his meditations would in the end bring him to formulate some such doctrine as I will now set forth—which to the unimaginative will pass for mystical.

I said long since that precisely how the element of emotion entered into artistic knowledge did not at first sight appear;

[1] I confess that, though Plato would have understood this moral, Aristotle does not completely. See *Eth. N.* IV.

[2] Compare Book I. Chapter III.

but that perhaps at a later time we should be able better to understand this matter. Now my belief is that in all artistic knowledge enters the sense of personality. As, for instance, that the full knowledge of the elm involves a kind of personising of the elm, even a kind of divination of it; that the more we get to know of any natural object, the more we grow to feel that like the Bandusian Fount it is in part divine, and merits offerings at our hands—*merum non sine floribus*. This feeling is the source of all poetry. If it be said that at one end, at this end of the scale, the whole, the simplex-complex asks sacrifices at our hands; but at the other end of the scale, when the whole is life itself, it is *this* that is offered to the gods, I am not careful to explain away the seeming contradiction: because whoever has seized hold of and appropriated Plato's doctrine of ideas will understand that the contradiction is not real or of importance.

But when we came to manufactured 'wholes,' such as a ship, or the ship's engine before which McAndrew was on his knees, and other such things which, from those who know them well, certainly evoke the anthropomorphic sense, I own I do not know what to say, whether that is legitimate or illegitimate anthropomorphism. Sometimes I think that these, so soon as they are made, become wholes, and acquire a certain 'personality.' And then again 'I run away from the idea'; as in the *Parmenides* Socrates is made to say that he sometimes thinks and sometimes runs away from the idea that 'dirt' or a 'human hair' can also have their ideals. But for so running away he is reproved by the older philosopher—

'Would you,' said Parmenides to him, 'make absolute "ideas" of the Just and the Beautiful and the Good and all that class?'

'Yes,' Socrates said, 'I would.'

'And would you make an idea of man apart from us and of all human creatures, or of fire and water?'

'I am often undecided, Parmenides, as to whether I ought to include these things.'

'And would you feel equally undecided, Socrates, about the things of which the mention ought to provoke a smile?—I mean such things as hair, mud, dirt, or anything else that is vile and paltry: would you suppose that each of these has an idea distinct from the actual objects with which we come in contact or not?'

'Certainly not,' said Socrates; 'visible things like these are such as they appear to us; and I am afraid there would be an absurdity in assuming

any idea of them: although I sometimes get disturbed, and begin to think there is nothing without an idea. But then again when I have taken up this position, I run away; because I am afraid I may fall into the bottomless pit of nonsense and perish. So I return to the ideas of which I was just now speaking, and occupy myself with them.'

To which Parmenides replied—

'Yes, Socrates, that is because you are still young. The time will come when Philosophy will have a firmer hold on you, if I am not mistaken, and then you will not despise even the meanest things. At your age you are too much disposed to regard the opinions of men.'

Remembering that, I am most inclined to think that even with manufactured 'wholes' the anthropomorphic instinct is justified, and that these too acquire—though I cannot say how—a 'personality.' For it is evident that all the chain of argument which we developed not without care, and followed not without minuteness, in Chapters I. and II. of this Book, applies to what we are now discussing: and that the anthropomorphism of the sailor is an *experience* not a *judgment*. It does not of course stand and fall with the whole supernatural judgment, as the anthropologists would persuade us: for after all it is but a slight and fleeting instinct in human nature, and might easily *be* an aberration. But those who have it are of like nature with ourselves, their blood keeps time as ours does: if we were placed in their position we should probably think as they do. Therefore all the principles of knowledge order us to assume that their thought corresponds to a reality.

Such then is my theory of 'personalities' in nature, set forth as I said it must be, coldly and baldly. It is founded on the theory that, as imagination in its lower developments gives us reality, while intellect (*Verstand*) alone would give us only a chaos of notions (Book I. Chapter III.); so does imagination in its higher flights give us a greater reality, as it gives things of greater worth (in Coleridge's phrase) than utilitarian commonsense can give 'to the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd.' This theory is not identical with Plato's doctrine of ideas; but it is not inconsistent with it: nor is it identical nor inconsistent with philosophical Pantheism. But to make the transition either to the first or to the second you have to bring in a philosophical thesis. You have to pose for the first, mono-

theism, a metaphysical God in whose mind exist the 'ideals' of our ideas: and for the second you have to pose philosophical pantheism. I desire to remain within the region of experience only. For this world of personalities about us is a real experience, though in general an experience only for the higher imagination and poetic sense. One does not know how poetry could have been, if the Greek imagination had not gone before us over the wide-wayed earth, creating beings everywhere; in flowers, in fountains, in woods, in rocks, and the sea. 'Creating' —finding rather; for man invents only in discovery.

And I have indicated in a former place (pp. 253–4) how I think this instinct in human nature, which is spread like a mist through primitive or savage nature, but concentrated like a fountain in the imaginative minds of a higher brood, is indicated in the history of language itself and the tendency there shown in mere words by which the moral, and that is the *personal*, sense emerges out of the physical or material.

Now for the present I will leave this higher development of art, and turn first to examine how it is essentially the business of art to create things, 'wholes,' simplex-complexes, call them what you will: at the same time that, when it is the most genuine art, it does not seem to itself to be creating but finding these things. Even so Michelangelo writes of the sculptor's art—

> 'Non ha l' ottimo artista alcun' concetto,
> Ch' un marmo solo in sè non circonscriva
> Col suo soverchio.'

As art is the creation of 'things,' it follows that mere emotions are not themselves art, hardly more than mere sensations are: but that art is the embodiment of emotion in 'things.' That is why 'artistic reason' is needed in art: art must half-coldly revolve the emotions which it uses: and we have the paradox that a good actor may seem quite unaffected by the emotion of his part. It is not that he is insensible to the emotion; but he *has been* sensible to it at a former time. In precisely the same way that the painter cannot at the same moment see his object and paint it; and some can paint best after they have absorbed into themselves

all there was to see, and reproduce it in another place; so the actor may act best when the emotion has passed over him, and even the poet best poetise so. When I turn away from the elm-tree which I have looked at and touched and combine all my sensations, the elm may become more of a 'thing' for me, more of a 'manifold' than at the moment I received these sensations. Of such is art. Being thus concerned with things, not with emotions in themselves, art has always a physical basis, always addresses itself through the senses to the imagination—through the eye or through the ear. By its reliance on a physical basis art is not less distinguished from that which appeals to the intellect alone, such as logic or science. So that art lies between the two poles, mere emotion and mere intellectuality. There is something of a paradox in this union of the highest form of intellect, imagination, with pure sensationalism: but it is of a piece with many other paradoxes of life, and seems better than almost anything to illustrate that spiral upward movement of the mind which Hegel's dialectic asserts. We have already seen that for their expression, whether distinctly artistic or not, the emotions rely not on language but on something more primitive than language—on gestures, breathings, sighs, tears, for those at hand, and on inflexions of the voice for all whether near or far: inflexions of the voice which are allied to singing: and singing is probably earlier than language. Thus poetry, which is the highest form of speech, is in its form more primitive than prose.

Let us however take the arts in succession, beginning with that which is the most obvious, the plastic, the which because it is the most obvious is in popular speech 'art' *par excellence.*

The art of presentation begins on this side of a map, which offers a good example of a presentation which appeals to the intellect alone. It is true that the conventional way of indicating mountains on a map is meant to suggest their shadow thrown by the sun, and that rivers seen from a balloon might look as they are shown in the atlas. But nobody does as a rule summon up any image while looking at a map; and the astonishment of a child at not finding the soil of France blue (say) expresses the antithesis between a map and a picture. Above

this limit, while we are occupied with drawing and not with painting, we get a complete series of representations which vary from being one degree less purely intellectual than a map to being almost creative, almost the presentment of a *thing*. I say almost: in the region of drawing there must be a limitation. And I distinguish as drawing that representation which depends upon its outline, even though it may be coloured as the Egyptian drawings in hieroglyphs are coloured. I do not take account of whether the outline be made by pencil, pen or brush, or by intaglio on stone. Only when on the one hand (toward sculpture) there is enough modelling to make us forget the outline, or (toward painting) colour which has the same effect, can the illusion of reality begin. Before that the drawing is half a conventional language, and so far akin to writing.

It would suit best with Comte's thesis of the evolution of thought, and indeed run closely parallel thereto, if we found that the tendency to *represent* was primitive; and that man had worked forward from that to the idea of presenting to the intellect. With a nice selection of facts that view might be supported. Thus the very primitive and probably brutish men of the Dordogne caves seem to have acquired no mean artistic gifts of representation. Their carvings of mammoths and so forth—of deer at any rate—do not want modelling. And maps, the extreme antithesis of this, are certainly an outcome of civilisation. But the rest of the history of art, between these extremes, is less satisfactory for the positivist thesis. Children never or very exceptionally have any true notion of representation: the intellect with them always mars the instinct to copy what they see. Set a child to draw a round table and it will draw the top round, as it might be seen from the ceiling, and as we may be sure it has never been seen by the child. So primitive folk put a full eye to a profile face, because the full eye represents the idea 'eye'; and that they cannot realise what they really *see*. Of such kind are the pictures which belong to an age later indeed than that of the cave-men, but earlier in type than any other art we know: the art of the polished-stone-age[1]. Thus if the notion of reproducing or creating things by

[1] This art is represented on certain rock-carvings found in Sweden and Denmark, known as the *hålristningar* or *helleristninger*.

art is very natural to man—as is the *sensus numinis*, or at least the sense of outside personality in which art has its origin—it is at first, like this supernatural sense, continually blended with intellectual and utilitarian ideas, and only realises itself, only differentiates when a certain civilisation is attained. If the Egyptian art remained stationary, it was not, I doubt, because (as is generally asserted) it was bound by strict rules that stopped development; but because the interest of the people was intellectual, not aesthetic: they wanted their art to represent ideas, not things. Thus one Pharaoh would closely resemble another Pharaoh, because it was the office, not the man, they cared about portraying. The ultimate goal, the last stage of drawing which exists for intellectual not for artistic ends, is what is called the ideograph, *i.e.* the picture of an idea merely: unless indeed we are to trace the process one step further, when the ideograph gives place to pure writing or the visible representation of sound. The Egyptians were among the first of nations to reach this intellectual goal[1]. But by so much as their intellects favoured progress in this direction they were unfavourable to progress toward art.

I do not know whether Ruskin's theory of the origin of sculpture in outline is founded on knowledge: for Ruskin's imagination was sometimes wrongly creative[2]. And the Greek story of the girl who outlined the shadow of her lover's face may be invention too. For my part I willingly imagine a different history for sculpture in Greece, an idea consonant with that of Michelangelo's, that the face or the statue does in truth lie in the stone, and all the artist can do is to cut it out. I imagine the rude fetishistic block of stone, or oftener of wood (the *xoanon*), with but the beginnings of humanity about it, that which among the Greeks corresponded to the 'Black Virgins' of Chartres and elsewhere (these to-day, as their prototypes down

[1] It is interesting to note how in Egyptian inscriptions and on papyri we get specimens of all three stages in the evolution of writing. Thus (*e.g.* in the papyri of the *Book of the Dead*) we get genuine pictures: we get ideographs which commonly precede the *writing* of a word to show to what class of ideas the word belongs (as the sign of a *comb*, for example, will precede the name of a woman). Lastly we get simple phonetic writing—save that, as in all early Semitic writing, the vowels are suppressed.

[2] *Aratra Pentelici*, pp. 157 *seq.*

to Pausanias' time, held peculiarly sacred); and I imagine first how these (which later became holy through their antiquity) were the normal gods of the Greeks. Then how out of these, or out of still ruder ancestors of these, first emerged, answering to the incantation of art, a misshapen head, then a rude resemblance to a figure in which the limbs were indicated by incised lines, not formed; and how, still struggling, the head becomes a real human head, but unintelligent, with fixed sideways-looking eyes; and if the limbs are shaped in some degree they are incapable of motion, the legs fastened together, the arms fixed at the sides. But still the incantation works: another generation or less, and the limbs are free though stiff, the mouth not so inanely smiling, nor the eyes so much in profile. And now suddenly—it seems sudden the change is so great—the corners of the mouth have turned down, the 'archaic smile' has disappeared; the face too is nobly shaped: all the essentials of the highest Hellenic type have been attained, that face which to all future ages is to express greatness of mind, nobility of soul.

It is indeed Plato's vision of the soul which Greek sculpture attains to at its highest, showing thereby that Platonism is a natural growth of the Hellenic mind. I take it that Plato's (or Socrates') relation to the Greek pantheon is precisely that of Greek sculpture in its perfection—the real relation I mean, not the official theory of its relation. For without doubt religion lost something by the too complete realisation of divine types—lost something for the imaginative and naturally religious. What was said in Chapter II. of this book on children's love for rude toys will explain what I mean. Phidias was by the conservative party reckoned irreligious. And only a generation after Phidias, the golden youth of Athens were to go through the town by night mutilating the statues of the gods, contempt treading thus on the heels of familiarity. The band was headed, let us remember, by a golden youth who professed unbounded admiration for Socrates.

This ends the history of sculpture as a great creative art. Of no other sculpture but the Greek can you realise that it is the finding of a soul in material brass or marble; of no other *class* of sculpture. For Michelangelo does what he says he does: he himself finds the face and form *there* waiting for him.

But because this is an individual art—because its inspiration is individual—Michelangelo must emphasise, must make plain to the multitude, how his creation is a discovery, by leaving part of the stone unfinished; thus passing through as an individual, and of set purpose, the growth which Greek sculpture passed through in the course of its evolution from the fetish-block to the finished statue. This practice of Michelangelo has exercised a great fascination on sculptors of originality and genius, as on Alfred Stevens and on M. Rodin. I do not hold their following his fashion for mere imitation or plagiarism: but that the practice appeals to anyone who really understands the nature of his art. He may not realise that it is because that process symbolises the true nature and veritable history of all art, because all art is a 'finding.' Yet at the back of his thoughts the notion lies dormant: I believe this will be so with any creator in any art. I reckon Greek sculpture the greatest of the plastic creations of the world and that it has no follower. The best of all other orders is that which has formed a part of architecture; and of this the sculptures which share the greatness of that other form of creation of which I spare to speak again here, the mediaeval church. The mediaeval church, I have said, is a greater achievement even than Greek sculpture: but it would be lessened by any comment or analysis. The imagination can by meditation half realise the influences which have gone to form it: they are too many and drawn from too many sources, some heathen, some Christian, even to be catalogued: and in the course of cataloguing they would lose their imaginative value and seem nothing, though they are everything. All other sculpture but that of the Middle Ages is a pale shadow of the Greek, save where, as in quite modern days, it has taken its inspiration from a much less creative art, from painting.

And to speak of painting after speaking of Greek sculpture would be a bathos: as anyone will realise who has accepted and absorbed the idea which we borrowed from Michelangelo that the truest sculpture must be regarded as a search for the image in the stone.

This I hold is the light in which we should regard all art. I think it is Goethe who says that whosoever is upon some high literary enterprise should keep the rule that was

imposed on treasure-seekers of old, a rule of utter silence till he has found what he looks for. I spoke just now of the 'incantation' of the sculptor summoning the hidden form to appear; and that applies not less to the other arts. For the greatest 'incantation' of all, and the greatest necromancy that the creative imagination uses, is poetry: a thing that the Greeks, that Plato recognised ages ago, when he reminded men that *μαντική*, divination, and the frenzy (*μανία*) of the Muses are one and the same.

All primitive and savage people have recognised this also, and earlier still; from which fact 'incantation' has its origin. In Norse mythology, the *runes*, if originally magical as letters only, are also magical as verses. Verse too with them is 'Suttung's draught,' which Odin, playing a Promethean part, won for mankind.

I imagine, however, that speech began in singing, and that in a sense poetry is earlier than prose, and in a sense too a lower development. I have spoken of this above as something of a paradox. I throw out too the following suggestion belonging to the same order of ideas. If speech began in singing, it follows almost necessarily that it could not have begun in quite simple monosyllabic 'root-sounds,' as those philologists, Max Müller and his contemporaries, used to hold. The unit of speech must have involved some rise and fall of sound. It must have been in fact, roughly speaking, the musical phrase. And it would follow from this that the unit of *meaning* must have been fuller than the single idea. I cannot stay here to show on how many grounds such a history of speech is more probable than the one-idea, one-sound theory of the older philologists. If it be accepted, then we can understand that the unit of speech in poetry is also the phrase—the phrase of sound, involving a phrase of meaning; that it is not the single word. I am sure that this notion is of importance for the criticism of poetry.

For one reason it is important, in that it carries us one step farther from the inveterate error of the prosaic-minded, that poetry is only a trick of getting sound out of ideas *which would be the same were they expressed in prose.* I know that some poets have begun by writing out in prose what they intended to put into verse: and the prosaic-minded might well quote

this fact in support of their thesis. Ben Jonson says he learnt from his master Camden to do this: it is very characteristic of Jonson to accept the authority of an antiquary and a scholar as to how poetry should be written. But a better witness than Jonson is on the same side: no other than Leopardi, a master of grave and melodious verse. In the age of Elizabeth poetry dominated prose; and the Elizabethan prose is so complicated and so measured that it sounds as if the writers of it thought in a kind of numbers. But in modern days the gulf between verse and prose is vast: and I can hardly myself believe that, if Leopardi wrote first what he had to say in prose, it was at all like current prose, and did not even in that form come out in phrases rather than in words.

The surest way you may distinguish a poetaster from a poet is by the redundancy of his speech. And the reason of this follows from what has been said above. For the poetaster, whether he know it or not, really thinks in prose: and when he sets himself to write verse, whether he knows it or not, half of his ideas have deserted him: he strings word on to word, and because the verse (and rhyme maybe) put considerable difficulties of choice in his way, he uses many more words than in prose he would do to say what he has to say. To the poet on the other hand the thought comes at once, half in the shape of the phrase of his verse, half in the words of which the phrase is in the end made up. But the phrase, as he half hears it, is packed fuller of meaning than its constituent parts the words can ever be. This is because *almost the same sound*, almost the same cadence and inflexion, could be produced by other combinations of words: and he who deep in his mind hears the cadence first, has therewith a hidden sense of other combinations beside those which in the end he selects: and the meaning of those combinations too is in his thought. And though I know this is crudely expressed (while it would be impossible to find words to express in the language of demonstration what I wish to express), I believe anyone, any not-prosaic one who will meditate on the language of really great poetry, will understand what I mean. He will see that no mere turning over words could have inspired such pregnant language—pregnant in meaning through its words and through its sound—but that 'the emotion of the thought' must have begotten a direct sense

of the phrase—the framework of what did in the end appear. This forms the substance of what is called inspiration. It is in part, I am sure, an atavistic habit of thinking in phrases rather than in words. The love of poetry, the reading of poetry, no doubt awakens the atavistic tendency in those who are born to be poets. But those who are born only to speak or write in prose cannot have it awoken: these, if they take to verse-making, will only perform a task like that of children putting together a puzzle.

Thus poetry is really a different medium of speech from prose, mere utilitarian prose, exactly in the same way that the drawing which is employed for representation is really a different medium from the drawing which is employed to make maps or charts. But melodious prose, which moves us through sound as well as sense, belongs to the category of poetry rather than of utilitarian prose. Such melodious prose is very closely parallel to black-and-white drawing, which we saw can never be completely representative, which along with *presentment* also gives *information.*

If it be asked, 'What then does genuine poetry create?' I answer 'An atmosphere': because the poverty of language supplies me with no better word, though meditation may well supply the reader with a truer idea than that. Shakespeare's characters are not persons who would if left alone talk in prose, but are obliged by the conventionalities of the Elizabethan stage to talk in blank verse; they are the spiritual counterparts of the people who would have talked in prose when on and of the earth, but are now translated into a diviner air. And what is improbable in their histories shocks us less than it would in a realistic story, because they are not simply of the earth. Shakespeare's dramatic art is a thing in essence distinguishable from his poetic gift. But you can never judge his presentment of character in the same way, measuring by the same scale, as if his characters spoke in prose—by the same scale by which you would measure Tolstoy for instance[1]. Verse is an advantage

[1] Tolstoy's attacks on Shakespeare (*Fortnightly Review*, Nos. 480—1) are dictated seemingly by the mistaken notion that Shakespeare wrote in prose; or else by the notion that poetry is a sort of translation of prose (the vulgar error). Possibly the Russian novelist is not familiar enough with English really to seize, really to be moved by, the melody of Shakespeare's line. Possibly, despite his genius as a novelist, Tolstoy is fundamentally deficient in the poetic sense.

and a disadvantage in character-presentation. It is an advantage when you want something more than mere speech, more than the revelation of character through speech, to make a person wholly charming. The verse then has something of the effect which good looks have in real life, and which novelists are obliged to provide a semblance of by the description of good looks. A heroine might give proof of wit and grace and tenderness; but if she were plain and forty our sympathy would be restricted. Shakespeare often gives you a positive physical sense of the charm of his heroines. It is impossible to be certain by what art it is done; but I am convinced that the verse is one of the means. Imogen is one of these characters. Directly she speaks she casts a physical spell upon the hearer—much greater than Juliet's, for instance: yet Juliet's beauty is much more dwelt on. With Perdita it is the same: but here the source of her charm is easily traced in the exquisite versification which creates that pastoral scene wherein she figures; verse of which the choicest gems of all fall from Perdita's own lips. There are other passages in Shakespeare where the characters are overweighted by the poetry which they have to utter. I think it is evident that in these places even Shakespeare's genius was unequal to the burden of the double creation, the dramatic and the poetic at one and the same time; then his personages have to cease from being men in order to spout rhetoric. It sounds like rhetoric, just because they have ceased for the nonce to be men.

When Shakespeare drew Hamlet, the greatest and the most difficult of his creations, his powers had to concentrate themselves on that one theme, the making of 'a man of genius,' which hitherto none but the gods had made: and the distinctly poetical gift fell into the background. All Hamlet's best speech is in prose: it is so moving that it gives the same sense of atmosphere that Shakespeare's great efforts of verse give:

'Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures and his tricks?...Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt?'

When Hamlet does speak in verse the effect is hardly so great. The passage beginning

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'

is indeed of unsurpassed beauty. But I can never admit that the famous soliloquy reaches the highest. And it is besides, for Hamlet, rhetorical, rehearsing evils in life, which had I dare say eaten into Shakespeare's heart, but could not have touched a prince.

Whoso reads any or many of the great verse passages in Shakespeare, or who, knowing them well, but lets his mind wander among them: I care not which they be—the 'shard-borne beetle' lines in *Macbeth*; Perdita's speech of the spring flowers; the duel between Mortimer and Glendower, when Severn

> '...affrighted with their bloody looks
> Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds';

Lancaster's lament over England; Richard in prison; or Henry the Fourth in the night watches, the passage that contains two lines—

> 'Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
> To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?'

which Milton could never have reached, and so nobody but Shakespeare; 'The quality of mercy'; Prospero's 'solemn temples' speech; Ulysses to Achilles ('Time hath my lord'); and I will add (for *that* must be Shakespeare's) Timon to the Athenian messengers ('Come not to me again')—whoso, I say reads or meditates on these passages, and countless others of like beauty, will understand that when I spoke of the end of verse being to create an 'atmosphere,' it was because I must of necessity use some word: and that 'atmosphere' falls not more below the reality than any other I might have chosen. For even now I would rather leave the reader to settle upon his own phrase than injure this subject by sentimentality or rhetoric.

Poetry creates a new world: but yet it *finds* it. And there is nothing farther from the truth (though Shakespeare himself has said it[1]) than that the poet creates his world out of nothing. This was a common boast in Elizabethan days, and indeed is almost a commonplace of any age; for which poetry has received praise and blame according to men's dispositions, but equally without ground. In the same vein as Shakespeare in his 'airy

[1] In his youthful days. For his age it is the material world that has no *substance*—the great globe itself.

nothings' passage, Sidney writes, charmingly and wrongly, concerning poetry—

'There is no other art (he says) than this delivered to mankind that hath not the works of Nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist and on which they so depend as they become actors and players as it were of what Nature would have set forth....Only the poet, disdaining to be tied by any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow in effect another Nature in making things either better than Nature brought forth, or quite new forms such as never were in Nature, as the Heroes, Demigods, Cyclops, Chimaeras, Furies and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not enclosed within the narrow circle of her gifts, but ranging freely within the zodiac of his own wit[1].'

For none of these things, heroes, demigods, Cyclops, Chimaeras, Furies are 'inventions' (in the modern sense) out of the vast inane. Most are some natural phenomenon misunderstood, or seen poetically. Heroes are of the Immortals.

I should guess it was the same false supposition which was Sidney's that made sober men versed in state affairs, like Bacon and Selden, think of poetry-writing as a toy for the young or an occupation for scribblers, unworthy of a man of maturity and of position in the Commonwealth.

But Sidney is wrong. The Gorgons, Chimaeras, were all believed in once: they are a misreading of natural phenomena: they have all been in some shape outside humanity, and been, I say, discovered not invented in the modern sense. Thus was the foundation laid of all poetry. And I believe, as against Macaulay, that the sense of this, of a real world superior to ours and only by our blindness shut off from ours, is destined to grow in human consciousness.

This is the supreme gift of the creative imagination, the consciousness of what we may call a mythologic world overlying the practical and scientific one, a sense which we have seen that all poetry has instinctively, but which a more developed human sense may learn expressly to recognise. We have to-day got a poor name for this sense which, though dawning, is at present so faint as to be felt often rather by the weaker spirits than the robuster ones. The name is 'Symbolism.' It is an ill name; but chiefly because of its associations, because decadents and hystericals have got hold of it and misused it.

[1] *Defence of Poetry.*

But Pauly in his *Real-Encyclopaedie* defines the *σύμβολον* of the Eleusinian Mysteries as 'the sign and token of the Supernatural Presence' (*Mark- und Wortzeichen der göttlichen Gegenwart*); and that definition fits the sense I have in mind. The Supernatural here glanced at is not other than what Carlyle calls the Natural-Supernatural, and Wordsworth the heaven that lies about us in our infancy, while imagination is fresh and young. It is myth which is real, which is in being; it is mythology in being, if you will understand by mythology not a *theory* concerning tales of the immortals, but a *system* of myths, or the instinct in which such a system has its birth.

Each man of letters is free to choose his own form of art, in the same way that, according to the Protestant theology, each man may work out his own salvation. And, even if the writer make choice of some mould or some model which does not belong to the spirit of his age, he can therewith make a work of genius if he have genius. Whether there be any real epic outside Homer, this for example is questionable. It is not questionable that the *Aeneid* is a vast achievement. And *Paradise Lost*, which has far less right to be than the *Aeneid*, is, too, great and imperishable.

Yet it is sure that the epic had really died before Milton wrote. And I think it is arguable that the Shakespearian Drama died soon after Shakespeare died, with the last of those poets we call the Elizabethans. Nobody since has ever approached Shakespeare; and everybody almost has tried his hand at this drama in blank verse, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne; how many hundreds more? In essentials, in the root of the matter, they have all failed. Goethe springs up at the parting of the ways. Even he failed at the Shakespearian art, when he tried his hand at it[1]. That was not often: a fact which bespeaks his wisdom. But Goethe created a new form of poetic drama; and he foreshadowed therein, as I think, new kinds of poetic vision in all things, in the whole matter for poetry. In *Faust* this new art begins.

Faust is in a sense a legacy from Shakespeare. It owes far more to *Hamlet* than to *Dr Faustus*. The general points of likeness between Shakespeare's masterpiece and Goethe's are

[1] As in *Torquato Tasso*, or *Die natürliche Tochter*.

obvious—the introspective hero (created by Shakespeare); the seduction of the innocent girl, which though I think not meant by Shakespeare is surmised by Goethe; the killing of the heroine's father in one case, of her mother in the other; the duel with her brother, and the actual conveyance of one song out of *Hamlet* into *Faust*,

'Was machst du mir,' etc.,

which is of course little else but a translation of Ophelia's song,

'To-morrow is St Valentine's Day.'

All these betoken Goethe's indebtedness. But the differences between *Faust* and *Hamlet* are far greater than the points of resemblance; speaking as yet only of the *Faust* most people know exclusively—the First Part of *Faust*.

All that is most peculiar to *Faust* is summed up and expressed by its technique, by the quality of its versification. It is in this verse that the parting of the ways is shown. You cannot separate the technique of an art from the art itself. In this case the versification of *Faust* is of the very essence of the poem. It is the essence too of the new vision of things in poetry and in prose, which is, as I maintain, at present blindly working to the light, and manifesting itself without self-consciousness.

It is not a mythology in being when modern poets make use of the names only of classical gods and nymphs, in the way the later seventeenth-century poets did and the eighteenth-century ones. I once heard a Cambridge professor lecturing on Milton, who evidently thought that the 'Camus, reverend sire' in *Lycidas* needed some apology; he was doubtful whether it could be justified—whether there was precedent for it, in fact, as Malvolio considered if there was precedent for his coming good fortune. It is just this passage of St Peter and Alpheüs which gives the most vitality to *Lycidas*. In after years Milton lost the greater part of the mythopoeic gift which he here displays. No one has ever had a mind more splendidly addressed to harmony than Milton: only Milton's harmony is too uniform, unbroken, and were it less majestic it would be monotonous. When Milton had passed out of his youth, when he had given up the thoughts of his 'Camus, reverend sire' and his nymph 'Sabrina,' he wrought no more with the true mythopoeic sense,

or the mythological sense. He may say as he does in *Paradise Lost,*

> 'Millions of spiritual beings walk this earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.'

It remains not much more than a statement—for edification: we do not take it home to ourselves one half so much even as when (say) Blake tells us that 'the stars threw down their spears.' Throughout *Paradise Lost* we are aware of the protagonists and antagonists of the drama—poignantly aware perhaps of one, Satan, only: but of a haunting sense of life in nature there is none there. It is astonishing, having a mind so stored with classical reading, how little in this epic Milton makes any part of classical mythology real to us. Take the magnificent passage at the opening of the Seventh Book,

> 'Descend from Heaven, Urania...'

the beauty of whose language, the greatness of whose ideas ravish us quite. But there is never a physical sense, a true mythological sense which goes along with this. Urania is a being too abstract: and what there was of real in her, Milton hastens to destroy, the moment after he has invoked her name—

> 'The meaning not the name I call...'

That Milton was not without the mythologic sense (hardly any true poet is quite free from it) we have seen. But even in *Comus* there is not much of it; nor yet of the sense of fairyland (as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* there is), which is distinguishable from mythology and from symbolism. Comus and his rout stand for little else than dry allegory. It is not so, however, with Sabrina, the Severn nymph, who appears at the end. Here we do get that real thing—the old mythology, the new symbolism.

Of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans it skills not to speak. There is everything in Shakespeare; and the very mention of Sabrina brings to mind at once Hotspur's account of the duel between Mortimer and Glendower on Severn's bank, with its easy step into pure mythology and out again. But alas! out as easily as in; it is this which prevents Shakespeare from quite belonging to the brotherhood. He is too intensely human for it: and that may be said, taking them for

all in all, of our Renaissance poets generally. You have of course the moments, the exceptions—*The Faithful Shepherdess*, some passages in *Cynthia's Revels*, and other masques of those days. But when in your mind's eye you compare the Elizabethan Drama as a whole with *Faust*, and all the poetry which has sprung out of the loins of *Faust*, you see the difference, you get a glimpse into the meaning of symbolism. Yet there is one point in which Shakespeare anticipates Goethe—namely in the verse which he puts into the mouth of the witches in *Macbeth*, that doggerel versification which characterises a great part of Goethe's poem. Shakespeare did not invent this verse—everyone knows that—not even in this connexion. But the fact that Shakespeare saw how necessary that kind of rhymed octosyllabic iambic metre was to give the spirit of mediaeval witchcraft, this is a great prediction, a foretaste of many things. For the versification of *Faust*, it has been said already, is an integral part of the poem.

In a sense this metre is a reversion. The essence of this verse is that 'barbarous' element of rhyme—barbarous in Milton's eyes, as the mediaeval architecture was 'gothic' to our forefathers—in which breathes the spirit of the Middle Ages. For though rhyme was rather late-born in the Middle Ages, it is, after the cathedral, the choicest birth of the Middle Ages, and descends direct from the Latin hymn into the vulgar tongues. The versification of *Faust* is formed on the model not of the greatest early rhyme (such as Dante's) but of the rougher popular poetry. It is a good deal like that of the great Beast Epic, *Reineke Fuchs*[1]. It is well suited to dis-

[1] Or *Reinke de Vos* in the Low-German dialect, the oldest form in German in which the poem has come down to us.

Compare:

'Als Reinke vor de porte quam
He sprak, "Bellin neve," to deme ram,
"Gî meten alleine hir bûten stân
Ik mot in meine veste gân."'

Reinke de Vos.

and

'Nachher, vor allen andern Sachen,
Müsst Ihr euch an die Metaphysik machen!
Da steht, dass Ihr tiefsinnig fasst,
Was in des Menschen Hirn nicht passt,' etc.

Faust (Im Studierzimmer).

jointed snatches of verse such as would serve for 'incantations'; for which purpose a similar metre is used in *Macbeth*. But through these incantations it also joins hands with a good many of the Latin hymns. *Faust* itself continually hovers between the beast-epic measure and the true hymn-measure. And that is as much as to say that it sways or vibrates through the mythopoeic instinct of the Middle Ages. To get an image of this versification of *Faust* one might picture a crowd in the Middle-Age cathedral, joking, as people did then even during the office, and passing the news of the day; but anon giving an ear to the organ's sound and the chant which rises from the choir, heard and lost again; and all the while possessed with the sense of the vastness of that roof and place, the forest-like intricacy of its pillars—*secretum illud* of their far-off ancestors still haunting their thoughts[1]. So you have a *microcosmos* on that cathedral floor: and it is born again in *Faust*.

We said in another chapter that the Gothic cathedral was the monument of mediaeval Christianity and of the wonderful society of the Middle Ages. We said too that in those days the Church was the world and the world was the Church. Not less the cathedral, from its birth in the romanesque to its death in the flamboyant age, expresses the very creative spirit of mankind: in its gargoyles, its niches, its beautiful figures of saints, so severe, so soft in their lights and shadows; in carven heads of angels on its screens, in carven figures of beasts beneath its sedilia; in its tremendous vaults and all its darknesses; in its eternal echoes; in all its accessories of organ sound and of chiming bells; in its immense unity, in its unending variety: the greatest achievement of man. To catch some echo of all this the verse of Goethe's *Faust* was made—by Goethe or by the spirit of his age, our age. The ruder, quainter forms, the buttresses, the water-pipes and grinning heads are in such verses as the opening ones,

> 'Habe nun, ach! Philosophie,
> Juristerei und Medizin,
> Und, leider! auch Theologie,
> Durchaus studirt...'

[1] 'Lucus ac nemora consecrant. Deorumque nominibus appellant secretum illud, quod sola reverentia vident.' Tacitus, *Germania*.

softening again in

'O säh'st du, voller Mondenschein!' etc.

or in

'Verlassen hab' ich Feld und Auen,
Die eine tiefe Nacht bedeckt;
Mit ahnungsvollem, heil'gem Grauen
In uns die bessere Seele weckt....'

The incantation verses which bring Mephistopheles upon the scene: all these passages all know so well. The versification springs up into the vault with

'O, selig Der, dem er im Siegesglanze
Die blut'gen Lorbeern um die Schläfe windet.'

The music of the Latin hymn comes in the Easter chorus—

'Mit Spezereien
Hatten wir ihn gepflegt...'

with its dying fall

'Tücher und Binden
Reinlich umwanden wir;
Ach! und wir finden
Christ nicht mehr hier.'

Compare the metre with a familiar Latin hymn—

'O salutaris Hostia,
Quae caeli pandis ostium;
Bella parant hostilia;
Da robur, fer auxilium,'

and you see how like they are in the simplicity of their language and their simple cadences.

But before we enter the building an organ music of stupendous majesty greets our ears—

'Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise
In Brudersphären Wettgesang,
Und ihre vorgeschrieb'ne Reise
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang....'

There is no simple naïvety here.

All these changes of mood, of language, of verse, of tone, of emotion, lie in the first few pages of the First Part of *Faust*. Let your mind rest on these awhile; then throw it back on the

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versification of the Elizabethan drama, and you will see we have travelled into fresh regions.

(We are working slowly but certainly towards the modern symbolism. There is no taking the matter in a single stride. It is not a series of facts I am trying to set down; but to seize a ghost as it were, or to paint an atmosphere. So shadowy a thing is a *Time-Spirit* while we are still in it, like the cloud on a mountain; which, when it has drifted a little way off seems *shapely* enough.)

This technique then, this versification is essential. And at once we see it capturing succeeding poets, who, because they merely adopt the verse, become at once and one after the other of the spirit of symbolism. Tennyson indeed stood aside from that time-spirit almost altogether. In *Maud* he is touched with a feather from its wing. But Browning adopted the verse of *Faust* in part of his *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, one of his most characteristic poems; a tolerably early one, and one which I guess did more towards forming him than any other of his writings. Ibsen again has adopted this versification for his *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* which I doubt will remain on their side Ibsen's most characteristic and most memorable works. And I must take another writer, though no versifier, in whose prose the spirit of this same 'gothic' metre with its roughnesses and beauties seems to live as surely as in other men's verse: I mean Carlyle. Of the roughnesses of Carlyle there is no need to speak: people are always talking of them. But of the parts which Milton or Hooker could not have surpassed, which have a kinship not so distant to the organ notes of *Faust*, who speaks of them nowadays?

'The hot Harmattan wind had raged itself out; its howl grew silent within me; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wanderings; and sat me down to wait and consider, for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly and say "Fly, then, false shadows of Hope: I will chase you no more, I will believe in you no more. And ye, too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you: ye too are all shadows and a lie."'

Or here again—

'O evening sun of July, how at this hour thy beams fall aslant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields, on old women sitting in cottages, on ships far out on the silent main, on balls at the Orangerie of Versailles,

where high-rouged dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double jacketed hussar-officers ; and also on the roaring Hell-gate of a Hôtel-de-Ville.'

There is a touch of this same spirit, the intermingling of grotesqueness and harsh laughter with beauty, and an infinite variety like Cleopatra's, in *Don Juan*, wherein Byron, caught by the new Time-spirit, but without knowing why or how, renounced all his former methods and seemed to deny all his past.

It is not, as I hold, because the cathedral was mediaeval that we find the Time-spirit in Goethe's poem, seeming to imitate its forms: but because the cathedral was creative; a creation nearer to us than the classical and having in it more of our blood. Once more I go back to the illustration—the argument rather—drawn from the history of words: the argument that if the words 'great' and 'high' held each in its physical meaning a metaphysical or moral meaning also, it was because there is that correspondence throughout nature and all the world. These are only links or sign-posts showing how the whole body of our metaphysical words have been evolved from the physical. Thus we observe a tendency in man's experience to emerge out of the purely physical into a two-fold, an amphibious condition, physical and metaphysical, a tendency in human thought to contain both elements; while, as we have seen, the mental progress of any individual race is indicated roughly but sufficiently by the proportion which the words of a metaphysical sense bear to those of a purely physical sense. Does not this fact point forward to a time when there shall be no word of a purely material significance, but it shall have about it also some element of metaphysical significance? And what else would such a condition be, but that every idea of sense, every sensuous object, would have attached to it a metaphysical meaning, a mental, spiritual or moral significance? We have such words and such things now in our 'great' and 'high'; while all our metaphysical words have at the root of them some material meaning, just as these two 'great,' 'high,' visibly have. So that we may look forward in the distant future to the time when this doubleness, this amphi-

biousness will pervade all our world of sense. Every *object* will have a kind of suggestion of a personality: for it is to the personality not the object, to man not external matter that all the metaphysical words belong. This will be mythology in its completion, when every visible thing has a personality, a kind of metaphysical being inherent in it.

This Platonism with a new face—perhaps it is not much else—is as I have said the symbolism of the far future. Only 'symbolism,' the symbolism of to-day, must not be confounded with any philosophical doctrine: it is not a thesis, a proposition: it is a tendency.

To suppose that every physical object—a toothbrush, say—has a kind of moral or intellectual side to it, is I admit to make large demands upon our faith. I would not counsel anyone to go so far as that, at the outset, in trying to read the lessons of futurity. Though if Parmenides were at our elbow he would no doubt reprove such timidity. For the present however we had perhaps best discard the toothbrushes, if only in deference to the fact that the new symbolism is 'yet young'; and follow Socrates' plan of thinking only on things which are higher in the scale of creation. Even with these the symbolic sense will often play us false in our present state of evolution. But to correct the difficulty and remove the scepticism of reason we need only throw ourselves back in thought to the mind of some prehistoric man, wise before his age, who found the germ of a moral significance in his high tree or high mountain; who half saw, half tried to persuade his fellows, that a small man might have a great soul, and be thus at one and the same time both small and great. What *he* only half discovered we see 'face to face'; and what seems so obscure to us may be clear enough to our after-followers.

Every house then will be a haunted house or haunting; the gracious silence of every grove will be a *temenos*, a sacred enclosure, or even a God itself. It will be said this 'everything' gives 'nothing': but I do not agree.

Meantime I will observe that whatever of this mythopoeic sense appears in literature, that at once and alone confers upon the thing it touches a sort of soul. The mythology could not be found there, could not be a part of literature, without

affecting our emotions: and it could not touch our emotions without having a something of personality. And if you allow with me that all invention, even what we call creation, is discovery—un-covering (*Ent-deckung*), a taking off the outer husk from reality, then this mythic future of the race is also a present. And how should it not be, when poets themselves are the children of the future but lost and wandered into our present time?

I might show in how much of recent literature this mythopoey only half-awake yet makes itself heard: in Dickens when he is speaking of the London streets or the old coach-roads: in Zola very commonly. It is in Flaubert; for it supplies the spirit of all the realistic school and of French Parnassianism, as in Lecomte de Lisle[1]. In Ibsen's later plays it is recognised: but here it runs toward allegory which is a bastard mythopoey. It does so too much in Blake: but there are moments when Blake is a real creator and in the new spirit. None of these writers has however one half of the inspiration (in this kind) which is Goethe's. We have yet spoken only of the First Part of *Faust*. It is in the Second Part that the mythopoeic faculty, the new symbolism, has free sway. In the Second Part you get beyond such creativeness as comes chiefly from the Middle Ages, you breathe Hymettan airs also.

The ancient mythologies did not find their divinities in things visible alone. Just as Plato's ideas may be of Justice, Hope, as well as of trees, mountains, rivers; so ancient mythology had its Nikê (Victory), its Phobos (Fear), its Spes, Eirênê (Peace), Justitia. And when you have looked upon the actual Samothracian Victory or our Victory of Paeonius you cannot say these goddesses existed as mere notions, as abstractions and no more: they took visible form. Goethe too, in the Second Part of *Faust*, has his Hope, his Fear; not the same as

[1] Flaubert's theory of prose, of the *exactly right* phrase existing somewhere to describe each given object or scene, is (it will be seen on reflection) a sort of symbolism and allied to the symbolist thesis of inspiration imparted by external things to us. This same theory of Flaubert's was by the 'Parnassians' extended to verse. That is the hall-mark of the school.

the classical ones, yet not mere notions either: they likewise take positive and actual shape through his verse. Try to be attentive to Imagination and the gifts it brings, put yourself in the attitude to let the beings Hope and Fear speak to you from without, and then read such verses as the following:—

'Seid gegrüsst, Ihr lieben Schwestern!
Habt Ihr euch schon heut und gestern
In Vermummungen gefallen,
Weiss ich doch gewiss von Allen,
Morgen wollt Ihr Euch enthüllen.
Und wenn wir bei Fackelscheine
Uns nich sonderlich behagen,
Werden wir in heiteren Tagen
Ganz nach unserm eignen Willen,
Bald gesellig, bald alleine,
Frei durch schöne Fluren wandeln,
Nach Belieben ruhn und handeln,
Und in sorgenfreiem Leben
Nie entbehren, stets erstreben.
Ueberall willkommne Gäste,
Treten wir getrost hinein:
Sicherlich, es muss das Beste
Irgendwo zu finden sein.'

Fear again: Fear in this passage is quite different from that battle-fear (Phobos) whom we meet in Homer, the goddess who causes Panics (like Pan himself) but does not share them.

'Dunstige Fackeln, Lampen, Lichter
Dämmern durch's verworrne Fest;
Zwischen diese Truggesichter
Bannt mich, ach! die Kette fest.
Fort, Ihr lächerlichen Lacher!
Euer Grinsen gibt Verdacht;
Alle meine Widersacher
Drängen mich in diese Nacht,
Hier ein Freund ist Feind geworden,
Seine Maske kenn' ich schon;
Jener wollte mich ermorden,
Nun, entdeckt, schleicht er davon.'

It is by a mere virtue of the style, the versification, that such beings come into existence, speaking each with his or her own voice. They are no copies from the classical poets speaking in the metre (say) of the Greek tragedies or of Theocritus. They

are of the time which produced them and of the instinct in which they had their birth—they are both these things by virtue of the versification which animates them. But they are not the less full of the classical spirit; because their creator was full of the mythopoeic spirit.

And be it remembered once again that while I speak of these beings Fear, Hope, as *created* by the poet, I would rather say that they are *discovered* by him: that no more than a finer attention than common men can give was exerted by the poet, whereby he might hear the voices of nature, the voices of those abstract yet real beings, Hope and Fear, and whereby he might, if his attention were keen enough, or, as Lorenzo says, his 'muddy vesture of decay' would disenclose him for a moment, hear how:

> 'Not the smallest orb...
> But in his motion like an angel sings
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims
> (Such harmony is in immortal souls!)'

It would be too long a business to attempt to carry the reader along through the Second Part of *Faust*, through passages of which, like enough, he needs only to be reminded, not to be told. To be reminded of the exquisite song or speech of Ariel in the beginning:

> 'Horchet! Horcht dem Sturm der Horen!...'

to remember all the enchanted beings of the Classical Walpurgisnacht of the Second Part—the Sirens, the Sphinx, Peneios, Cheiron, as they each play their parts in this Easter-eve; and the exquisite Keats-like scene with the Nereids on the sea. There is Seismos, again, who is an invention (discovery) of Goethe's, not of the classical mythology, but is alive for us here in such lines as these—

> 'Das hab' ich ganz allein vermittelt,
> Man wird mir's enlich zugestehn:
> Und hätt' ich nicht geschüttelt und gerüttelt,
> Wie wäre diese Welt so schön?—
> Wie ständen Eure Berge droben
> In prächtig-reinem Aetherblau,
> Hätt' ich sie nicht hervorgeschoben
> Zu malerisch-entzückter Schau!

Als Angesichts der höchsten Ahnen,
Der Nacht, des Chaos, ich mich stark betrug,
Und in Gesellschaft von Titanen,
Mit Pelion und Ossa als mit Ballen schlug.
Wir tollten fort in jugendlicher Hitze,
Bis überdrüssig noch zuletzt
Wir dem Parnass als eine Doppelmütze
Die beiden Berge frevelnd aufgesetzt...
Apollen hält ein froh Verweilen
Dort nun mit sel'ger Musen Chor.
Selbst Jupitern und seinen Donnerkeilen
Hob ich den Sessel noch empor[1].'

And then, with quite a different note, there are the awful grotesque Lemurs at Faust's Burial.

'Wer hat das Haus so schlecht gebaut
Mit Schaufeln und mit Spaten?

Dir, dumpfer Gast im hänfnen Gewand,
Ist 's viel zu gut gerathen.

Wer hat den Saal so schlecht versorgt?
Wo blieben Tisch und Stühle?

Es war auf kurze Zeit geborgt;
Der Gläubiger sind so viele.'

Out of which we rise once more into the Christian beliefs with their Heavens, Angels, the glorified Faust, the *Una Poenitentium*

[1] 'This glory I alone have gathered
And this mankind some day will own:
Yea, had I not beshaken and beshattered,
Your world had ne'er so lovely grown.
How would your hills have towered o'er you
Thus clad in pure aerial blue,
Had I not heaved them upward for you
As some inspired world-architect might do?
Beneath the nod of mighty sires,
Of Night, of Chaos, in my strength I wrought
And numbered with the Titanic Choirs,
With Pelion and Ossa as with bowls we fought.
In the wild heat of youth we strove, we sapped,
Until, at last, weary in insolence,
Upon Parnassus' head the peak we clapped;
And left for a fool's cap of maintenance...
Apollo loves to rest him there
And list the holy Choir of Muses,
For mighty Zeus himself I have laid bare
A shelf that for his bolts he uses.'

('sonst Gretchen') whose verse brings us back to a reminiscence of the earlier story

> 'Neige, neige
> Du Ohnegleiche
> Dein Antlitz gnädig meinem Glück!...'

Whoso, I maintain, feels the force of such verses as we have cited and enters the inner meaning of the poem, will understand that the inheritance by the human race of this new and vital world is only a question of time, though it may be a question of a millennium. And if anyone says that the doctrine of the creative imagination here set forth is 'mystic,' I accept the word in its proper significance. But I do not accept it with the significance which it has to the man in the omnibus, as allied to 'misty'; a vague something which the thinker has not had the energy or the hardihood to think to a conclusion. That the doctrine is only half-uttered and ill-expressed I admit. But for that I plead the deficiencies of language. There is no way of setting down in intellectual language what is the essence of poetry nor what is the poetry of life—that *Dichtung des Lebens* which verse foreshows. But they are definite things for all that. Long ago we saw that the most difficult mathematical problem worked to a conclusion was not more nor less true than that $2+2=4$; and that even if it had never been worked to a conclusion, a conclusion it must have. In like wise, it is true that, if it is impossible to put in words the reality behind all poetry, the reality which the imagination in its highest moments bestows, such a reality there is: not less real than those lesser realities, elm trees, hedges, which it needs the everyday imagination to give us.

And the consonance between our vision of the poetry of life and the familiar effects of poetry is shown in this:—It is a necessity in poetry and even in prose which has style (*i.e.* has any emotional value) that the same word be not repeated twice near together in a slightly different connexion. Now the reason of this is clear: it is because the full meaning of the word depends on its position in the sentence: the full meaning lost, the word has only an intellectual, *i.e.* a mechanical value. It is no longer a vision, it is a notion. And what is true of poetry in the realm

of words, is true of the poetry of life in the realm of realities. So soon as the imagination loosens its hold upon these *things*, these realities, they sink back and have but a mechanical significance for us; they cease to be things in themselves, endowed with their own existence which is personal; they become only a part of the machinery of our life.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

It is not to be believed that the break-up of the Roman Empire was solely the work of the invading barbarians. The existence of slavery must have kept all the society of those days in a state of unstable equilibrium. We may almost look upon the first victories of the Vandals or the Goths as the electric spark among powder—quiescent atoms—which straightway determines an explosion. Thus very quickly the whole of that vast and beautiful civilisation crumbled down, leaving little more than the ground-plan of what it once had been.

Our intellectual condition at this moment very much resembles the beginning of that cataclysm. Intellect, the rule of intellect and culture (if one must use that word) have perhaps always been, are perhaps among all people, in a position of unstable equilibrium. Never in any generation do the majority care for the best kind of literature or the best kind of art: the survival of the best in either has been through the fidelity of the faithful converting by the suffrage of the ages a minority into a majority. Hitherto, however, there has remained a disposition among the people to accept the judgment of time, and so the judgment of such as showed they really understood and really cared for what was reckoned classical in any literature. Thus on an unstable foundation the empire of letters was upheld. Now all this has changed. A common taste rules almost everywhere; and to-day talent has almost always at some point to make peace with vulgarity. The cleverest among modern writers find their account in idol-breaking in one direction or another: scarce one of them would get a hearing if he did not begin by this sort of appeal to his

new masters. Anatole France, though he prides himself upon his learning, is yet strongest as an iconoclast, the iconoclast not of 'clericalism' specially, but of the romance and chivalry of which 'clericalism' is the parasite. Making a show to kill the ivy he lops down the tree. When I hear Mr Bernard Shaw telling his readers that he would like to dig up the remains of Shakespeare in order to throw stones at them, I have a vision of some Greek of the fourth century, to make a Goth laugh, chipping off the nose of a sculptured Apollo or an Athene Parthenos. But all these things—all the decay of intellectual life which is going on around us—is but a part of a social revolution on which we are entered.

To the outward eye the social revolution which is before us looks like the descent into some dark maelström from which there is no emerging. I notice that most of our socialist writers themselves take a pessimistic view of the world, of mankind, of man's power to better his condition. And the hopes which they hold out seem more like the hopes of dreamers than of historians or statesmen. Those who get most comfort in looking forwards are those who have succeeded in thinking that an immeasurably large share of evil, of vice, of stupidity, has fallen to the Upper Classes (so called); and that the stratum below them has only to come to the surface, when a reign of virtue will begin. These too are of the class of dreamers—nervous 'scholars,' literary men, 'cultured persons' who know next to nothing of the class they praise, and not much of their own equals whom they dispraise. Reason cannot hope to be justified by children such as they are.

Nature or the Immortals have strange ways of dealing with human history. Not much account seems to be taken of human devastation. It is so with other cataclysms. A minute shrinking of the earth's crust seems a small matter in the eye of geology. But when that natural operation hurls down cities and thousands of men into grim destruction! Therefore I do not offer the following remarks as sure ground of hope. Yet some ground it is, when we find that things are not in themselves unreasonable or unnatural.

It is the instability of ancient society which we must take

as the fundamental fact for our speculations on the future. Why all ancient culture must needs be founded on slavery we cannot tell on *a priori* grounds. But it was so: and the monuments which ancient society has left to be the delight of ours are, we may well believe, eternal. Everything must be paid for. It seems likely that an extra portion of the debt for this great past will fall on the generations of now and the near future. We have to allow our reason and historic imagination to appreciate the immense interval between a society based on slavery and a society of free men, and to realise the throes, the agonizings which must accompany the absorbing process which effects the conversion of one to the other. Till lately the process has been most gradual. We may almost see a special Providence in this, that if Christianity was destined to abolish the personal slavery of classic times, along with Christianity came in the barbarian nations with their warlike habits and aristocratic standards: so that the first step of the transmutation seems (from here) a slight one; the substitution of serfdom, of villeinage for personal slavery, and that too gradual. Villeinage itself, as the ages passed on, became less exacting. Yet long after its physical power had decayed, when the legal power of the 'lord' had vanished, the mental and moral claims of over-lordship remained. First at the French Revolution did the once servile element in the population assert itself vehemently, and was in the turmoil whirled to the top. Soberly examined, the Terror is the index of how much of the old Adam, the old belongings of a servile society, the reformed state was incapable of assimilating. The Terror was as the rise in temperature of the social organism, still not strong enough to convert so much new material into healthy tissue. With us in the hundred and odd years since the French Revolution the conversion process has had a further period of grace: a mercy for which we have still to be thankful. But is that enough? For just now the process is going on with increased rapidity here, at an enormously accelerated pace, indeed. The symptoms in the social body are disquieting. Perhaps a fever itself would give less reason for anxiety than a sort of eating languor which pervades the state.

One knows not how to deal with it. It is expressed by an

almost childlike feebleness in the public at large, where things of the intellect are concerned. True this touches chiefly things of the intellect which lie outside material wants and utilities. It might be urged that we are so absorbed on this side, on the scientific or the utilitarian side, that we have simply no mind left for abstract reasoning or for literature or the arts. But I do not know that our scientific achievements are peculiarly remarkable just now, or in any way proportionate to the increased numbers who are specially trained for scientific pursuits. On this matter I cannot pronounce. But in applied science, in inventions, it is admitted we in England hardly hold our place. Of all the remarkable inventions which repose on electro-magnetism—telephones, phonographs, gramophones[1], wireless-telegraphy, electric-traction, we English can claim scarce one. With motoring and with aviation it is the same.

And then again in pure utilitarianism, in 'business,' it is admitted, more fully still, that we are rapidly falling behind. We are becoming a nation of 'slackers.' 'Week-ends' absorb a third of the business-man's working days, and the suburb and the morning and evening train shorten such days as remain. At the other end of the scale they are 'slackers' not less. The shortness of the English workman's day, the time the working-man has for his amusement, these things are an amazement to Germans: and would be not less to Frenchmen, only that Frenchmen know nothing of English life.

And when we turn to the literary side of life, the signs of decaying energy are appalling. Once the young girl was held *in terrorem* by the publisher over the novelist who tried to infuse reality and the vigour of life into his fiction: nowadays it is 'the man who comes home tired from business.' He is more exacting than *la jeune fille*. He is tired too so easily: tired with his evening train, tired by his golf, tired by the days and the hours he abstracts from business. The one terror he lives in throughout life is to be asked to use his mind. In fifty per cent. of his class he uses his brains little enough in business. He loves old ways and leisurely conventions, and lives in hope (as the working-man does) that the legislature

[1] Phonographs and gramophones may be said to rest on electro-magnetism in the second degree through the telephone.

will step in to save him the necessity of rousing up to real hard work. For his literature the business-man exacts that that shall be the most unintellectual conceivable. He has made the fortune of the snippet. And all literature is tending to model itself on the snippet. The cleverest kind of writing we have (in fiction for example) is fragmentary, 'unsewn' (as the French say) below the attention of art. To write a 'book' seems almost beyond contemporary effort. Our fiction is collections of tales, our novels collections of episodes, our treatises collections of essays; our poems are bundles of lamp-made 'passages,' dedicated to the reviewer and elegant extractor. No doubt it is not worth while to try and produce better stuff than this: for the man tired with business and the woman who thinks a useful life means snatching irons out of twenty fires, are incapable of taking it in if it were produced.

In this state we now stand. What we have been saying may sound like the comforting of Job. There is not much satisfaction, I know, in confessing that the causes of our languor and our disease are natural, hardly evitable causes. Yet this truth acknowledged may do good. It should at least arm us with patience. It should check hysteria and that violent rushing after remedies (as of some fond foolish mother over a sick child) which characterises most of our social reformers: a process more pregnant with ill effects than the malady itself.

Nature too hath ways unaccountable. Who knows when a change in our mental state may come? There are I am sure below the surface, behind the inane folk who make themselves conspicuous—conspicuous in society, in club-talk, on the hustings, 'within these walls,' conspicuous in philanthropies, in jeremiads—many wise and thoughtful souls in all ranks, many more lovers of sound literature and sound learning and clear thought than we are apt to fancy. Who knows what little shuffling of the cards might bring them uppermost, and their opinions uppermost: for wisdom too is catching, though not so wildly infectious as folly. To comfort ourselves with these hopes we have the fact, which I think the foregoing pages have made clear, that to right men's views on one question would almost certainly be in the end to right them on all. Our

present unwisdom in controversy, in polemics, in statecraft, in social life, is a chain, a concatenation, which effectively broken would be destroyed.

The beginning of the evil is the violent partisanship which men show in theology, in all that touches the Immortals: this at once unsettles Reason from the sureness of her throne. With the most influential people it takes the form of a negative enthusiasm, a step toward anarchy. I know not by what mental law it is (for I will not think it a *caprice* of the Immortals), but it is true that attacks against the divine powers are most apt to return in the form of madness upon men. It was so in the days of Ajax as in the days of Nietzsche. And I am ready to maintain that in a good deal of the art of to-day there are not wanting signs of a real insanity. The iconoclasm which has brought it down upon us may have an historical justification (we saw that it has indeed), but it has none in reason. At the back of it lies the Democratic instinct that is naturally a monument-breaker, never at heart's ease while it beholds, in act, in thought, a greater than itself: it is the sworn foe to all sense of grandeur, to nobility of thought and act; by nature small, vain, hysterical, as our politicians and so-called reformers mostly are. Popular theology itself plays to flatter the same sentiments—the vulgar, the egoistic. In art and literature also all that is small, iconoclastic, vain, puffing, personal: this alone has favour. Our attempts at reform are fated in advance on the same account: the vessels which carry the projects are so unbalanced and light they are bound only for shipwreck. We have—as we quoted from Ruskin—conceit enough to attempt to construct a universe, not honest self-confidence enough to *create* anything.

We have been able to trace link by link how this state of mind comes to be so predominant: how science misunderstood and over-emphasised has fostered it: how comprehension of human nature has declined at the very time (though this seems paradoxical) that independence of thought has declined. It is not a paradox: for there is no man more dependent on his fellow-men than the vain person, and yet none who knows less about his fellow-men: and folk can live in a society of mutual admiration or mutual flattery and be so cut off from

the truth of things that they know *nothing*—no fact, no truth and neither themselves nor their comrades. But if these 'unreasons' are concatenated in a tale so are their opposites. Our case is like that episode (of 'anarchy' too) in the nursery story in 'Grimm,' where all stood still and threatened disaster till the fire began to burn the stick: then the stick began to beat the dog; the dog to bite the pig, and so forth; and nature sprang into life once more. Should the wiser folk in the background, who have not shouted with the crowd nor run after the fashions, ever gain the upper hand, how easily might all be righted! For those not slaves of Opinion would have no difficulty in discerning that Demonstration (child of Opinion) is not the all-in-all of Reason: nor the mechanical-statistic view of life and of society (child of Demonstration) the sum of human wisdom and knowledge. Then would come back the Arts, the true ones, the golden not the pinchbeck; and hand in hand with them, knowledge of human nature and a humanity other than the humanity of theorists and pedants. Necessarily too, with that revived sense of personality where we have now only the *sense* of machinery, would the gods quitting cloudy Olympus come to walk once more on earth. These things, indeed, are destined in the future. But are they destined for us or for some new happier race? For my part I cling to the belief that the people of the sort who might lead back Astraea are still no insignificant number in the population of England: that though it has been needful to say that 'we' are this and that of vain and foolish, it is chiefly the conspicuous persons who are that: that an insensible change might at any moment bring back the wise ones to the front. That is the prospect which must beckon to us. Every exertion must tend toward this: and what seems a trifling or inefficient effort may in the deep workings of Nature not be so. Then indeed, in the words of Plato, 'the reward is fair.' And the hope of this is not small.

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